

BOUNDLESS

At the Translate Iowa Project, we take the meaning of “translate” to its fullest potential. We believe it is the duty of a diverse community to provide a safe and inclusive environment for voices of all backgrounds. By reaching out to our community and maintaining linguistically and culturally inclusive platforms, we seek to bring forth the relevancy and creativity of all languages and cultures in our community and our world. Without limits, we plan to do so by translating resources and creative works, broadcasting world news and music, and collaborating with populations in our community. Our collective love and need for creativity, culture, and peace has no boundaries, and this is why we translate.

Each piece that appears in this volume of Boundless was subject to an anonymous reading and voting process. All members of the editorial board were given the opportunity to express their opinions and vote on each selection, and the staff was required to abstain from voting on their own submission or work they recognized.

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Boundless

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BOUNDLESS

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FROM THE PRESIDENT

As I sit here, writing this brief forward to you all, dear readers, I stare at world washed in white from a snowstorm that rolled over Iowa City last night. The day before, there'd been a teasing of spring, the temperature rising into the 70s and sheets of rain soaking into the ground. I half-expected to see the hints of grass pushing out of the earth this morning. But instead I'm seeing the cold claws of winter dig into our world with one last cry. Can't catch a break yet, I guess.

Even still, it's the same world I'm looking at—the same Iowa City—merely different versions, different seasons. The world shifted its contents, exchanged rain and wind for snow and sun, yet the city's form is still resemblant of the one of the week before, and a month before that, and a year before that. The world has merely cast one carapace off to crawl into another.

The nature of the earth shifts in unexpected ways, staying true only to itself, just as it is with translation. As a translator, I have been surprised again and again at the secrets held within language, the way the warm words of a metaphor or a symbol in one shift into a rattling blizzard in another—while the impact and the intent of the story remain ever the same. Translators twist themselves as agents of worldviews delineated hazily by linguistic and cultural borders, passing not just the words, but our spirits, between the varying worlds. To translate is to ask questions, to feel out new spaces, to exchange carapaces like the world does with each day's weather.

Here at the Translate Iowa Project, my goal as president has been encouraging this exploration in my fellow undergraduate students. We've restructured. We've started new efforts to better our process and our product. We've discussed as a team the problems we've encountered, the solutions we've discovered, and the excitement we've enjoyed at finishing translated pieces throughout the year; translation, in our eyes, is by no means a solitary process.

The final result of this year's exploration? Well, you're holding it. *Boundless VI* is the best version of *Boundless* yet (perhaps I'm biased), evolving itself to the Translate Iowa Project's new standards and goals my co-president Annie Goodrich and I foregrounded for this year. It still rests bound between a beautiful cover (thanks Sophie!), and it still marks the presence of student translation from students at the University of Iowa, but its contents have shifted to fit a whole new set of artists, authors, and translators. Their work has left me curious, excited, and surprised in more ways than I can count—about as dazzling and awe-inspiring as a blizzard that comes following a hot rainy day.

Enjoy the work as much as you please; I hope it can awaken something within you as it has in me.

Sincerely,
Kyler Johnson
President
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THE FAWN

Chloe Tharp

a creature, unnamed, sat amongst
shelves upon shelves of journals
organized chronologically
by year
or perhaps,
by feeling.
they flipped through
the pages,
their gaze transfixed
to every word.
tales they recognized
were written in the same
handwriting as their own,
yet, they never remembered
holding the pen.
they only remembered
the cold
as the snow overcame them
and they were lost
once again,
a tale that replayed
each year,
the only thing
they could
remember.

LE FEON

Rain Hurst

une créature, anonyme, était assise parmi
des étagères sur étagères de journaux intimes
organisés chronologiquement
par année,
ou peut-être
Par sentiments.
elle a feuilleté
les pages,
le regard transpercé
à chaque mot.
des histoires qu'elle reconnaissait
étaient écrits de la même
écriture que la sienne,
pourtant, elle ne se souvenait jamais
d'avoir tenu le stylo.
elle ne se souvenait que
du froid
quand la neige l'a enveloppée
et elle s'est perdue
encore une fois,
une histoire rejoué
chaque année,
la seule chose
dont elle pouvait
se souvenir.

O CERVO PEQUENO

Kyler Johnson

Uma criatura, sem nome, estava sentada entre
Estantes, muitos estantes, cheias de cadernos,
organizadas cronologicamente,
por ano,
ou quiçá,
por sentimentos.
ela folhou
as páginas,
os olhos fixados
às todas as palavras.
contos que reconheceu
foi na mesma caligrafia
como a sua própria,
porém, ela nunca lembrou
tendo a caneta na mão.
ela só lembrou
o calafrio
quando a neve a superou
e ela se perdeu
mais uma vez,
um conto que se repetia
todos os anos,
a única coisa que
ela podia
se lembrar.

小鹿

Marissa Schooley

小生命，无名地，坐在
一排排书刊中
按年代
又或者
按情感
排序。
他翻看
书页，
目光锁定
每一个单词。
熟知的故事，
是用自己的笔迹写成，
然而，从未的不记起
握着笔。
只记起，
大雪漫漫
再次
走失的，
故事重演
年复一年
这就是一一件
记起的事。

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF NOWHERE

Hannah Franke

Bandersnatches have filled my dreams, lately, and I, am
floating,
broken, broken, broken. (Never fear; it's only a mirror.)
Stream-of-consciousness sounds like sing
a song of babbles, let us play the beautiful game of language,
where all may reign victorious.
It rained tonight, and I thought of you, and how your hair
would look wet,
but never mind that, the donuts are nearly ready.
Do not read it, do not read it, do not read it, only
gogogogogogogogogogogogogogo.
Reed, a grown-up popsicle stick covered in notes instead of
jokes,
wood on my tongue makes me gag,
I guess there are jokes after all.
Hypothesis is such a fancy word for shot-in-the-dark,
unless you're an owl, but wouldn't it ache
to see your itch and not have the fingers to scratch it?
Fingernails cut short,
all the better to play a fiddle-jig with, my dear.
A wolfish grin darts merrily across the dance floor,
and back again,
how I long for intrigue
and suitors,
let your lips brush my knuckles, please.

I am gone away,
a breath of breeze,
unbound.

どこでもない場所の向かい

Courtney Cooke

最近、バンダースナッチはよく夢に出て来て、私は浮かんでいる
壊れている、壊れている、壊れている、(落ち着いて、鏡だけから)
意識の流れはせせらぎの
ちんぷんかんぷんの歌を歌うように聞こえる、誰もが勝利する
言語の素敵なゲームをしよう
今晚雨が降って、あなたの事を考えた、あなたと髪のがどんなに濡れて
いるかって
なんでもない、ドーナツはすぐできるし
読ませず、読ませず、読ませず、足で行け行け行け行け行け
リード、大人らしいアイスクャンディーのスティックでは冗談の代わりに
メモが書かれている
、
その硬いスティックで窒息した
結局、冗談と同じか
仮説は暗視でする憶測という意味を表すような派手な言葉
鼻は別物だけど、かゆみを搔く指がなかったら
苦しくない？
短く切った爪、
フィドルを弾くために良くないでしょう、あなた？
狼みたいにニヤツとした顔が 楽しそうにダンスフロアを横切って、
行ったり来たり
陰謀と
求婚者がどうしても欲しがって
私の指の節、あなたの唇で撫でて、
消えてしまう

風の一息、
吹っ切れた

GREENING OUT IN THE CHICAGO MUSEUM OF ART (AFTER MONET'S WATER LILIES)

Rebekah Hallman

I.

We clutter into the aged beige building, alight
with reckless abandonment. True companionship —
the type of love felt by adventurers regaling tales
of heroism over rabbit. Tender skin crisp,
juices flowing freely down our chins. Comradery
lingering— bonfire smoke three days after.
Giddy bubbles in the blood —oh the delight
of being young and in the morning
haze of chicago summer. The stench
a rotted soup we drink up greedily, with crusty bread
and deep pulls of ale. We pop gummies —
on our tongues they waltz
lusty coils, treeing
our limbs motley green.

Eyes bending

in time

with the impatient crowd, drilling
towards ticket
booths.

Divide and conquer —
a landscape of gilded menagerie.

II.

That oh so familiar raging within me itches

to trail a grubby line of print along the seersucker texture.
Lick a line across thick moss paint, swath and gobble up
the koi eye lily pads. The reflecting swirls of milk-foam
blue and blush. There is so much good
and that little beast wants to tear.
Destroy it simply because it would be such a waste to destroy.
III.

Oh! To be known.
A beautiful thing that is not allowed
to simply be beautiful. Propped up
for the masses to point and project
such abject longing onto it.
And when their watching is done —
when the lights dim and ropes draw close,
to sit alone in the dark with all that wonder
trapped inside you.

UN BLANCAZO EN EL MUSEO DE ARTE DE CHICAGO (DESPUÉS DE LOS NENÚFARES DE MONET)

Raquel Valladolid

I.

Nos abarrotamos en el edificio viejo, prendidos
con abandono insensato. Compañía verdadera –
el tipo de amor que sienten los aventureros mientras refieren cuentos
de heroísmo comiendo conejo. Piel tierna y crujiente,
los jugos fluyen sobre nuestras barbillas. Camaradería
prolongada – humo de la hoguera tres días después.
Burbujas alegres en la sangre – ¡oh! la delicia
de ser joven y en la bruma mañanera
del verano de chicago. El hedor
una sopa podrida que consumíamos con gula, con pan
y tragos largos de ale. Tomamos gomitas –
en nuestras lenguas bailan
espirales vigorosas, arboleando
nuestras ramas verdes variopinto.

Ojos doblados

en tiempo

con la multitud impaciente, maniobrando
hacia las taquillas.

Divide y vencerás –
un paisaje de fieras oropeladas.

II.

Esa furia tan familiar dentro de mí desea
arrastrar una mugrienta línea de huellas por la textura sirsa.
Lamer una línea sobre pintura gruesa de musgo, envolver y engullir

los lirios con ojos de koi. Los remolinos reflectantes de
espuma-de-leche
azulea y ruboriza. Hay tanto bien
y esa bestia pequeña quiere desgarrar.
Destruirlo simplemente porque sería un desperdicio destruir.
III.

¡Oh! Ser conocido.

Una cosa bella que tiene prohibido
ser simplemente bella. Apuntalado
para que las masas apunten y proyecten
un anhelo tan deplorable.

Y cuando han terminado de ver –
cuando las luces se empañan y el telón cae,
sentarte solo en la oscuridad con toda esa maravilla
atrapada dentro de ti.

A NIGHT IN THE LIBRARY THAT NO ONE ELSE CAN SEE

Natalie Muglia

On the outskirts of town, past the small clusters of cottages, looms a brick building, only three stories tall, with stained glass windows that can only be lit naturally by the sun's rays. It has stood there for years, untouched by the trauma of the world, ignored by the general population of people whose monthly taxes pay for its upkeep. For those who dare to enter (there are very few of them), they are surprised by the musty smell and the building's capacity for shadows. It is almost always too dark to see, and a lighting device—usually a candle snagged by the sagging front door and lit with a match from the matchbox that is always surprisingly dry—is required. If you listen too closely, the wind will sound like howls from an ancient world, and if you thought that, you would not be incorrect. Once inside the door, you are faced with two options: go up the stairs to your left, or down the winding hallway on your right. Almost always, the visitor will take the stairs. If you take them too fast, you might trip on the loose boards or rubble that hint at the fact that maybe the tax money is not going towards this building after all. No one ever thinks about the disrepair when they see the rubble, though, instead struck by the wind on the back of their neck or the whispers that thread between their fingers or the way falling clouds of dust shake their candle's flame. Inside the building, the visitor will feel like they are the only person that exists; outside the building, almost no one will notice their absence. Almost always, that visitor is me.

At the top of the building sits a reading room. The room is stocked full of books that hardly see the light of day, so everything looks sepia toned, chemically altered to look less menacing. But that doesn't stop the room from looking less haunted. It is impossible to hear or see anything of the outside world within these walls, packed in with books, and near impossible to tell the time of day. Knowing that it is twilight outside does little to abate the fear that builds within the room. There is no fear outside; villagers go about their nightly routines, eating dinner and washing up and reading chilling bedtime stories to little ones too fearful to take away meaning. There will not be a lot of time before someone notices a conspicuous absence at the dinner table in the largest cottage, especially since the person missing will be me. So I set the melting candle on a golden candle dish and get to work.

一个晚上在没人看得到的图书馆

Marissa Schooley

郊外的小镇，经过成群的村舍，一栋砖楼赫然矗立，只有三层，五彩的玻璃窗，只有太阳的光线能自然而然地将它点亮。砖楼在那儿有些年头了，世界上的苦痛，未曾打扰到它；大家按月缴纳的税款用来维护砖楼，却对砖楼置之不理却。那些敢进去的人（虽然寥寥无几），惊讶于砖房的霉味与影子。房里总是太暗，照明设备必不可少——通常是一支蜡烛，被下陷地前门拉扯着，火柴盒一根点燃蜡烛，竟然总是保持干爽。若果太仔细倾听了，风的声音听起来像是从古代世界出来的怒号，如果这么想也没错。一进门，就有两个选择：顺着左手边的阶梯上楼，或顺着右手边的长廊漫步。一般来说，访客都会走楼梯。如果走得太快，可能会被松动的木板或碎石绊到，似乎暗示着税款还未用到这栋楼上。刚看到碎石的时候，没有人会去想年久失修的状况，知道意识到脖子后面灌的风，缠绕指间的低语，飘落的尘埃云摇动火焰。砖楼里，访客会觉得他是唯一存在的人，砖楼外，没有人会发现他的缺席。那个访客常常就是我。

顶楼有一个阅览室。房间里藏满了书，难见天日，因此显得棕褐色调的，化学变化让他们看起来没有那么可怕，可房间看起来还是有点儿阴森鬼气鬼的。隔着墙壁和满屋的藏书，外面的世界听不见也看不见这里，几乎没法判断时间。尽管知道外面是黄昏时分，也无法也无法减轻房内蔓延的恐惧。外面没有恐惧；村民按部就班，吃晚饭，洗漱，给害怕的小孩朗读睡前故事。不久，某人就会发现村里在最大房子的晚餐桌子上少了什么，尤其是少的人就是我。于是，我把渐渐融化的蜡烛放在一盏金色的烛盘里，开始工作。

LUNA

Cassidy Pekarek



LUNA

Kyler Johnson

Think I'll burn—
attracted by some false illumination,
fake creation of mankind—
think that'll burn my wings
and make me wriggle
until my body
falls to ash.

No.

Tonight my body crawls on no glass
—my eyes disturbed by no false luz
—my wings feeling the breeze
underneath the stars
carrying me
home.

Yes—

I am soaring at the moon,
singing without words,
seeking that lumière we could all use a bit more
of—that licht that makes our bodies tremble
and urges us to fly through the night.

Maybe,

it's possible
that we ride the wind 'round the earth
in search of 光 or ljós or nuru never found before
(for who can dare claim to own the gleaming rays above);
maybe it's possible
that we can pierce through onyx skies,
cradle those precious, glinting amber pearls clinking above, and
graze the silky wingspan of a stranger—
begging to find ourselves not alone

—someday.

NIGHT AND DAY

Chloe Tharp

you know the saying “it’s like night and day?”
loving you is like loving the night.

the darkness stole your light young and left you without the
ability
to shine without the light of another sun to guide you.

you didn’t know how to spread warmth from your fingertips
or light up a sky with your own lips.

but you took the light from my own body
and stoked it until it grew hotter than the sun.

you learned how to nourish the light that i gave you,
with your bones, with your body, and with your blood.

you might be the night my love,
but you light me as the sun does to the day.

GIORNO E NOTTE

Mizuki Wittmer

conosci il detto “è come il giorno e la notte”?
amarti è come amare la notte.

il buio ti ha rubato la luce da giovane e ti ha lasciato senza
l'abilità
di brillare senza la luce di un altro sole a guidarti.

non sapevi diffondere il calore dalle punte delle dita
o illuminare un cielo con le tue labbra.

ma hai preso la luce dal mio corpo
e l'hai attizzata fino a che è diventata più calda del sole.

hai imparato a nutrire la luce che ti ho dato,
con le ossa, con il corpo, e col sangue.

Sarai forse la notte, amore mio,
ma mi illumini come il sole col giorno.

夜と昼

Mizuki Wittmer

『まるで 夜と昼のように』って知っている？
君を愛する事は夜を愛すようだ。

幼い頃に輝きを闇に奪われた君は、
他人の日に頼って導かれた。

どうしたら君は指先の温もりを広めるか、
唇でどう天を輝かせるかを知らなかった。

でも私の体から光を取り入れ、
太陽より熱く育ててくれた。

君の骨で、君の体で、君の血で、
私を与えた光の育て方を学んだ。

君は、 マイラブは、夜である事に拘らず、
君は、私を日のように光を照らしてくれる。

THE DARK'S MAGICIAN

Natalie Muglia

From a collection of fairy tales in a book that has been lost for centuries. While the only known written record of this tale is in this collection, it is traditional for old families to orally share the story with the younger generations, to warn them away from magic.

In the beginning, there was only light.

Those who remember it recall its brilliance. There was no heat, no blinding. Only incandescent, irreversible light.

And with the light came boundless happiness. Not a single soul was left without. No one was starved, or unkind, or fearful. This is the kind of happiness we all search for, in the end. But at the beginning, there was no need for searching—that happiness already existed.

Until a man, one of their own, encountered a well in the middle of a deserted clearing. All around him the light swelled, bulged, as if to hide that well from view. But this man, known for his curiosity, did not let the light stop him from unveiling the crumbling well.

He ignored the rope and bucket that beckoned him to pull something out. Rather, he cautiously reached his hand inside, desperate to feel what was within. Testing the limits of the perfect world around him, he experienced the fear and excitement that came with being in the dark.

For he could no longer see his hand once it was lowered into the well, and the exhilarating rush of adrenaline that overcame him convinced him that everyone should experience the sensation. So, he gripped his hand around the darkness, and pulled it out of the well.

The world was not plunged into darkness, although that might have been preferable compared to what happened. Rather, the light that surrounded them balked, dismayed by the appearance of the friend it had so willingly buried.

The relationship between the light and the dark was unknown to the world at the time, until the light retreated. Slowly, it gathered itself up, in a ball, and backed away from the monster that had been retrieved from the well.

The light moved back, back to the sky, splintering into uneven pieces and leaving the world in despair. For the light was out of reach, now, written only in the sky. The darkness was closer. It appeared as shapes that grew from their feet. It appeared for half a day when the light disappeared from view.

The people had no words for these things, yet. All it was was Dark.

Dark rewarded the man who had pulled him from his unwilling slumber. That reward was power over the natural elements. The man found himself able to call fire to his fingertips, to wield the wind to his needs. He could pull stone from unlikely places, and create water where there was none.

Heady with this power, yet overcome by his guilt for casting away the light, the man returned to his people with the sole goal of earning their forgiveness by becoming their leader.

But the people didn't want him. Their happiness was gone, out of reach, and only wanted someone who would go and pull it back down. The man was unable to accomplish that feat, and so he was outcast from his kind, driven back to the clearing with the well.

Determined not to let his powers go to waste, he covertly recruited some of his kind—the naughty ones, the rebellious ones—and taught them his ways. Dark helped him raise a whole new race of people who could perform the unnatural, and he called them magicians.

Bitter at his rejection from his people, and emboldened with his new race, the man marched on his old comrades with an army

behind him. But he did not expect to find a resilient enemy, one driven by hope and love, and happiness just out of reach.

The fight between Light and Dark continues, rages, and refuses to calm. Magicians and humans are always at odds, with no clear winner. While one has power, the other is powerful. And who is to say which is the better side?

Only know this: magicians fight with anger in their hearts, and bitterness on their tongues. It is not the way to live. It is not the way to find happiness. And so, avoid magic and magicians with your last breath, for only that way may you even have a chance at finding happiness again.

EL MAGO DE LO OSCURO

Antoinette Rose Goodrich

De una colección de cuentos de hadas de un libro que estuvo perdido por siglos. Mientras que la única crónica escrita conocida de esta leyenda es de esta colección, es costumbre que familias antiguas les cuenten la historia a las generaciones menores, para advertir contra la magia.

Al principio, solamente había la Luz.

Los que recuerdan saben de su brillo. No calentaba, ni enceguecía. Solo la Luz incandescente e irreversible.

Felicidad infinita vino con la Luz. Ningún alma quedó por fuera. Nadie moría de hambre, o era desagradable o tenía miedo. Este es el tipo de felicidad que todo el mundo busca, al fin y al cabo. Más al principio, no había una necesidad de buscar — Lo felicidad ya existía.

Hasta que un hombre, uno de su pueblo, encontró un pozo en el centro de un claro desierto. Alrededor de él, la Luz creció, sobresalió, como para esconder el pozo de su vista. Pero este hombre, conocido por su curiosidad, no permitió que la Luz le impidiera de desvelar el pozo derruido.

Ignoró la cuerda y el cubo que lo llamaba a él para sacar algo afuera. Así, metió la mano cautelosamente, desesperado por sentir lo que estaba adentro. Probar a los límites del mundo perfecto alrededor de él, sintió el temor y el entusiasmo que

viene con vivir en lo Oscuro.

Ya no podía ver más la mano una vez que estuvo dentro del pozo, y la avalancha estimulante de adrenalina que lo anegó lo convenció de que todo el mundo debía experimentar la sensación. Entonces, rodeó con su mano a lo Oscuro, y la sacó del pozo.

El mundo no cayó en lo Oscuro, aunque quizás fuera preferible comparado con lo que pasó. En su lugar la Luz que los rodeaba de ellos rehuyó, consternada por la aparición de la amiga que tan voluntariamente había enterrado.

La relación entre la Luz y lo Oscuro era desconocida para el mundo en ese momento, hasta que la Luz se retiró. Lentamente, se recogió, en una bola y huyó del monstruo que había salido del pozo.

La Luz se retractaba, de vuelta al cielo, astillándose en pedazos dispares y dejando al mundo desesperado. Puesto que la Luz era inalcanzable, ahora, escrita solo en el cielo. Lo Oscuro estaba más cerca. Aparecía como formas que crecían desde sus pies. Aparecía por medio día cuando la Luz desaparecía de la vista.

La gente ya no tenía palabras para estas cosas. Todo lo que era, era lo Oscuro.

Lo Oscuro le recompensó al hombre que lo había sacado de su duermevela renuente. Esa recompensa era poder sobre los elementos naturales. El hombre descubrió que podía llamar al fuego a las puntas de los dedos, ejercer el viento para sus necesidades. Podía invocar piedras de lugares improbables y crear agua donde no había ninguna.

Emocionado con este poder, pero anegado por la culpa por rechazar a la Luz, el hombre volvió a su gente con la única meta de ganarse su perdón convirtiéndose en su líder.

Pero la gente no lo quiso. Su felicidad había desaparecido, inalcanzable, y solo querían alguien que fuera y la jalara de vuelta a la tierra. El hombre no podía lograrlo, y así era paria de su pueblo, y lo hicieron retroceder al claro con el pozo.

Determinado a no permitir que sus poderes se desperdiciaran, reclutó encubiertamente algunos de su pueblo — los traviesos, los rebeldes — y les enseñó sus formas. Lo Oscuro lo ayudó a criar una nueva raza de gente que podía desempeñar lo anti-natural, y los llamó los magos.

Resentido por el rechazo de su gente, y envalentonado con

su nueva raza, el hombre marchó sobre sus viejos camaradas con un ejército detrás de él. Pero no anticipaba encontrar a un enemigo resiliente, uno motivado por la esperanza y el amor y felicidad casi al alcance.

La lucha entre la Luz y lo Oscuro continúa, se enfurece y rehúsa calmarse. Los magos y los humanos siempre están en desacuerdo, sin un vencedor claro. Mientras uno tiene poder, el otro es también poderoso. ¿Quién puede decir cuál es el mejor lado?

Solo recuerda esto: los magos luchan con ira en el corazón, y rencor en la lengua. No es la manera de vivir. No es la manera para encontrar felicidad. Así que esquiva la magia y evita a los magos con tu último suspiro, es el único camino por el que puedes encontrar la felicidad otra vez.

WIZARDS DANCING

Evan Tovar

Secluded from all sight, the two wizards took each other's hand. The shadows from the hanging trees made sure they were camouflaged, but they could see right through it. The moon-lit forest floor was waiting. It didn't matter what they wore, because all they saw was that certain dress and suit. The squirrels high in the Evergreens pulled out their orchestra, softly harmonizing together. A gorilla sat at a piano, happy to accompany three foxes that sang delicately.

The two wizards giggled with blushed faces as they pulled each other closer. A set of green worlds gazed at one of blue, patient for the queue. He gently spun her as the frills of her dress glided a breeze across the grass. Pulling her back to his chest, when did he get so tall?

The outward stretch of his arm extended her forward, never separating. Did he seem less nervous, confident? They locked hands. A mellow sway rolled a slight gust over the bed. Around them, blossoms of sunflowers began to bloom. The petals peeled to reveal a pleasant flame. From that passion, little balls of light leisurely floated to the Moon, shaping stars.

She laid her head on his breast as he her ear. Whatever escaped their lips were lost to time, sealed by fondness. They smiled in their bliss with a tender touch of their foreheads, finally able to have a break from it all.

MAGHI CHE BALLANO

Elisa Torres

Isolati da ogni vista, i due maghi si presero la mano a vicenda, l'ombra degli alberi sopra di loro gli permise di mimetizzarsi, ma potevano vedere attraverso di essa. Il pavimento della foresta illuminato dalla luna stava aspettando. Non importava cosa indossavano, perché tutto quel che vedevano erano quei certi vestiti. Gli scoiattoli in alto sui sempreverdi tirarono fuori la loro orchestra, armonizzandosi dolcemente. Un gorilla si sedette ad un pianoforte felice di accompagnare tre volpi che cantavano delicatamente.

I due maghi ridacchiarono con facce arrossite mentre si avvicinavano l'un l'altro. Una serie di mondi verdi ne guardava uno blu, pazientemente in fila. La girò delicatamente mentre i fronzoli del suo vestito scivolavano creando una brezza sull'erba. Tirandola verso il suo petto, quando divenne così alto?

L'allungarsi del suo braccio la estendeva in avanti, senza mai separarsi da lei. Sembrava meno nervoso, sicuro di sé? Si allacciarono le mani. Un morbido ondeggiare spinse una leggera raffica sopra il letto. Intorno a loro, fiori di girasole cominciarono a fiorire. I petali si aprirono rivelando una fiamma piacevole. Da quella passione, piccole sfere di luce fluttuavano tranquillamente sulla Luna, modellando le stelle.

Lei posò la sua testa sul petto di lui e lui sull'orecchio di lei. Tutto ciò che sfuggiva alle loro labbra era perduto nel tempo, sigillato dalla passione. Sorridevano nella loro beatitudine con un tenero tocco della loro fronte, finalmente in grado di avere una pausa da tutto.

魔法使いと魔女の踊り

Courtney Cooke

全てから気付きられず、奥まった魔法使いと魔女はお互いの手を掴み取りました。揺れている枝葉の木の影は迷彩になるように頑張ったが、魔法使い達はそれを見破りました。月明かりに照らされた森の床が待っていた。魔法使いは何を着てもどうにもなりませんでしたが、二人ともは確実な洋服しか見られませんでした。常緑樹の高い場所に上っていたリスはオーケストラになり、そっと調子を合わせました。ゴリラがピアノに座り、嬉しく狐三匹の微妙な歌声に映る音符を弾きました。

魔法使いと魔女は紅潮している顔で含み笑いをしながらお互いを近づけました。緑の惑星は行列をじっと待ちながら一つの青い惑星を眼差して見つめた。魔法使いは魔女をそっと回している間、魔女のドレスの縁飾りは風のように草の上で滑りました。魔法使いは魔女を自分の胸の方に引っ張り、彼の背はいつからこんなに伸びただろう？

彼の腕の外側への伸びは彼女を前方に伸ばし、絶対に離れることはなかった。彼の不安が下がって、自信を持っている気にしただろうか？彼らは手をしっかり繋ぎました。暖かく揺れて小さな突風が森の寝室で転がりました。周りに、向日葵が咲き始めた。花びらは素敵な炎を現わすために剥がしました。その情熱で、小さな光の玉が月にゆっくり浮かび、星が生み出された。

魔女は魔法使いの胸に頭を置き、魔法使いの頭は魔女の耳に置かれた。彼らの唇から出たことは時間の経過とともに失われて、愛想によって内緒にされた。おでこをくつつけながら、魔法使いと魔女は幸福を表すように微笑んでいて、やっと人生を休憩することができた為。

A MAGENTA BLAZE OF GLORY

Hannah Franke

The thing I always forget about flowers
is how quickly their petals drop.
There are grocery-store lilies,
on my dresser,
and each morning I obediently sweep up the fallen swaths of silk
and cup them gently in my palm
and dump them unceremoniously into the garbage can.
What a pity,
that so many lovely things,
seem to fade so fast.

UN FLAMBOIEMENT MAGENTA DE GLOIRE

Sophie Granger

La chose que j'oublie toujours à propos des fleurs
c'est à quelle vitesse leurs pétales tombent.
Il y a des lys d'épicerie,
sur ma commode,
et chaque matin je balaie docilement les bandes de soie tombées
et je les prends doucement dans ma paume
et je les jette sans cérémonie dans la poubelle.
Quel dommage,
que tant de jolies choses,
ont l'air de s'estomper si vite

栄光のマゼンタ炎

Courtney Cooke

花についていつも忘れてしまうのは
花びらがすぐ散ってしまうその速さ。
筆筒の上にある
スーパーで買った百合
毎朝散った絹のかけらをお決まりのように掃いて、
そっと手のひらにのせて
何も考えずにゴミ箱にそのまま捨てる。
ああ、哀れ気、
素敵な物は全て
すぐ消えて行ってしまう。

ESPLENDOR DE GLÓRIA BRILHANTE

Kyler Johnson

O que eu sempre esqueço das flores é
a rapidez com quem as suas pétalas caem.
Há lírios do supermercado
na penteadeira,
e eu recolho os pedaços sedosos caídos no chão,
carrego-os nas mãos cuidadosamente,
antes de despejar no lixo.
Que pena,
muitas coisas bonitas
desbotam breve depois do nascimento.

THE BARBIE RECALL

Carmela Furio

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in second grade we rejected barbie
took on blue
and boys
called ourselves new women
i discarded dress for jeansshort
shredded frills
lost bubbles
frayed wings
in locked closets
in woodchip playgrounds
in windowless hallways
in second grade
we banned pink.
at eighteen i thrive
viridian and gold
scabcrisp red
tone myself in dark colors
wash out these scars of mine
arms the color of sunburns
and slap marks
the shade of hickeys
before they become hickeys
violence
before it bruises
i have become

my lips own regret
spilling intestines
over my chin and on my
worst days i
don the fluffiest pink sweater i own and
tell myself i'm a cherry blossom woman
pure n' unbroken on my
worst days i tell myself
i'm a weeping willow woman
a bleeding heart woman a
jellyfish woman
refilled and violent
scream sing halsey and cl
forgive myself for heartbreaks that were never mine
reclaim the pink of me
until my tongue turns to weaponry
and my digits grow talons
and i can swipe at the locks
and the heat sparks iridescent
and my shames come bleeding back
pansies
daffodils
all these frills
weeping off my closet hinges
this
the color all forty of us threw out
this
what we forgot for eachother
the color
we drained into the swamp
behind the playground
for the fish to swallow

استرداد الباربي

Alia Mnayr

Originally published in boundless v

في الصف الثاني رفضنا باربي
اتخذنا أزرق
وأولاد
دعينا أنفسنا امرأة جديدة
نبذتُ الفستان لشترت الجينز
مزقت الكشكشة
فقدت فقاعات
هرأت اجنحة
في حجرات مقفلة
في ملاعب رقائق الخشب
في ممرات بلا نوافذ
في الصف الثاني
حظونا اللون الوردى.
في الثامنة عشر أزهى
زمرد وذهب
أحمر قشرة الجرح الهش
أطخ نفسي بالألوان الداكنة
أغسل هذه الندوب خاصتي
ذراعين لون سفعة الشمس
وعلامات الصفعة
ظل الهيكل
قبل أن يصبحون الهيكل
عنق
قبل أن يصيب بكدمات
لقد أصبحت

ندم شفتاي
سفك أمعاء
على ذقني وفيبي
أسوأ أيامي أنا
أرتدي الأكثر منفضاً السترة الوردية التي أمتلكها
وأقول لنفسني
أنا امرأة زهرة كرز
نقية وغير منقطعة في
أسوأ أيامي أنا أقول لنفسني
أنا امرأة صفصاف نشيج
امرأة قلب نازف أنا
امرأة قتاديل البحر
في الكشكشة مرة أخرى وعنيفة
أصرخ الغناء هالزي و لا
أسامح نفسي لتحسرات التي قط لم يكونوا لي
أستعيد اللون الوردية لي
حتى لساني يتحول إلى أسلحة
وأصابعي ينمون المخالب
وأستطيع أن أضرب على الأقفال
والحرارة تشعل متقرح لون
و خزيي يعود نزييف
زهور وطي
زهور نرجس
كل هذه الكشكشة
النشيج من مفصلات خزانتي
هذا
اللون التي كل أربعين منا تخلصنا منه
هذا
ما نسينا لبعضهم البعض
اللون
نحن استنزفنا إلى المستنقع
خلف الملعب
للأسماك لايتلاع

AMAR EN ESPAÑOL

Catalina Irigoyen

Te amo, I say on the phone before I hang up, dragging out the ‘aaaaaamo’ to catch the last few glimpses of my partner’s face through the screen. His head is full of dark waves that wash up on his pale forehead. His eyes are blue-green sea foam, I think. His name, unlike his appearance, never changes. Clayton is the image my mind conjures up when I think *te amo*. Except sometimes I say *te amo* and think of my parents, my grandparents, my cousins, uncles, aunts, and my brother. I say *te amo* to them through the phone too. It is a phrase to cross long distances, it is a two-word enunciation that sometimes means *te extraño*/I miss you, except we don’t say that. We’d rather talk about love. I would rather feel orange-red-pink with affection when I feel my mouth move to make the sounds than the heavy grey of longing, missing. So I say the words and feel better about the whole thing, because we all know *te amo* can have so many different meanings (I miss you, I’m thinking about you, I hope you’re doing okay...) to so many different people (Clayton, Jefa, Viejo, El Pibe, and so on, and so forth). It is the most natural expression, it goes by unnoticed, passes freely between people. Five letters I’ve been saying since I knew how to speak, and never once have I stopped to question them. I have heard them from the wrong person, told them to the wrong person. *TE AMO TE AMO TE AMO*. *Te ammo*. It’s been used to hurt me before. Ammo to fire at me when I used to be naïve—when I didn’t know the difference between hearing it and feeling it. David—yes, I’m using names

here—would whisper it in my ear only seconds before forcing himself down my throat. I used to choke on my *te amo más*. It would get pushed back down where it came from and I should've known right there and then he wasn't genuine, he wanted but didn't love. I used to drink up his compliments to soothe the burn the rage left in my trachea after he was done playing with me. I have always loved in Spanish. *He amado* with the intensity of an equatorial sun at noon—warming and caressing the skins of lovers, embracing family and friends, but also just burning. I used to think it was okay for love to be fire, *porque a veces uno se quema en la vida* and that's just how it goes. I used to be seventeen and thinking I was hot shit because I could handle a little sizzle and a whole lot of burn. I used to be seventeen with a heart the same color that's left when you gaze into your cigarette stub and only find ashes. *El amor calienta no quema*. People are so full of shit! They will tell you that love hurts sometimes and you'll believe it because you don't know any better and next thing you know you're singing "love hurts, love bleeds" and expecting your next romance to be painful or not happen at all. I love that song as much as the next person, but respectfully, Nazareth, you're wrong. Pain is not passion. Passion is passion. *Te amo's* used to hurt when I thought they were supposed to. Now I realize it's all a scheme to control people. I think of David again and how many *te amo's* I must've uttered to him. I don't think I could do the math. Four years of *te amo's*, whether successfully delivered or failed to launch due to his *calentura*... it's enough to make any girl sick of love. Or lovesick. Maybe just sick of love. But then Clayton comes around with enough real, warm, genuine *te amo's* to patch up all the holes other people's *te 'ammos'* left behind and I realize that the problem wasn't the phrase, but the people saying it. I wish I could be like that scientist I saw studying bats in the Amazon. Every night he would catch bats with a little net he put out by where they flew, he'd bring them to the common area of the campsite and measure their wingspan, and then release them back into the wild. He would observe them and let them go. I wish I could catch all my misplaced *te amo's* if only to examine them. How orange-red-pink are they? How much love fits in two words? What trajectory could they have taken if only things had been different? I just want to learn from them. My mom, La Jefa, says, *uno de los errores aprende*. Though

it's nothing I don't know, it always helps to hear from her that even when my love is misplaced at least I can learn from it. She also says *que las mentiras tienen patas cortas, que es mejor estar solo que mal acompañado*, and through the years I have come to hear her voice, deep and hoarse, telling me these things, sharing her wisdom. I can confidently say *te amo mamá* because I know she is thinking it before the words can leave my mouth. I can say that and feel embraced by her love for me and that is how I know it's real and true. It's the same way I can face the mirror and tell myself *te amo* and know it's true even if I feel far away. It doesn't matter. If you know, you know. And when you know, *ya está*.

AMAR EN ESPAÑOL

Valerie Burke & James Transue

Te amo, digo en el teléfono antes de colgar, arrastrando el ‘aaaaaamo’ para captar los últimos destellos de la cara de mi pareja a través de la pantalla. Su cabeza está llena de ondas oscuras que se arrastran en su frente pálida. Sus ojos son espuma de mar azul verdosa, creo. Su nombre, a diferencia de su apariencia, nunca cambia. Clayton es la imagen que mi mente evoca cuando pienso en *te amo*. Excepto que a veces digo *te amo* y pienso en mis padres, mis abuelos, mis primos, tíos, tías, y mi hermano. También les digo *te amo* por teléfono. Es una frase para cruzar largas distancias, es una enunciación de dos palabras que a veces significa *te extraño*, excepto que no decimos eso. Preferimos hablar de amor. Preferiría sentir el afecto de color rojo-rosado-anaranjado cuando siento que mi boca se mueve para hacer los sonidos que el pesado gris del anhelo, la ausencia. Entonces digo las palabras y me siento mejor con todo el asunto, porque todos sabemos que *te amo* puede tener muchos significados diferentes (*te extraño*, estoy pensando en ti, espero que estés bien...) para muchas diferentes personas (Clayton, Jefa, Viejo, El Pibe, etc., etc.). Es la expresión más natural, pasa desapercibida, pasa libremente entre las personas. Cinco letras que he estado diciendo desde que supe hablar, y nunca me detuve a cuestionarlas. Las he escuchado de la persona equivocada, las he dicho a la persona equivocada. **TE AMO TE AMO TE AMO**. *Te amo-nición*. Ha sido usado para lastimarme antes. Munición para dispararme cuando solía ser ingenua—cuando no sabía la

diferencia entre escucharlo y sentirlo. David—sí, estoy usando nombres aquí—me lo susurraba al oído sólo unos segundos antes de forzarse adentro de mi garganta. Solía atragantarme con mi *te amo más*. El sentimiento que era empujado de regreso de donde venía y debería haber sabido allí mismo que él no era genuino, quería pero no amaba. Solía beber sus cumplidos para calmar el ardor que la ira me dejaba en la tráquea después de que terminaba de jugar conmigo. Siempre he amado en español. *He amado* con la intensidad de un sol ecuatorial al mediodía, calentando y acariciando la piel de los amantes, abrazando a familiares y amigos, pero también quemando. Solía pensar que estaba bien que el amor fuera fuego, *porque a veces uno se quema en la vida* y así es como funciona. Tenía diecisiete años y pensando que era la gran cosa porque podría aguantar un poco de chisporroteo y un montón de quemaduras. Tenía diecisiete años con un corazón del mismo color que queda cuando se mira a su colilla y sólo encuentra cenizas. *El amor calienta no quema*. ¡La gente está tan llena de mierda! Te dirán que el amor duele a veces y vas a creerlo porque no sabes nada mejor y luego estás cantando “el amor duele, el amor sangra” y esperando que su romance siguiente sea doloroso o no pasé en absoluto. Me encanta esa canción tanto como a la siguiente persona, pero con respeto, Nazareth, se equivoca. Dolor no es pasión. Pasión es pasión. Los *te amos* solía doler cuando pensaba que debían hacerlo. Ahora me doy cuenta que todo es una estrategia para controlar a la gente. Pienso en David otra vez y cuántos *te amos* debo haberle dicho. No pienso que pueda hacer las calculaciones. Cuatro años de *te amos*, tanto si se entregaban con éxito o no se podía lanzar debido su *calentura*...es suficiente para hacerle harta de amor a cualquier chica. O enamorado. Quizás sólo harto de amor. Pero luego Clayton venía con bastante *te amos* reales, cariñosos, y genuinos para curar todos los orificios de balas que dejaron los “te amo-niciones” de otras personas y me doy cuenta que el problema no era la frase, sino las personas que estaba diciéndola. Deseo que pueda ser como ese científico que vi estudiando murciélagos en el Amazonas. Todas las noches atraparía murciélagos con una pequeña red que ponía cerca de dónde volaban. Los traía a la área común del campamento y medía sus envergaduras, luego los devolvía a la naturaleza. Los observaba y soltaba. Deseo que pueda atrapar todos de mis perdidos *te*

amos si solo para examinarlos. ¿Qué rojos-rosados-anaranjados son? ¿Cuánto amor cabe en dos palabras? ¿Qué trayectoria podrían haber tomado si sólo las cosas hubieran sido diferentes? Sólo quiero aprender de ellos. Mi mamá, La Jefa, dice, *uno de los errores aprende*. Aunque no es nada que no sé, siempre me ayuda oír de ella que aunque cuando mi amor está perdido por lo menos puedo aprender de ello. También dice *que las mentiras tienen patas cortas, que es mejor estar solo que mal acompañado*, y a través de los años he llegado a oír su voz, profunda y ronca, diciéndome estas cosas, compartiendo su sabiduría. Puedo decir con confianza *te amo mamá* porque sé que ella lo está pensando antes de que las palabras puedan salir de mi boca. Puedo decir eso y sentirme abrazado por su amor por mí y así es cómo sé es real y verdad. Es del mismo modo que puedo enfrentarme al espejo y decirme *te amo* y saber que es verdad aunque me sienta lejos. No importa. Si lo sabes, lo sabes. Y cuando sabes, *ya estás*.

DO I LOVE HER?

Ryann Hubbart

Do I know what love is?
Would I know it if I did?
The classic question
In a young (gay) girl's heart:
Do I want to be her
Or be with her?
But when I can't do either
Did I pick her because of that?
Did I choose the one so far outside my reach
That I wouldn't have to know
And wouldn't have to decide
And can just dive
Into the blackness of her eyes
And the sound of her voice
And those curls.
Do I know what love is?
Would I know it if I did?
Do I love her?

EST-CE QUE JE L'AIME?

Rain Hurst

Est-ce que je connais l'amour ?
Est-ce que je le saurais si je le rencontrais ?
La question classique
Dans le cœur d'une jeune femme (homo) :
Est-ce que je veux être comme elle
Ou est-ce que j'ai envie d'elle ?
Mais quand je ne peux pas faire ni l'un ni l'autre
Peut-être voilà pourquoi elle me plait ?
Est-ce que j'ai choisi celle qui était si loin de ma portée
Que je n'aurais pas à savoir
Et que je n'aurais pas à décider
Et ne peut que me plonger
Dans la noirceur de ses yeux
Et le son de sa voix
Et ses boucles.
Est-ce que je connais l'amour ?
Est-ce que je le saurais si je le rencontrais ?
Est-ce que je l'aime ?

¿LA AMO?

Valerie Burke

¿Se lo que es el amor?
¿Lo sabría si lo supiera?
La pregunta clásica
En el corazón de una niña (homosexual):
Quiero ser ella
¿O estar con ella?
Pero cuando no puedo hacer nada
¿La escogí por eso?
Elegí la que está tan lejos de mi alcance
Que no tendría que saberlo
Y no tendría que decidir
Y puedo sumergirse
En la negrura de sus ojos
Y el sonido de su voz
Y esos rizos.
¿Se lo que es el amor?
¿Lo sabría si lo supiera?
¿La amo?

هل أحبها؟

Ryann Hubbart

هل أعرف الحب؟
هل أعرفه إذا عرفت؟
السؤال القديم
في قلب شابة مثلية:
هل أريد أن أكونها
أو أكون معها؟
ولكن عندما لا أستطيع أي منها
هل اخترتها لذلك؟
هل اخترت أحد بعيد عن متناول يدي
ولذلك لم أحتاج إلى المعرفة
ولم أحتاج إلى القرار
ويمكنني أن أنغمس
إلى سواد عينيها
وصوتها
وشعرها المجعد.
هل أعرف الحب؟
هل أعرفه إذا عرفت؟
هل أحبها؟

LOST CHILDREN

Chloe Tharp



LOST CHILDREN

Elisa Torres

Before he continued along the way, he stopped by a valley to rest
There, he laid down to briefly free himself from the day's test
From his open shoulder bag, an ancient recorder rolled out to
the ground

It was from his grandmother, having been crafted as a memorable
talisman profound

As he played it, having spotted it on the ground, a melancholic
tune escaped from his strategic breath

As he remembered all those ill children who lost the battle
with death

To honor them, the children's families hung their festival clothes
by the old oak tree

That way, they would know that their souls were finally and
peacefully resting free

Most children desired to be in a better world, somewhere free
from the grasp of illness

He was almost one of them as a small child, but luckily, he
survived the grimness

The old oak tree reminded him of Grandmother and home so dearly
That he wished for the opportunity to return gravely

Yet the old oak tree reminded him to remain strong

It reminded everyone of the hope of one day moving along

GROWING PAINS

Tessa Ramsden

Four-year-old Izzy peered down at the tiny thing in her mother's arms with a scowl of stern disapproval. "I don't like it," she stated firmly.

"Now, Izzy," her mom protested lightly, glancing up at her from the hospital bed with a tired smile, "that's no way to greet Thomas, he's your new little brother. And he's not an *it*, he's a *he*."

"But it looks funny. And smells, and it's a *boy*," Izzy replied shortly. The baby stared up at her with pale eyes, giving slow blinks as it attempted to take in its surroundings.

"Hey, now. I'm a boy, and you like me alright, don't ya?" Her dad joked from the other side of the hospital bed, standing above her mom protectively.

Izzy rolled her eyes, but conceded to that point with a swift shrug of her shoulders. "I guess," she replied, leaning in to be nearly nose-to-nose with the creature. "You smell," she whispered.

The baby promptly sneezed in her face.

Two years later, Izzy was stubbornly shuffling her feet and kicking rocks off of the little concrete path through the park. Despite the fact that it was a beautiful spring day, with the sun shining through the treetops and the birds singing melodies all around them, she tugged desperately on her mom's fingers, trying to slow her down as well. Her dad and Tommy were just a few steps ahead of them. Tommy was giggling happily from atop their dad's shoulders.

"It's not fair!" Izzy whined. "I have to go to school all day and can't see you guys, and then when we go walking I don't get to ride on anybody's shoulders. *He* gets shoulder rides all day, why can't he take a turn walking?"

Her mom sighed as she lightly pulled Izzy along and made sure she didn't stumble during her pout-walking. "Because you are a big girl, and Tommy's legs will get too tired if he has to walk through the park with us. Besides, I thought you liked school, and all your friends, and your teacher, and classes?"

"That's not the point!" Izzy cried.

"Is OK, Ziz," Tommy said quietly from atop his spot on their dad's shoulders. The boy was still learning how to talk, and for now the closest he could get to the name of his sister "Izzy" was "Ziz", a nickname everyone seemed to find endlessly adorable except for the sister in question.

"Oh, shut up, Tommy!" Izzy yelled, glaring daggers at her brother's too-innocent face.

"Isabella!" Her mom gasped. "We do not use those kinds of mean words! If you cannot enjoy yourself, then we will just go home right now."

"Fine!" Izzy glowered, sulking as Tommy got to ride their dad's shoulders all the way home.

At nine years old, Izzy had to push a bawling Tommy into his kindergarten classroom, pleading with him as he stood with both hands on either side of the doorframe. "Please go in, please go in!" Izzy panted, pressing against his back with all the force her skinny 3rd-grade frame could muster. "Look, they have tables, where you can make friends, and lots of toys in the corner. Don't you want toys?"

"I wanna go *home*!" Tommy cried. "Mommy! Daddy!"

Izzy sighed. "Mommy and Daddy left, remember? We just got out of their car, and they said have a good day and everything." She winced as the reminder of being alone brought Tommy's tears up to a screaming pitch. All around them, other young children were hugging their parents or hanging up their backpacks, but it seemed like help was nowhere. "Just stop being such a pest and go in! I'll come visit you during recess, OK?"

Tommy abruptly stopped screaming. His grip loosened as he turned around in the doorframe to face Izzy. "I- I can still see you?" he asked, blinking away tears to look up at his sister.

"Yes, of course—during recess, I'll come find you by the swings, OK—now have a nice day!" Izzy rushed before giving Tommy a firm push backwards into his classroom. The boy nodded brightly before turning around, head on a swivel as he observed everything in the kindergarten classroom.

Izzy sprinted towards her class as fast as she could. She slid into the room right as the bell rang and the teacher called, "OK children, find the desk with your name on it..."

When she was twelve, Izzy sat at the dining room table with her head in her hands. Crinkled green worksheets labeled *Biology* and white pages of notes were spread out in a fan around her. She sighed in frustration, half-heartedly picking up a list of vocabulary and letting her tired eyes scan the pages through the dim light in the evening.

"Don't give up, dear. I know you can do it!" Her mom encouraged from the kitchen, giving her daughter a sympathetic glance before returning to washing the dishes.

"But I don't even know how they expect me to remember all this stuff! And I know they say you just have to *apply* it, but I don't know how else to practice stupid *applying* besides memorizing it all!" Izzy groaned in despair.

A light padding of feet could be heard through the living room, before second-grader Tommy rounded the corner and sat down next to his sister. "What's that mean, Izzy?" He asked, pointing to the word at the top of her list.

"Not now, Tommy," Izzy brushed his hand away, before looking back at the word he had pointed to in contemplation. "It's, um, igneous, it means rocks that were made from volcanoes and lava."

"What about that one?" He pointed to the next word on the list.

"That one's sedimentary, it means rocks that were made from layers in the earth."

The brother and sister sat there for over an hour, as he patiently asked the definitions of every word on the list, and she did her best to explain them all.

She aced her biology test the next day.

At sixteen, Izzy ran straight from the garage door into her room and slammed the door behind her. Loud acoustic guitar music could be heard coming out of the bluetooth speaker from within. It barely muffled the sounds of sobbing.

Footsteps could be heard as Tommy emerged from his room across the hall and crossed over to his older sister's doorway. He knocked with a caution the middle-schooler almost never used. "Hey Izzy?" He called, "Is, uh, everything OK in there?"

"Go away, Tommy!" Came the sharp reply.

"OK, but well, is Jason still coming over tonight? Because he said he was going to bring his Switch and that maybe I could--"

The sobbing grew impossibly louder. "No!" Izzy yelled aggressively through the doorway. "He's not coming over! I never want to see that asshole again!"

Tommy grew silent outside of Izzy's door. Then the sound of feet racing away from the room and the strong thud of the front door being slammed was heard. Tommy came back two hours later, with his hands bleeding and a triumphant smile on his face. Jason was not in school the next day.

Eighteen-year-old Izzy stood in her driveway and helped her dad shove the last of her bags into the back of their SUV. "Alright, sweetie, that's everything," her dad said with a grin. "Let's get ready to go, yeah?"

Izzy nodded, rounding to the backseat of the car and opening the door before turning back to give one last look at her home since she was four. Her fourteen-year-old brother stood just inside the garage. His lanky frame was tall enough to nearly touch the light bulb swinging gently in the summer wind.

Izzy took powerful steps towards him before pulling his face down to be nose-to-nose with her. "You smell," she whispered fiercely.

"Yeah, Ziz," he muttered, enveloping her in a tight hug as she fought back tears, "I'm gonna miss you too."

成长的苦心

Tessa Ramsden

四岁的楚伊丽用严格不赞成的横眉脸就探头看到妈妈手里面抱的东西。“我不喜欢那个东西，”她坚定的宣布。

“哦，伊丽，”她的妈妈轻轻的抗议，就有很累的笑脸来从医院床看一瞥，“那不是怎么欢迎楚托马，他就是你新的弟弟。还有，他不是东西，他就是一个娃娃。”

“但是他看起来很奇怪。他也恶臭，也是一个男人，”伊丽快回答。娃娃就用浅淡的眼睛瞪眼看她，慢慢的眨眼来尝试吸收他的周围。

“嘿。我是一个男人，但你还喜欢我一点，对吗？”她的爸爸开玩笑在医院床的另一边，保护性的站在她妈妈的前面。

伊丽翻白眼但是快快的耸动来承认那个看法。“我猜好吧，”她就回答，把脸来靠禽兽，就大概两个鼻子可以摸一下。“你有恶臭，”她耳语。

娃娃就立刻打喷嚏在她的脸上。

两年以后，楚伊丽就是倔强的拉扯她的脚和提石头在公园里面的小三合土下。尽管是一个美丽的春天，太阳从树梢里发亮和小鸟在他们的周围唱曲调，她绝望的拉着妈妈的手指，想要她也减速一下。伊丽的爸爸和托马是在她们的前面一些脚步。托马从他们爸爸的肩膀上高兴的痴笑。

“不是公平的！”伊丽发牢骚。“我需要整天上学，不能看到你们，然后我们一起去走路，我不能骑上任何人的肩膀上！他就可以整天骑你们的肩膀，为什么他不能轮流自己走吧？”

她的妈妈叹气，轻轻的拉伊丽的手跟他一同走，注意她不是绊倒在她一边走一边努嘴的时候。“因为你是更大的孩子，而如果托马需要跟我们在公园一起走路，他的退会变得非常累。另外，我觉得你说

你喜欢学校，有你所有的朋友，有你的老师，有你的课？”

“那不是有关的！”伊丽叫了。

“是好，丽丽，”托马从他们的爸爸肩膀上悄悄地说。男孩还在学习怎么说话，所以现在离他姐姐的名字“伊丽”最近能说的就是“丽丽”，而除了得到了这个外号的姐姐，所有的人都觉得是不已可爱的。

“啊，闭嘴吧，托马！”伊丽喊了，横眉竖眼到他弟弟太天真的脸。

“楚伊丽！”她的妈妈喘气。“我们不用那样的刻薄的词语！如果你不能欣赏自己，我们就会立刻回家。”

“算了！”伊丽怒视，恼气在托马能骑他们爸爸的肩膀所有走回家的时候。

她九岁的时候，楚伊丽需要推动一个嚎哭的托马到他幼儿园的教室里面，跟他央求在他站有双手在门框的两边的时候。“请进吧，请进吧！”伊丽喘吁吁的，用所有她瘦吧三年级身体可以调集的力量按在他的背后。“看，里面有桌子，你可以交朋友，还有好多玩具在角落。你想要玩具吗？”

“我想要回家！”托马哭了。“妈妈！爸爸！”

伊丽叹气。“妈妈和爸爸走了，记得啊？我们就是出去他们的车，和他们希望我们有一个有趣的天和所有那个事。”她畏缩在托马记得是独自上学就让他哭声来到呼啸的音调。在他们的周围，别的小孩子就是抱着他们的父母或者挂上他们的书包，但是看起来像没有任何的帮助。“就要停止做这样的牛皮糖进来吧！我会在休息时间来拜访你，好吧？”

托马突然停了他的喊声。他的把手放松了让他回转在门框里面所以面对伊丽。“我-我还能看到你？”他问了，眨眼所以眼里面没有眼泪来看上他的姐姐。

“当然会一在休息时间，我会去找你在秋千旁边，好吧一请有好天！”伊丽赶说然后坚决的推动托马往后到他教师里面。男孩精神的点头然后回转，头转动所以他可以观察幼儿园教师里面所有的事情。

伊丽拼命奔跑的快跑到她自己的教师。她来到教师里面就是在铃声一样的时候，能听到老师叫，“好吧，学生，请找有自己的名字在上面的桌子…”

她是十二岁的时候，楚伊丽坐在厨房的桌子放头到手里面。弄皱的绿色工作表，上面写了生物学，和几个白色的笔记页就是罗布像扇子一样在桌子上。她挫折感的叹气，半心半意的提起一个词汇的目录，让她累的眼睛用暗淡的晚上灯光帮她扫描纸。

“不要放弃，亲爱的，我知道你会成功！”她的妈妈从厨房的洗碗池鼓励她，给孩子一个哀矜的眼神然后回到洗盘子。

“但是我不知道他们怎么需要我记得所有这些事！而且我知道他们

说你只要使用它，但是除了背所有的事我不知道怎么复习愚蠢的使用啊！”伊丽绝望的呻吟。

在客厅里，伊利能听到悄悄的脚步声音，然后二年级的托马走动角落去坐在他姐姐旁边。“那是什么意思，伊丽？”他问了，手指目录最上面的第一个生词。

“现在不可以解释，托马，”伊丽摒绝他的手，然后回去看他指的词语，沉思一下。“那是，啊，火成岩，意思就是石头是用火山岛和熔岩造的。”

“那个呢？”他指的目录的下个词语。

“那就是沉积岩，意思就是石头是用世界的层造的。”

姐姐和弟弟超过一个小时一起坐在那里，让他耐心的问所有目录上的词语的定义，然后她试一试最好解释全部的词语。

她得了满分在明天的生物学考试。

在十六岁，楚伊丽直接从车库门口跑到她的房间里然后猛力关了门在她的后面。一会儿就能听到高声原声吉他的音乐从房间里面的蓝牙音箱来。音乐就是仅仅捂了呜咽的声音。

她能听到脚步，因为托马从他自己在走廊对面的房间出来，度过去站在姐姐的门口外。他用中学生几乎没有用过的警告敲门。“喂，伊丽？”他叫，“有，啊，有什么事吗？”

“滚开，托马！”利害的回答来了。

“好，但是，嗯，志强还是今天晚上过来吗？因为他说他会带来他的游戏机而我可能——”

呜咽变得做不到的更大声。“不！”伊丽霸气的喊到房间门口外。“他不会过来！我永远不要再见那个屁眼！”

在伊利的门口外，托马变得沉默。然后，她能听到脚步跑离她的房间和前门强烈关闭的声音。两个小时后，托马就回来了，手在流血但脸上有凯乐的笑容。志强明天没有上学。

十八岁的楚伊丽站在她的车道上帮助她的爸爸推她最后的包子到休旅车里面。“好，乖乖，那就是所有了，”她的爸爸咧嘴地说。“我们就开始准备好离开，好吧？”

伊丽点头了，开始走动车的后座，打开车门就转后给最后一个目光看她从四岁到现在的家。她十四岁的弟弟站在车库里面一点。他收场的形象就是高了到快要碰到轻轻摆动在夏天风气的灯光。

伊丽用强大的脚步走到他，然后拉他的脸下所以大概两个鼻子可以摸一下。“你有恶臭，”她激烈的耳语。

“对，丽丽，”他喃喃，紧的抱住她让她回击她的眼泪，“我也会思想你。”

الربيع الى الخريف

Alia Mnayer

حياتي مثل شجيرة الورد
بدون الجذور.

ولكن كل
التواء
وارتباك
السيقان.

ما زلتُ لا أجد طريقة أفضل لنفسي،
حيث أرسل الحب، الألم يتبع.

تماماً مثل أشواك شجيرة الورد.

فقط لو استطعتُ أن أنمو الجذور وأزرع نفسي بقوة
أعرف أنني سأنمو ورود جميلة.

WHEN PEELING PEACHES

Antoinette Rose Goodrich

the sticky skin gets caught in the peeler until you start
to peel back the skin yourself once you have something to grasp
and only use the peeler when you don't
have a proper fleshly handhold and the countertop
becomes slick with fruit syrup and sweetness that the
ants will swarm over tomorrow in droves

but the juices run down your hands first, finding
every little cut and nick you didn't know was there until
you are a symphony of gentle stings and the peeler slips
but you're spared this time because you still have four more
peaches to undress.

LORS DE L'ÉPLUCHAGE DES PÊCHES

Sophie Granger

la peau collante se prend dans l'éplucheur jusqu'à ce que tu commences
à éplucher la peau toi-même une fois que tu as quelque chose à saisir
et n'utilise l'éplucheur que lorsque tu n'as pas
une bonne prise et le plan de travail
devient glissant avec du sirop de fruits et de la douceur que les
fourmis fourmilleront en masse dessus demain

mais le jus coule d'abord sur tes mains, trouvant
chaque petite coupure et entaille que tu ne savais pas était là jusqu'à
ce que tu sois une symphonie de douces piqûres et l'éplucheur glisse
mais tu es épargné cette fois car tu as encore quatre pêches à
déshabiller.

AL PELAR DURAZNOS

Sophie Perez & James Transue

la piel pegajosa queda pillada en el pelador hasta que empiezas a
pelar la piel por ti misma cuando tengas algo para agarrar
y sólo usas el pelador cuando no
tienes un asidero carnosos adecuado y el mostrador
se vuelve resbaladizo con jarabe de fruta que las
hormigas enjambrarán por la mañana en masa

pero primero los jugos gotean de tus manos, encontrando
todos los cortes y rasguños pequeños que no sabías que estaban
ahí hasta que
eres una sinfonía de pinchazos tiernos y el pelador resbala
pero esta vez te salvas porque aún tienes cuatro más duraznos
para desnudar.

秋思

Runqing Qi

渐秋日日凉
叶落未及黄
半红半绿日
总不忘春光

PENSAMIENTO DE OTOÑO

Jorges Rojas Alvarez

poco a poco, entra el otoño
día, día, frío
las hojas caen
todavía están creciendo
rojo, verde, fundidos
emerge la luz del pasado

秋の思い

Mizuki Wittmer

日に日に寒くなり秋が深まる
黄色く変わりかけた葉が落ちる
赤と緑が一面に広がる
春の光景を忘れずに

THINKING OF AUTUMN

James Transue

little by little
autumn days grow cold
the leaves still green
still growing as they fall
fade into half-red half-green day
in the waning sunlight
remember the warmth of spring

MOTHER OF THE FALL

Chloe Tharp



MOTHER OF THE FALL

Tessa Ramsden

she glides across the leaves
never feeling the need
to put her feet down
or steady her weight
a queen,
a goddess,
a matriarch.

all around her, the trees
whisper a quiet thanks
as they release their leaves
and no longer feel the burden of
summertime.

she will carry the weight of
these paper-thin flakes
as they are buried and forgotten
under layers of white death
the protector,
the guardian,
the warrior.

she is the mother of the fall,
and while she rules over this
small and still moment in time,

she knows her time soon approaches
to sleep.

CAN I FORGET?

Kelsie Lawson

Can I forget
if I dye red
these pages?
Fingertips bled
till light-headed?

All the sages
and wise men
don't know a thing
about sorrow.
They say it'll pass,
but it won't.
They say it won't last,
but it will.
They say it's forever,
but what if I sever
brain stem
from spine?
What then?

If I can't forget,
If I can't set
this on a shelf and walk away,
help me take it day by day
till the blood runs dry

and the words stop coming,
till the eyes don't cry,
and the heart quits drumming.

PUIS-JE OUBLIER?

Sophie Granger

Puis-je oublier
si je teins en rouge
ces pages ?
Le bout des doigts a saigné
jusqu'à l'étourdissement ?

Tous les savants
et les sages
ne savent rien du chagrin
Ils disent que ça passera, mais ça ne passera pas.
Ils disent que ça ne durera pas, mais ça va durer.
Ils disent que c'est pour toujours, mais que se passe-t-il si je
tranche le tronc cérébral
de la colonne vertébrale ?
Quoi alors?

Si je ne peux pas oublier,
Si je ne peux pas poser
cela sur une étagère et s'en aller, aide-moi à le prendre de jour
en jour jusqu'à ce que le sang
s'assèche,
et que les mots cessent, jusqu'à ce que les yeux ne pleurent plus,
et que le cœur arrête de tambouriner

PERSON PERSON

Horace Rainer

If I told you
That the reason I hate dogs
Is the same I love your eyes,
And that I cared for them
Through the shit, and piss,
Of a daily basis
All my life from seventh grade,
Or that their paws
Were the cause of my parents' shouting,
Barking under day and night
At the start of every fight,
As the yelp of napkins torn
Wondered if their purchase could be sold:
Would you still pronounce me
As insensitive and cold?

Or will you walk to run away

PERSONNE PERSONNE

Sophie Granger

Je ne sais pas si je t'ai dit
Que la raison pour laquelle je déteste les chiens
Et la raison que j'adore tes yeux, c'est du pareil au même
Et que je leur tenais toujours
Tout au long de la merde, et la pisse,
Au quotidien
Toute ma vie à partir de douze ans,
Ou que leurs pattes
Étaient la cause des éclats de voix de mes parents
Aboyant sous le jour et la nuit
Au début de chaque chicane,
Comme le cri des serviettes déchirées
Demandaient si leur achat pouvait être vendu:
Me déclarerais-tu
Aussi insensible et froid?

Ou bien, marcheras-tu pour t'enfuir.

PERSONA PERSONA

Valerie Burke

Si te dijera
Que la razón por la que odio a los perros
Es la misma por la que amo tus ojos,
Y que los cuido
A través de la mierda, y la orina,
Cada día
Toda mi vida desde séptimo grado
O que sus patas
Fueron la causa de los gritos de mis padres,
Ladrando bajo el día y la noche
Al comienzo de cada pelea,
Como el aullido de las servilletas rotas
Preguntó si su compra podría venderse:
¿Todavía me pronunciarías?
¿Tan insensible y frío?

O caminarás para huir

SHALLOW STEADY BREATHING

Hannah Franke

I have spent today in a half-
awake haze as life-giving sickness courses
through my veins and
I weep with
joy.
I play hide-and-
seek with consciousness
while dryads giggle in
the corners of my vision, and I wonder
how long humans have found it
amusing to be
bewildered.
Cherries stomp across my taste
buds, and I gag
and smile, and gag again, and
raise my glass in a toast to tomorrow.
I drink, and my lips are filthy
red with blood.
Energy is the elixir of the
elite,
and I feel nothing but beautiful
ordinary as I drop into
darkness.

浅稳呼吸

Tessa Ramsden

在半睡半醒中我
度过了浑浑噩噩的一天让不清醒流
遍我的血管而
我喜极而泣
快乐。
我跟意识在一
起玩儿捉迷藏
仙女在痴笑在
我的眼角，我寻思
人类把疑惑当
有趣有多长
时间了。
樱桃撞击我的味
觉，让我窒息
让我微笑，让我再次窒息，然后
举杯祝愿明天。
我尝了一口，嘴唇却满是
血腥的红色。
精力就是精英的
灵丹妙药，
除了寻常的美丽我什么感受
也没有就掉进
黑暗。

RESPIRACIÓN SUPERFICIAL Y ESTABLE

Sophie Perez

Yo he pasado hoy en una neblina
medio despierta mientras una enfermedad que da vida fluye por
mis venas y
lloro con
alegría.
Yo juego escondite
con conciencia
mientras las dríadas se ríen en
los rabillos de mis ojos, y me pregunto
cuánto tiempo los humanos lo han encontrado
entretenido ser
desconcertados.
Las cerezas pisan a través de mis
papilas, me atraganto
y sonrío, y me atraganto otra vez, y
levanto mi copa en un brindis por la mañana.
Bebo, y mis labios están rojos sucios
con sangre.
La energía es el elixir de la
élite,
y no me siento nada más que hermosa
y ordinaria cuando me dejo caer en
la oscuridad.

المقابلة

Noussaiba Roussi

- سنتصل بك...

ألفت مسامعي هذه الكلمة ولم تعد تقع من نفسي الموقع نفسه الذي كان تقع منه سابقا... كنت أتحمس لوعد بأن يرن هاتفي لأعلم بقبولي في الوظيفة، وكنت أهرول لأمسكه وأنظر إلى شاشته لاهت الأنفاس فأجد اتصالا من والدتي أو رب عملي المؤقت الذي خصص لي مرتبي الهزيل... -سنتصل بك..-، كلمتان تدبان إلى نفسي وتزرعان بذور اليأس... بذور اليأس تنبت، غير أنها لا تنبت زرعاً، بل حطباً... حطباً قد يصير وقوداً لنجاح يأتي ثمرة جد وكد، أو حطباً يحرق كل ما يأتي عليه ويترك جسداً خاوياً من كل إرادة أو رغبة... كنت أسمع تينك الكلمتين للمرة العشرين... أو لعله خيل إلي أنه كذلك... كان الهواء رطباً... وياقة بزتي تحكم الخناق علي كديوني، ويداي تمسكان وريقات حملتهما معي إلى أماكن كثيرة حتى صارت جذباتها صفراء وطبعت عليها بصمات أصابعي... قالها وهو لا ينظر إلي... كأنني لا أستحق أن يمنحني من وقته، أو يصدقني القول فيقول: "لا حاجة لنا بك... نتمنى لك حظاً أوفر في مكان آخر!"... تالله لهي أرحم من تلك الكلمات السمجة المصحوبة بنظرة لامبالاة أو ازدراء خفي جلي... صرث آخر كل مقابلة أنكسر رأسي لكي لا أرى خيبتني تطل علي من عيني مقابلي واختلاسة نظرة إلى حذائي المشمع الرث... يوم أجد وظيفة أفضل سيكون هذا الحذاء هو أول ما أتخلص منه! لا تجدي محاولاتي في ثني ركبتي إلى الوراء في إخفاء رشاة حافته المدببة وانثنائها... ولا صعودي السريع الدرج من أن تغفل عنه عينا جارتي وهي ترد سلامي دون اكتراث... ولكنه على الأقل يصرف الانتباه عن يافتي المكسورة لبلأها وجهلي القديم بأفانين الكي والغسيل... علت وجهي شبه ابتسامة إذ مر ذلك بخاطري، ونظر إلي هو من وراء مكتبه وزجاج نظارتيه العاكس لشاشة حاسوبه: -شكراً لك...-

كانت تلك دعوة مهذبة للخروج من المكتب ليدخل المسكين الثاني... أو سعيد الحظ ربما! رأيت منعكسا على نظارتيه لعبة "سوليتير" وابتسمت في وجهه بشيء من المراحة لم يفهمه، وتمتمت تحية قراها على شفتي ولم يسمعها... وقبل أن أخرج من الباب كانت عيناه على شاشة الحاسوب وبدا في غاية التركيز كأنه يحل مسألة غاية في الدقة والصعوبة... ووجدت

في الباب شابا يافعا تبدو عليه أمارات التوتر وتتصيب من جبهته قطرات عرق وهو يتململ في وقفته ويثب وثبات خفيفة كالمقبل على سباق جري... هز رأسه فهزرت رأسي ومضيت لشأني، ودخل هو المكتب ماسحا يديه في جانبي برته، والترقب باد على قسماته... كان الجو حارا... والأصوات عالية تصم الأذان... وأنفاس المدينة تخنق اليافاعات من الآمال... وكنت أنا واقفا على رصيف يقطعه الناس في عجلة وتذيني فيه شمس الصيف بهل... عدت دراهمي وأشرت إلى سيارة الأجرة الأولى فلم تقف، ثم الثانية فلم تقف، ثم الثالثة. وهزلت سيدة ففتحت الباب قبلي ووجهها ينذر أنها على استعداد للشجار وأشارت إلى صغيرتها أن اركبي، فتبعتهما وركبت وهي تنظر إلي قبل أن تسحبها يد أمها لتحثها على الركوب... نظر إلي السائق فأشرت إليه ألا بأس... ووقفت تحت الشمس تلفحني حرارتها وتغمض أشعتها عيني عنوة... وأحسست بنعاس اعتزاني فجأة... فرأيت أن أمشي قليلا... كنت أظنني أمشي غير أنني كنت أجر قدمي جرا... كم عدد ما أجريت من مقابلات؟ لا أدري! كثيرا! كثيرا! لا أذكر جميعها... ولكنها اختلطت جميعها في ذكرى واحدة... في وجوه متشابهة... وقاعات انتظار باردة أو ساخنة حسب الفصول... لم أكن ألمع من في فصلي ولكنني لم أكن أغباهم...

وصلت باب العمارة وصعدت الدرج وأنا أجر قدمي جرا... فتحت الجارة الباب وتوارت خلفه لترى من القادم الصاعد الدرج. وكنت أتجاهلها دوما وأرحم فيها فضول العجائز وملل المتشابهات من الأيام. ولكنني اليوم، وبخيت بريء، ألقيت عليها التحية فارتبكت وتمتمت: - "وفقك الله في عملك يا ولدي. الشغل في الإدارة صعب..." ابتسمت لها ابتسامة المندesh وصعدت الدرج وعلى وجهي ما أظنه كان نظرة ساهية... "الشغل في الإدارة..." السيدة تظنني موظفا في الإدارة لأنها تراني كثيرا ببذلتني هذه... تظنني أحج كل يوم إلى عملي وأنا أتبه بحثا عن وظيفة... وصلت البيت وارتميت على أقرب أريكة... رائحة البنزين تملأ الغرفة يفسرها هديز الشاحنة القادم من الشارع... على المائدة الخشبية المستديرة طبق بقايا عشاء البارحة نسيث إدخاله الثلاجة فتبدل لونه وطغت رائحته على المكان... وتأففت من الطبق... ومن الرائحة... من كومة الملابس التي تنتظر وقت الغسيل على كرسي لدائني بنيس... ومن رائحة العرق التي علق ببرتني بعد ساعة من المشي في الشمس... وتأففت من أنفاسي... ومن نفسي... وبكيت ! بكيت كما لم أبك منذ فطمت... بكيت ما كنت أدين به لسني الثلاثين من الدمع المحبوس في سجن العين خلفت قضبان من المكابرة والنكران... ولمحت عينايا الحذاء في زاوية الغرفة قابعا يشمت بي، فنهضت وأمسكته بيدي ورميته من النافذة رميا وسمعت صوت ارتطامه بالأرض الخرسانية... وخفت نشيجي... وجف دمعي... وخارت قواي ثم نمت... وقبل أذان المغرب بقليل سمعت طرقا على الباب، وفتحته لأجد جاري ممسكا حذائي من خيوطه باشمئزاز رافعا إياه في وجهي:

-أليس هذا حذاءك؟ لقد عرفته! هو، أليس كذلك؟

وفهقه ضاحكا ثم وضعه على الأرض وصعد الدرج وهو يستأنف فقهقهته... نظرت إلى الحذاء وضحك ضحكا أشبه بالبكاء... هذا الحذاء لعنتي اللصيقة بي... كمداش أبي القاسم... تتبعني وأنا أرجو أن يقبلني ذوو الأحذية اللامعة الصقيلة الذين يصطفون من يلعب أحذيتهم... رث مثلي هذا الحذاء... وملحاح... أخذتني به شفقة فأخذته ووضعته داخل البيت وأغلقت الباب...

انتهى

THE INTERVIEW

Alia Mnayer

We will call you...

I have heard these words before, and they no longer land in the place they once did within me... I used to be excited at the promise that my phone would ring and let me know that they had accepted me for the job, I would scurry to catch it and look at its screen, gasping for breath, only to find a call from my mother or my temporary employer who gave me this meager salary...

"We will call you..." Four words that creep into my soul and sow the seeds of despair... the seeds of despair sprout not seed, but firewood... firewood that may become fuel for success, the fruit of hard labor, or firewood that burns everything it touches and leaves a body empty of all will or desire...

I heard those four words for the twentieth time... or maybe I imagined that I had... the air was humid... the collar of my uniform tightenings the noose of my debts... and in my hands were two leaves, and I carried them with me to many places until their sides turned yellow and my fingerprints were printed on them... he said it and he did not look at me... it is as if I don't deserve him to give me his time, or belief in me, when he says: "We do not need you... we wish you better luck elsewhere!"... By God, these are more merciful than those four loathsome words accompanied by a look of indifference or hidden yet obvious contempt... at the end of every interview I lower my head so that I don't see disappointment seeping out from my eyes in front of me, stealing looks at my shabby tarpaulin shoes. The day I find

a better job, these shoes will be the first thing I get rid of! My attempts to bend back my knee to hide their tight bent shape are in vain... as are my hurried steps up the stairs, always unmissed by my neighbors eyes, her mouth blankly returning my greeting... but it at least distracts from my broken collar, and my old ignorance of ironing and washing... I had a smile on my face as this crossed my mind, and he looked at me from behind his desk, through the computer screen mirrored in his glasses:

“Thank you...!”

It was a polite invitation to get out of the office to enter the pitiful second place... or lucky maybe! I saw the game “Solitaire” reflected in his glasses and smiled at him with something he didn’t understand... I muttered a greeting that he read on my lips and did not hear... before I walked out the door, his eyes were again on the computer screen, and he seemed very focused, as if he was solving a difficult and precise problem... at the door, I found a young man with signs of tension on his brow, his forehead dripping with drops of sweat, he fidgets in his posture and bounces lightly, like the next in line for a running race... he shook his head and in turn I shook my head, and went on my own... he entered the office, wiping his hands on either side of his uniform, and the anticipation began to show on his features...

It was hot... and the sounds were deafeningly loud... the city’s breath suffocates the young girls of hope... and he wrote, I am standing on a sidewalk that people cross in a hurry and on which the summer sun melts me slowly... I counted my dirhams and pointed to the first taxi, but it did not stop, then the second did not stop, then the third. A woman jogged and opened the door in front of me, her face warning that she was ready to fight, and she gestured to her little girl to get on, so I followed her to get on, and the girl looked at me before the hand of her mother pulled her, urging her in... the driver looked at me, so I indicated to him that it’s okay... I stood under the sun, its heat burning me and its rays forcing my eyes closed... I felt drowsiness come upon me suddenly... I saw that I should walk a little... I thought I was walking, but I was running on my feet... how many interviews had I done? I do not know! A lot! A lot! I do not remember all of them... but they had all mixed into one memory... in similar faces... hot or cold waiting rooms, according to the seasons... I was not the brightest in my class but I was not the dumbest...

I reached the door of my building and climbed the stairs, dragging my feet... my neighbor opened the door and turned around to see who was coming up the stairs. I had always ignored her and had mercy for the curiosity of the elderly and the boredom of similar days. But today, with innocent malice, I saluted her, and she wept and muttered:

“May God bless your work, my son. The job in management is hard...”

I gave her a surprised smile and went up the stairs with what I thought was a silly look on my face... “The job in management is hard...” This woman thinks I work in administration because she often sees me in this suit... she thinks I take a pilgrimage to work every day and here I am searching for a job...

I arrived at home and fell onto the nearest sofa... the smell of gasoline fills the room, explained by the roar of the truck coming from the street... on the round wooden table was a plate of leftovers from yesterday’s dinner, which I forgot to put in the fridge, changed in color and smelling all over the place... I pulled off the plate... and from the smell... from the pile of clothes that are waiting to be washed on the miserable plastic chair... and from the smell of the sweat that stuck to my uniform after an hour of walking in the sun... and I held my breath... and from myself... and I cried! I cried as I haven’t since I was first weaned... I cried what I owed for my thirty years of imprisoned tears in my eyes, behind bars of arrogance and denial... I spotted my shoes in the corner of the room and they gloated at me, so I got up and took them in my hand and threw them out of the window, and heard the sound of them hitting the concrete floor... and my sobbing lessened... and my tears dried... and I lost my strength then slept...

A little before the sunset prayer, I heard a knock on the door, and I opened it to find another neighbor of mine holding my shoes from their strings in disgust, shoving them in my face:

Aren’t these your shoes? I knew it! They are, aren’t they?

He laughed then put them on the floor and climbed the stairs, giggling as he went...

I looked at the shoes and I laughed a laugh that was more like a cry... these damn shoes label me... like the tread of Abu al-Qasim... follow me and I hope that I will be accepted by those with shiny, polished shoes who line up those who lick them... these

shoes are as shabby as me... and salty... with pity, I took them
and put them inside the house and closed the door...

FATE

Elana Walters

He doesn't know the same world as you,
you may live in it together,
but just like the koi fish and
the water lilies beneath us.
One was born from the mud
while the other swims above it.
Both know the surface,
but only one knows
the water's
depth.

FATO

Mizuki Wittmer

Lui non conosce il mondo come tu lo conosci,
puoi vivere insieme in esso,
ma come i pesci koi e
le ninfee sotto di noi.
Uno è nato dal fango
mentre l'altro nuota sopra di esso
Entrambi conoscono la superficie
ma solo uno conosce
la profondità
dell'acqua.

03 SEPTEMBRE 1904

Natalie Muglia

Charlotte used the pads of her fingers to press open the wooden door. It creaked, and the wood grated against her fingers, leaving a film of dust behind. She resisted rubbing the dust off on her heavy, pale blue skirts. On the walk over, she'd had to use both hands to keep the hem aloft, sweeping it away from the collected sewage that swam in the streets. Dead mice, shards of glass, blood-stained debris from *la semaine sanglante* that had eluded clean-up efforts. The sight and smell of it all was as familiar to Charlotte as the sprigs of lavender that sat on the table in the foyer in her own home. It was almost comforting, this knowledge that the city would always be a little less than perfect.

Her low heels clicked dully across the concrete floor. The date was 03 September 1904, which marked the abandonment of this underground station for more than 5 years. It was just past 12 o'clock. So long as she moved quickly, no one at home would notice her unexplained absence.

As she moved into the room, the creatures at the peripheries scuttled at the movement and light she brought with her. She guessed that mice, insects, spiders were all creeping around. Despite her familiarity with the sewage of the city streets, she scowled and pulled the hem of her dress back up, refusing to meet with any of the abominable creatures. Marthe would certainly kill her if the hem of her dress was eaten through.

Hardly any of the sun's rays penetrated down the abandoned staircase, and the splinters of light that did fractured around the

bends Charlotte had swerved around minutes before. Dust motes at the corners of the room swirled when she moved, and her only indication of their presence were the violent sneezes that wracked her body. After a particularly painful episode, Charlotte wiped the dust from her fingers and resigned herself to Marthe noticing how quickly she'd sullied her newest dress.

Charlotte—had she been anyone different, anyone *ordinaire*—would have been at the mercy of guesswork as to how the room was laid out due to the lack of light. But luckily for her, all she had to do was snap her fingers and whisper *enflamma* and the tip of her right index finger provided just enough light for her to see the room by. She caught her heavy skirts in one hand, holding out the lit one to examine more closely the rest of the space.

As she turned in slow movement, she saw that rather than a room, the space was a full subway station that had just been blocked off by a loose, practically out-of-place door. Most likely by one of the builders who hadn't wanted any witnesses to see how he'd failed to produce a workable underground *métro* station.

His loss was Charlotte's gain.

The concrete was dusty, and Charlotte now could watch the movement of the dust motes. She so wished for a spell to banish them away—the dust and her allergies—but was restricted by the walls of her limited knowledge. Instead, she tasked herself to analyze the smallest details of the space. Alexis had stated it was half-constructed, but Charlotte thought the station was more than that. It felt abandoned. There were no railroad tracks laid down, only a space for the iron to be fitted into. The ceiling was too low—Charlotte could not fully hear the movement of the Parisians above, but felt the weight of them suffocating her with a ceiling that was less than a meter above her head. The only light came from the faint glow from beyond the now-opened door, and from the fire at her fingertips. The tunnel was completely blocked off on both sides, making it impossible for *le conseil* to reintegrate the station back into the line without explosives. Charlotte did note that with a sense of dread—Parisians were nothing if not determined once they set their minds to something, and Charlotte could see use for this abandoned station should *le métro* turn out to become even more popular than it already was. Explosives would be a small price to pay, in the

end. Turning around once more, Charlotte guessed at the dimensions, thinking it would be entirely possible to fit their group of five—plus all their necessary materials—into this space.

While not a proper room, the abandoned station was a proper space. Alexis had been right, Charlotte thought with awe as she extinguished her finger with a near-silent *éteingueré*. After nearly six months of searching, it was not a surprise that *les parias* would only find a meeting space that fit them in the underbelly of the city that had rejected them. It was fitting, certainly. Satisfaction coursed through Charlotte's veins. Alexis and she had found it, and this would be their accomplishment, their contribution to the group.

Charlotte readjusted her grip on her skirts and dashed back to the staircase that would lead her back to the street-level of the city. She was already running two minutes late, and would have to hustle downtown to get back to her family's home. Her home was only a few blocks away—one left turn, two right turns, and then straight for thirty paces—but with how crowded the streets tended to be, the walk could take anywhere from ten to twenty minutes. If she wanted to re-enter without being noticed, she should have left two minutes previously—but Charlotte was nothing if not a master on how to make up for lost time. Once she was back on the streets, she let her skirts fall from her grasp and ducked her head low.

In her haste Charlotte forgot to close the ill-fitting station door behind her. For Charlotte was correct to note that the door was strange, out of place, and ill-fitting. The door was a last minute addition, not meant to keep others out.

Rather, it was meant to keep everything *in*.

3 DE SEPTIEMBRE DE 1904

Elisa Torres

Carlota utilizó las yemas de sus dedos para abrir la puerta de madera. La puerta crujió, y ella rasgó la madera con sus uñas, dejando un rastro de polvo. Resistió sacudir el polvo de sus pesadas faldas azules celeste. En la caminata, tenía que usar las dos manos para mantener el ruedo de su falda arriba, aspirándola de las aguas residuales que nadaban en las calles. Había ratones muertos, pedazos de cristal, escombros sangrientos de *la semana sangrienta* que atrasaban los esfuerzos de limpieza. La peste y la visibilidad era familiar para Carlota como los espigos de lavanda acostados en la mesa del vestíbulo de su casa. Era casi vigorizante, el entender que esta ciudad siempre sería menos que perfecta.

Sus tacones bajos daban golpes retumbantes a través del piso de concreto. La fecha era el 3 de septiembre de 1904, la cual marcaba el abandono de esta estación de tren por más de cinco años. Eran pasadas las doce del mediodía. Mientras se movía velozmente, nadie en casa se daría cuenta de su ausencia inexplicada.

Mientras se movía por la habitación, las criaturas de las periferias se escapaban en respuesta al movimiento y la luz que se había traído. Adivinó que los ratones, insectos y arañas estaban merodeando. Aún con su familiaridad con el agua residual de las calles, se disgustó y aló el ruedo de su vestido, prohibiéndole que estuviese en contacto con ninguna criatura abominable. Marta la regañaría si el ruedo de su vestido estuviera masticado por los ratones.

Los rayos del sol apenas penetraban la escalera abandonada, y los fragmentos de luz fracturaban las curvas en donde Carlota había pasado hace algunos minutos. Los polvorines de las esquinas giraban cuando ella se movía, y su única indicación de su presencia fueron los estornudos violentos que atormentaban su cuerpo. Luego de un episodio particularmente doloroso, Carlota se quitó el polvo de sus dedos y renunció a que Marta se diera cuenta de cómo se había dañado tan rápidamente su nuevo vestido.

Carlota—si ella fuese diferente, alguien *ordinario*—pudo haber tenido que adivinar como la habitación fue establecida debido a la falta de luz. Pero, por suerte, todo lo que tenía que hacer era chasquear los dedos y susurrar “*Enciéndete*” y la punta de su dedo índice le proveía suficiente luz para ver la habitación. Recogió sus faldas pesadas en una mano, dejando la otra encendida para examinar de cerca el resto del espacio.

Mientras giraba en un movimiento lento, observó que, en vez de una habitación, el espacio era una estación subterránea de tren bloqueada por una puerta suelta y dislocada. Probablemente hecha por un trabajador que no quería testigos que vieran cómo él había fallado en construir una estación *metro* debajo de la tierra.

Su pérdida era ganancia para Carlota.

El concreto estaba polvoroso y Carlota ahora podía ver el movimiento de las motas de polvo. Deseaba un hechizo para eliminarlas—el polvo y sus alergias—, pero estaba restringida por las paredes de su desconocimiento. En vez de eso, se auto asignó a analizar los detalles más pequeños del espacio. Alexis había dicho que estaba construida a medias, pero Carlota pensó que era más que eso. Se sentía abandonada. No había carriles de trenes puestas, solo un espacio para que el hierro cupiera. El techo estaba demasiado bajo—Carlota no podía escuchar el movimiento de los parisinos encima de ella, pero sentía el peso de ellos sofocándola con un techo a menos de un metro encima de su cabeza. La única luz venía de la puerta abierta y de sus dedos encendidos. El túnel estaba bloqueado por los dos lados, haciendo imposible para *el conserje* reintegrar la estación en su lugar sin explosivos. Carlota notó que con una sensación de ansiedad—los parisinos no piensan en nada, pero una vez están determinados a hacer algo fijan sus mentes solo en eso.

Carlota podía ver un uso para esta estación *metro* abandonada, si esto se convirtiera en algo más popular de lo que ya era. En fin, los explosivos serán un diminuto precio por pagar. Girando una vez más, Carlota adivinó las dimensiones, pensando que sería posible que cupieran cinco personas—más los instrumentos necesarios—en este espacio.

Mientras no era una habitación propia, la estación abandonada era un espacio propio. Alexis tenía razón, Carlota pensó con asombro mientras extinguía su dedo con un silencioso “*Apágate*”. Después de casi seis meses de búsqueda, no era sorpresa que *los excluidos* solamente encontrarían un espacio que les cupiera en el ombligo de la ciudad que los rechazó. Era apropiado certeramente. La satisfacción corrió por las venas de Carlota. Alexis y ella lo han encontrado, y esto sería su logro, una contribución para el grupo.

Carlota reajustó la empuñadura de sus faldas y corrió hacia la escalera que la conduciría al nivel de la ciudad. Corría dos minutos tarde, y tendría que apurarse para llegar a la casa de su familia. Su casa estaba a bloques de distancia—un giro a la izquierda, dos a la derecha y luego seguir directo treinta pasos—pero según cuán llenas las calles tendían a estar, la caminata podría tomar de diez a veinte minutos. Si quería entrar sin que se dieran cuenta, debía de haberse ido hace dos minutos—pero Carlota era una experta en cómo recuperar el tiempo perdido. Ya cuando estaba al nivel de la calle, dejó caer sus faldas y bajó la cabeza.

Al apurarse, Carlota olvidó cerrar la puerta de la estación detrás de ella. Para Carlota era correcto notar que la puerta era extraña, dislocada. La puerta era una adición de último minuto, no para impedir a otros.

Más bien, para mantener todo *adentro*.

LORD BLESS MY TAFFY PULLED HEART

Samantha Stagmier

I give my heart like candy
To everyone I love
And they carry it with them
Everywhere they go
And they come and they go
Hands in their pockets
With pink taffy wrapped in
I miss you hugs and wax paper
Goodbyes

My heart stretches like taffy
From Sacramento to Tampa
From Calgary to Toronto
And even from Paris to Sydney!
And for everyone I love
My heart stretches even more
Around the world
And I carry it with me
My heart
So sweet
So strong
Made by hands that long to wave
Hello!

Lord bless my taffy pulled heart
That it may stretch forever
And reach the stars
And never break
And never snap
And bring joy to those I love
Like candy

DIO BENEDICA IL MIO CUORE CARMELLO

Elisa Torres

Do il mio cuore come caramello
A tutti quelli che amo
E lo portano con sé
Ovunque vanno
E loro vengono e vanno
Mani in tasca
Con caramello rosa avvolto in
abbracci mi manchi e
addii carta cerata

Il mio cuore si allunga come caramello
Da Sacramento a Tampa
Da Calgary a Toronto
¡E anche da Parigi a Sydney!
E per tutti quelli che amo
Il mio cuore si allunga ancora di più
In tutto il mondo
E lo porto con me
Mio cuore
Così dolce
Così forte
Fatto da mani che desiderano salutare
Ciao!

Dio benedica il mio cuore caramello
Ché si estenda per sempre
E raggiunga le stelle
E non si rompa mai
E non si spezzi mai
E porti contentezza a quelli che amo
Come le caramelle

神保佑我像太妃糖拉的心

Tessa Ramsden

我的心像糖果一样
送给所有我爱的人
他们随身带着
去任何地方
不管他们去哪儿
手伸到裤兜里
都能触摸到粉红色的太妃糖包在
我思念你的拥抱以及包太妃糖的蜡纸
再见

我的心像太妃糖一样可以延伸
从沙加缅度到坦帕
从卡尔加里到多伦多
甚至从巴黎到悉尼！
但对所有我爱的人
我的心会延伸更远
环绕了全球
而我随身带着它--
我的心
好甜
好强
用手造就希望挥手说
你好！

神保佑我像太妃糖的心
所以它永远可以延伸
直达星空
没有损坏
没有中断
把乐趣带给我所爱的人
就像糖果一样

RIVER OF GLASS

Chloe Tharp



RIVER OF GLASS

Antoinette Rose Goodrich

What is a butterfly
with a broken wing?
How does she
fly home?

This river flows glass;
dewy, lovely, sharp.

Imagine the iridescent light shining,
refracted, reflected, fragments
of sun and moon.

Of the world.

Theia's generous gift.
Here is something they cannot ruin.

Among the shimmer you almost
cannot tell the flowers on the bank
are fabric. You've forgotten
the butterfly broke her wing.

There, amongst the shining
ripples. Watch drops of
congealed blood flow downstream.

Foolish mortals grasping at
something not meant for them.

No matter. Remember the light.
Let Theia do her work in
peace.

Helios descend.
Selene rise.
Eos flicker.

This river—
Awash in dusk
Kaleidoscope masterpiece
Splintering and shimmering
in tandem.

自己

Runqing Qi

蝴蝶飞到东 飞到西
看到了花朵 采到了蜜
你若问她 家在哪里
她会回答 今夕何夕 此地何地
松鼠吃饱了饭 在游戏
藏在枝丫间 静静观看 有人问他 你叫什么
他却回答 姓甚名谁 花红柳绿
叶子飘向青天 落回大地 走过四季 回到了起点
没人在意 它的脚步
它在走 自己的路

UNO MISMO

Jorges Rojas Alvarez

Una mariposa, vuela al este, al occidente
lleva la miel, roza la flor
si le preguntas, dónde está tu hogar
responde, qué día es hoy, dónde estoy

Una ardilla glotona, está jugando
oculta entre las ramas, observa en silencio
alguien le pregunta, cómo te llamas
responde, quién es quién, sauce verde, rosa roja

Una hoja flota al cielo, cae a la tierra
pasó las estaciones, vuelve al comienzo
nadie atiende su paso
simplemente, anda su camino

ONESELF

James Transue

Butterflies fly east and west
brushing the flowers, laden with honey
if you ask them: where is your home
she will say: here, anywhere; today, any day

Fat squirrels play
hidden in the trees, watching silently
Someone asked them: what is your name
he answered: what should I say: all the colors of spring

Leaves float to the heavens, fall to the Earth
walk the four seasons, return to the start
no one follows their footsteps:
they walk their own path

CONTRIBUTORS

Hannah Franke is a first-year student at the University of Iowa studying psychology and linguistics. In her spare time, she likes to read, spend time outdoors, eat pastries, and enjoy the company of her friends and family.

Rebekah Hallman is a fourth-year at the University of Iowa studying English and creative writing on the publishing track, with a minor in gender and women's sexuality studies. They are a copy editor for Zenith Magazine, as well as a writing tutor for the Hanson Center. Previously, they have worked on the editorial boards of New Moon Magazine and Quarantine Magazine. In their free time, they can be found buying far too many house plants and doodling.

Ryann Hubbart is a third-year student at the University of Iowa majoring in economics and international relations with minors in history and Arabic. While she loves reading and enjoying other people's literary art, especially translated works of art, this is her first attempt at writing outside of Twitter.

Catalina Irigoyen, she/her, Aries, is a fourth-year English and creative writing major from Buenos Aires, Argentina at the University of Iowa. She is one of two Senior Editors for Zenith Lit Mag, and her work has been featured in Little Village Magazine as well as patchwork lit mag. When she's not studying, freelance

writing, or running a lit mag, she can be found enjoying a cup of Irish afternoon tea at home or enjoying time with her friends.

Natalie Muglia is a third-year student at the University of Iowa studying English and creative writing on the publishing track with a business administration minor. Her work has been featured in *Boundless* and *earthwords: the undergraduate literary review*, and she currently serves as the editor-in-chief for *Wilder Things Magazine*. When she's not dashing between the EPB and Tippie, Natalie enjoys rereading *Pride and Prejudice*, sampling the iced London fog tea lattes around Iowa City, and laughing a little too loud.

Cassidy Pekarek (she/her) is a queer writer and artist currently studying English and creative writing and art history with a minor in studio art at the University of Iowa. Her work has been previously published in *Ink Lit Mag*, *Spect Magazine*, *Zenith Lit Mag*, *Wilder Things Magazine*, and *earthwords*. In her free time, she enjoys learning new art forms (her current favorite is wood-block printing) and playing video games.

Runqing Qi is an assistant professor of Chinese in University of Colorado Boulder. In 2021, she received her PhD in Second Language Acquisition from the University of Iowa. Before joining CU Boulder, she has taught Chinese language courses from beginning through advanced levels at the University of Iowa, University of Hong Kong, and Nankai University.

Horace Rainer is a second-year at the University of Iowa majoring in English and creative writing. He enjoys reading, writing, and gymnastics with a hockey stick.

Noussaiba Roussi, 26, holds a BA in English studies and Literature, and an MA in interpreting and translation from Abdelmalik Essaâdi University, Morocco. She is currently pursuing her Ph.D. at the same university in translation studies. She is enthusiastic about translation, research, literature, poetry, creative writing, and traditional as well as digital art.

Samantha Stagnier is currently a freshman at the University of Iowa studying English and creative writing with a minor in art.

Her dream is to tell stories through animation, although she is also interested in editing, novel writing, and poetry.

Chloe Tharp (she/they) is a fourth-year student at the University of Iowa, currently majoring in photography with a minor in art history. In the past, their work has been published in *Ink Lit Magazine*, *Metal Magazine* and *Fools Magazine*. When she's not working on homework, she enjoys playing video games, baking gluten-free desserts and listening to music.

Evan Tovar is a senior at the University of Iowa. When he's not pandemically stocking shelves at a grocery store, he's at his desk, pumping away at bringing fantastical worlds to life, as well as channeling the undead to walk again. In his downtime, he loves to read and collect various comic books, while playing video games too. His favorites are *Resident Evil*, *Hades*, and *Halo*.

Elana Walters is a first-year student majoring in English and creative writing on the publishing track. You can find her changing into multiple outfits a day, writing her novel at 1am, and eating Ben and Jerry's ice cream in her free time.

TRANSLATORS

Valerie Burke is a second-year English and creative writing major following her passion for writing. Missing the language that reminds her of home and her family, and wanting to get involved with campus organizations, Valerie joined Translate Iowa to be exposed to languages again. Her translation language is Spanish.

Courtney Cooke is a first-year studying English and creative writing. She is interested in translating to and from Japanese because it is part of her lineage and the challenges of the language are what make it beautiful. Some of Courtney's favorite things are dogs, the color pink, and the BabyStar ramen snacks.

Antoinette Rose Goodrich is a third-year student at the University of Iowa majoring in English and creative writing and Spanish as well as pursuing minors in translation and gender, women, and sexuality studies. She thinks translation is incredibly powerful, and loves to write, translate, and combine her two passions whichever way she can. Whenever she has time, she enjoys playing board games with her friends, choreographing color guard routines, and discovering new books and tv shows. More than anything else, Antoinette loves her dog, Helios.

Sophie Granger earned her BA in French Language and Literature in May 2020 and has since returned to the University of Iowa to

finish out a BS in Biochemistry. She absolutely loved being a part of the Translate Iowa Project and contributing to the 2017 Boundless publication. She is beyond excited to have the opportunity to jump back in, read and translate unique and powerful works, and continue to help maintain linguistically and culturally inclusive platforms at the University of Iowa.

Rain Hurst is a junior at the university and a double major in French and English And Creative writing, along with a minor in Translation for Global Literacy. She enjoys nature-themed poetry, all things cats, and etymology. Her favorite fiction genre is horror, and she is a big fan of shows directed by Mike Flanagan. In their free time, they are learning Czech, so they hope that next year, Czech will be available for Boundless!

Bursting with energy and passion, **Kyler Johnson** has the goal to bridge the world together through the power of language. For the Translate Iowa Project, his language of translation will be Portuguese, although he is also a student of Mandarin, German, and French. A writer, a linguist, and a hopeful future educator, he seeks bursts of adventure in a life of continuous reflection and learning.

Sophie Perez is a second-year screenwriting arts major but is also minoring in cinema, Spanish, and translation. She mainly studies Spanish, but she was also exposed to Portuguese while growing up.” Translation is important to Sophie because she feels it unifies us and is how cultural, social, and language barriers can be addressed and crossed. She loves to write screenplays, plays, and poetry. In her writing, she is most inspired by nature, her life experiences, and music.

Tessa Ramsden has been learning Chinese since she was five years old. She is really proud that this is a part of her life, and is excited to put her bilingual skills to good use! As a freshman, her favorite part of being on campus is all of the different people she has met, some of them through TIP. 谢谢你们让我翻译你的写作! Thank you for letting me translate your writing!

Marissa Schooley is a third-year student double majoring in International Studies and Chinese and minoring in Translation.

A lifelong passion for books and language has brought her to the University of Iowa to study translation, which she hopes to apply to a future career in literary translation.

Elisa Torres, also known as **Angelica Toro**, is a freshman majoring in cinema with a minor in International Studies. She recalls that her first story was *The Little Headbox*, story that she wrote on her dad's office when she was 7. Eleven years later, she strives to write her own literary work, whether it be a novel or a poem. She loves chocolate, especially Nutella, and her lucky number is 1981.

James Transue is a second-year creative writing major with a minor in Spanish. His translation language is Spanish: he was inspired by two excellent high school teachers to continue speaking and writing in Spanish, to continue seeking fluency, beyond graduation. James believes translation is one of the most fascinating and valuable skills writers have and that it is an art in and of itself. When he's not developing his skills in that art, he's at home in central IL playing with his dog, Phoebe.

Raquel Valladolid is a second-year student studying Spanish and English and creative writing. Her translation language is Spanish, which always she forgets is her first language, and practices it anytime she can. She loves reading, writing poetry, cooking for her friends, and taking aimless walks around downtown. In the future, she hopes to be an editor or a translator, so she can help people communicate better with others.

Mizuki Wittmer is a third-year student majoring in environmental science and Spanish and minoring in Italian. She is currently doing translations in Italian and Japanese. Translating has been an important part of her life, especially since she has been surrounded by multiple languages both inside and outside of home. Some things she enjoys doing in her free time are hiking, photography, and visiting parks.

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