

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 world. 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.

The views and opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and are not representative of *Boundless*, the Magid Center, the University of Iowa, or its affiliates.

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Boundless

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BOUNDLESS

FROM THE PRESIDENTS

Welcome to the ninth edition of *Boundless*! Though every edition is a special souvenir of our adventures through the school year, we are especially attached to how *Boundless IX* reminds us of both our traditions and changes. We've planted roots within this campus community, allowing us to celebrate the third year of the Translate-a-thon, our Multilingual Open Mic Night, and the translation major. And from these now-annual traditions, we've been able to take changes in stride this year—collaborating with other campus literary magazines, hiring an executive board made up almost entirely of new members, and having a Community Coordinator and Event Planner for the first time.

All of this was possible thanks to the passion, flexibility, and creativity of that new executive team—our range of similarities and differences allowed us to constantly learn from one another and laugh with one another. Our goals were big, but our determination was even bigger.

Thank you so much to the Magid Center as well—we truly appreciate their financial support and the wonderful environment for all the student literary magazines they've created. We owe an especially big thank you to Danny Khalastchi for always giving us perfect advice and inspiring us to think big. He saw our vision better than we did and gave us the tools to make this magazine what it is today.

Also, thank you to the CLCL for being the space for our weekly meetings. Their language conversation hours, cultural events, and friendly staff made a great space for us. Thank you to all the artists who trusted TIP with their writing, whether or not it was accepted. We are honored by your willingness to let us translate your work, your confidence to let our translators take your pieces on journeys through countless languages.

And of course, thank you to our translators—your enthusiasm and admiration for one another’s work transformed the Translate Iowa Project from a club into a thriving community. You’ve all worked so hard through different languages and genres—even when in other countries, such as Costa Rica, France, and Japan—to create this magazine. From voting on submissions to doing last-minute edits, everything was a team effort. Your compassion, patience, and discipline made it a joy to work with you.

So, dear reader, we hope that you can see that joy within every translation in the following pages.

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BENEATH THE PALMS

Solenn Vincent

Hawaii looks good on you (I hate to admit it now).

Jade waters bring the greens and blues of your eyes ashore. Toasted sunsets draw the tanned olive and honey from your skin. Black-sanded hair sunkissed into stony onyx waves that grow untamed no matter how many times I try to clip them, to gel them (like you I suppose).

That's why we were meant to tectonically collide but not grow a mountain together, nor an island of love from the fires of our passion. I can feel your salty lips on my forehead, the gritty sand from your fingertips trailing across my waist as we kissed under the palms; a moment that feels like forever -

“Now boarding Flight 182 to Estonia.”

I uncrumple the one-way ticket in my palm.

زیر درخت نخل

Sayede Iravani

هاوایی بهت میاد (هرچند اعتراف به آن سخت است)
آب های زمردین، رنگ چشمای سبز و آبی تو رو به ساحل میاره.
غروب خورشید، پوست زیتونی برنزه و عسلی تو را برام مجسم می کنه.
موهایت مثل ماسه های سیاه، زیر آفتاب به رنگ عقیق در آمده اند و هر بار که سعی میکنم
آن را مرتب کنم و ژل بزنم دوباره به حالت عادی بر میگردند (مثل موهای خودت).
ما برای این ساخته شده بودیم که با هم برخورد کنیم
نه اینکه کوهی از مشکلات یا رابطه ای فراتر از توانمان بسازیم.
و نه جزیره ای از عشق بسازیم که از شعله های اشتیاقمان سر برآورده باشد.
لب های شور تو را روی پیشونیم حس میکنم،
شن های زبری که زیر نوک انگشتانت که آرام برکمرم میگذرد
هنگام بوسیدن تو زیر درخت نخل
لحظه ای که به نظر تمام نشدنی می رسد
”پرواز شماره ۱۸۲ به مقصد استونی در حال پذیرش است“
بلیط یک طرفه ای رو که تو مشتمل مچاله کرده بودم رو از کف دستم باز میکنم.

YOU MIGHT CALL ME HAPPINESS.

Kristian Marchand

Happiness is a child that cannot breathe on its own. It has no legs, no means by which to thrive on its own. Happiness must be brought about, eked out like puss from a wound.

I suppose you might call me happiness, then. I was born sobbing and shaking, not from the shock of a brightly-lit world, but the tremors of a body that I am told no one should have to bear. I snaked out of my mother like a wound, releasing her from her own agony. And into Happiness, my namesake.

I am young. Young enough to be considered pitiful and a miracle; a pity that I survived a difficult birth and survive the body given me; a miracle that I survived at all.

My namesake did not come to me easily. Sleep, my doctors found, was the best that could be done, or so I am told each time I wake—that the pain I feel upon waking will leave me when I return to my slumber. And each time I wake, I wonder what the point of it is.

Hope, I am told when I ask or scream. *Have hope.* Just as the doctors believed sleep was my best chance at my namesake, some women huddled around me on occasion to disturb my Happiness and tell me it was time to walk. That the best way to Happiness is through pain. Their hope. Silently, I say to myself with each step, laced with daggers at the ready to cut themselves free: *The best way to Happiness is through pain.*

And on and on I walk, a wayward traveler, held up by the strength of others and the will I am certain is present if only I could find it.

And on I walk, until the pain resides and I can return to Happiness.

And I woke again. Not from the scalding pain in my hips or the sewing needles plunging aimlessly into my feet, but from... waking Happiness, if even a small amount. My feet and ankles would not shake like a tree, my nerves ripped from their roots. All was still, suddenly.

I slowly smiled, as if from the dream of dreams. I could not move my head for fear that it would cause my back to burn and close in on itself, and so I croaked to one of the women attending me: "Would you... Check my feet? They—"

I was cut off then, by a voice that tried to hush me into Happiness. But I protested, shrieking *feet, feet, feet* until it was her who was hushed.

I felt a power then, a strength I did not have a name for. I had lived so long, so quietly, that the volume of my voice carried with it the power to silence. The ability to be obeyed instead of buckling to obey. Perhaps it was the metal beginning its work.

One of the women obeyed me, lifting the cloth above me to reveal my feet, now made of thick metal. The other women waddled over, muttering blessings upon me. I did not know what constituted a blessing, but I supposed well enough that a relief of pain, the transformation of a broken body to solidified serenity, was a blessing if such a thing existed.

The women looked at each other giddily, one with tears in her eyes, until one, who I could call Mother—the first soothing face I remember—scurried off. I was soon informed that I was to walk on my newborn feet. *A miracle*, the women whispered at me as I was rising from the bed, touching the ground floor with my new feet for the first time.

I discovered that my burdens were made easier. My feet felt nothing at all, and I knew it to be a blessing then. My hips did scald within me, but there were no sewing needles piercing my every step. And that is when I knew the womens' words to be more than a moniker, to be truth: *The best way to Happiness is through pain*. All the years I had suffered and slept, breathed and bawled, had come the beginning of salvation.



I continued to walk as the days surged forward, hoping that my metal feet would carry my pain away, but it was not so.

I slept less often, desperate to achieve my new form of Happiness. One morning, I asked Mother to examine my body for more metal—A *hip perhaps?* A *knee?* to disappointing answers each time.

“Be not ungrateful, child. Your feet are blessed. You are a miracle already.”

“But... There are stories of the Bless’d receiving more divine gifts, Mother. What can I do to receive more gifts?” I asked her, squirming at the thought of my miraculity being spent already.

“Hope, child. That is all one can do in this world, to have Happiness or otherwise.”

I nodded. “I will. I will hope. I want to be Happy. Will the others hope for me?”

“We do, all of us, each day, child.”

And so I hoped, holding tightly to the idea until sleep forced me to relinquish everything.

When I woke again in the early afternoon, I felt it. I *knew*—I had been blessed again. My right hip felt cold and empty and free, and I called out to Mother and the other women, who gasped and gawked in shock.

“Get up, get up, child,” Mother said to me hurriedly, “you have been blessed once more.”

And so I walked, at first trepidatiously, fearing pain that did not come. Each step, though it began to feel less like I was walking and my legs were their own machines, it mattered little to me. *I am Bless’d*, I thought. *I am being freed*.

And I was. Slowly, as the weeks flowed onward, my lower body became metal. The pain of walking was replaced by labored and heavy, though painless, steps. And soon after, I grew accustomed to my new form, and even the clunk of my legs on the floor no longer bothered me. I did not think of each step as it came, and once I almost tripped as my new legs carried on.

My thoughts swam with the musings of the women—*They’re Bless’d, a miracle, a marvel. Happiness has touched them.*

My mind began to wonder: might I finally see the sun, taste clean air?

“You need more time, child, you must build your strength.”

But the strength Mother spoke of would not come; after a point, the ease with which my body moved increased no longer. And my legs—large, bulky things—made turning over difficult,

worsening my sleep.

Hope, child. That is all one can do in this world...

I obeyed. I was Bless'd now, I had every reason to believe that I would be smiled upon again. Perhaps my body would feel like mine again, or sleep would become a simpler endeavor as it had been before my blessings.

I was blessed again, Mother proclaimed, but it had not been as I hoped. I woke to a feeling of swelling in my arms and some of my torso: more metal. The women began to proclaim me as a Chosen, a conduit of God, even as my body began to ache with the effort it took to stand, to walk again. Silently, I began to hope that my blessings would reverse, or at least end here.

But they would not. My body seared with the weight of metal, the fumes of oil filling my nostrils. But on I walked, even as it took three men to hold me up, exhaustion overtaking me with each new step, and again I was told to hope.

Hope I did—that I would sleep, that my blessings would reveal themselves as such, rather than the blemishes they more and more appeared to be.

Finally: “Mother,” I croaked.

“What is it, dear? Do you wish to walk for a fifth time today, child? Let me get the men—”

“Mother. Mother, wait. I hurt. My body is heavy with exhaustion and pain.”

She smiled at me. “Impossible, child. You simply need rest, you have been dutiful.”

“Mother, I—”

She hushed me. “Enough, now. Do not forsake your blessings, or they could be stripped from you.”

My eyes grew with hope. “Could they?”

My head jerked to the other side as Mother struck me. “You are Happy! What more could you want?”

She calmed, fixed my head, and we spoke no more. I found sleep eventually, and dreamed that I was made of air, that I floated above everything. I quickly realized it was a dream, knowing it for a fantasy, but I did not wake.

My body became an engine, my breath becoming smog, and I began to fall from the sky.

And I hit the earth beneath me, screaming as every inch of me was shattered, my limbs scattering for a hundred miles, rolling

across the earth as I roiled with agony.



I woke a week later, or perhaps it was closer to a month.

And my throat was closing over. I heaved, as I felt my body harden and grow still as it transformed, skin becoming sheet metal to cover a machine-heart, veins turning to copper wire.

I gasped, tried to lift an arm that was not made of skin or blood or bone to my throat to no avail. "Mother!" I choked.

I managed to move my eyes in her direction, and realized quickly that she and so many women already surrounded me.

"It's alright, child. I am here. It's alright."

She did nothing as the metal spread to my collarbone, as I sobbed for her, for salvation. She did nothing as my throat closed over for a moment as the metal overtook, and for a moment breath was lost on me, before I began to feel artificial breath filling my lungs. As the metal stalked and finally circled my skull, covering me entirely as I writhed, trying desperately to move against the weight of pounds of metal, she did nothing. No one did anything. They only watched, their eyes rapt as my body stilled, as the world refused to go black.

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你也許叫我快樂。

MJ Thierry

快樂是一個無法自己呼吸的小孩子。它沒有雙腿，無法自行存活。快樂必須被創造出來，像從傷口一點點擠出膿液一樣。

也許，你可以稱我為快樂。我出生時滿是抽泣和顫抖，不是因為這個刺眼的世界讓我嚇一跳，而是因為我這個不應該由任何人承受的身體。我像一道傷口，從我媽媽身體蜿蜒而出，將她的痛苦緩和了。而我，成為了“快樂”的象徵。

我很年輕。年輕到被認為既可憐又奇蹟，可憐的是，我熬過了出生的艱難，被賦予了這副身體；神奇的事，我活下來了。

我的名字來的並非容易。我的醫生們發現了睡眠是讓我治療我病情最好的辦法，或者說，每次睡醒就有人對我說--只要重新入睡，再次醒來我的痛苦就消失。可當我每次睡醒，我就想這樣這一切的意義何在。

希望，是每當我提出問題或者尖叫時收到的答案。*要有希望。*就跟醫生相信睡眠是追尋快樂的最佳途徑，有些女人偶爾會煩我，打擾我的快樂，告訴是時候起床散步了。每一步都像刀片穿過我的皮膚，我默默地對自己說：*得到快樂的最好的辦法是度過痛苦。*

所以我往前走，像一個漫無目的的旅人，靠著被他人力量支撐著的身體。我就這樣往前走，直到減少痛苦，直到我找回我的快樂。

我又一次的醒來。不是因為我髁部裡的燒灼感也不是因為感覺縫針般無目標地刺入腳底的針刺，而是因為。。。我想要快樂，哪怕只是一點點。我的腳和腳踝不會像大樹一樣發抖著，經彷彿從根部被撕裂般痛苦。突然之間，一切都靜止了。

我慢慢地笑了，就像從一個夢中之夢中醒來一樣。我不敢轉頭因為我怕引發背部灼燒般的疼痛，所以，我對伺候我的女人嘶啞的說到：“麻煩您能。。。檢查一下我的腳嗎？它們-“

話音未落，我被一個迫不及到想讓我感受到快樂的聲音打斷。我繼續

叫著腳，腳，腳直到她終於安靜了下來。

我那時候感覺到一股力量，一個我無法命名的力量。我曾是那麼安靜地活著，以至於我的聲音來帶的震攝足以讓人噤聲。這種力量可以讓我從屈服轉為被屈服。也許是金屬，它終於開始起作用了。

其中一個女人應了我的要求，把我的被子掀起來一看，露出了我載著沉重金屬的雙腳。其他女人圍在我身邊，輕聲地為我祝福。我不知道什麼才算祝福，可是我直到痛苦減輕，曾經破碎的身體轉為平靜，也是一種福氣。

她們彼此興奮的看著對方，有人眼裏噙滿淚水，直到有一位我可能甚至可以稱她為母親的女人——生平中我第一次可以記住的臉龐——悄悄走開了。很快，我就被告知我要用我新的雙腳行走。這是奇蹟，當我從床上站起來那一刻起，那些對我說道。

我發現我的負擔輕了許多。我的腳什麼都感覺不到，我意識到這是一種奇蹟。雖然我胯骨裡的燒灼感還在，可是每一步都不再像針刺般疼痛。在那一刻，我才理解那些女人說的不是空口大話：通往快樂的方式是穿過痛苦。這幾年我忍受著痛苦入睡，呼吸著，抽泣著，現在終於迎來了救贖般的開始。



日子匆匆向前，我也每天繼續行走著，我本希望我的金屬腳能帶我我的痛苦，但事實並非如此。

為了追求我的快樂，我睡得越來越少。有天清晨，我問母親能不能再檢查我身體是否存在更多的金屬——也許是胯骨呢？膝蓋呢？但我總是得不到我想要的答案。

“不要這麼忘恩負義，孩子。你的雙腳已經被恩賜了。是奇蹟啦。”

“但是。。。母親，聽說被恩賜的人能得到更多的祝福。我要做些什麼才能得到更多的恩賜呢？”我問道，心裡隱隱擔憂著，怕這份奇蹟就此耗盡。

“抱持希望，孩子。在這個世界上我們能做的只有抱持希望，不管是快樂還是其他。

我點點頭。“我會的。我會抱持希望。我想要快樂。其他人也會為我祈福的對嗎？”

“我們全部都會的，我們每天都在為你祈福。”

於是我每天懷抱希望，直到睡意讓我不得不放手。

當我在午後醒來，我知道——我又被恩賜了。我的右髖變得冰冷，空虛而自由，我叫來了母親和其他女人。她們驚訝的看著我，倒吸一口氣。

“站起來，站起來，孩子。”母親急著對我說，“你又被恩賜了。”

於是我慢慢地站了起來，起初小心翼翼，害怕疼痛隨時降臨，但並沒有。每走一步，我逐漸感覺我不像在行走，我的雙腿就像是機器一樣自己行走著，但我覺得無關緊要。我心想：我是一個奇蹟，此刻我是自由的。

事實就是如此，慢慢的，隨著幾個禮拜過去，我的身體的下半變成金屬的了。以前行走的痛苦現在變成了輕鬆的步伐。不久之後，我適應了全新的身體，甚至雙腿在地上的咚咚聲也不再困擾我。竟然有一次我差點被自己行走的新的雙腿絆倒。

那些女人的話不斷佔據我的腦海：她受到了恩賜，這是一個奇蹟，這是一個奇觀。快樂觸及到了她。

我開始遐想：我最終能不能看太陽？呼吸新鮮的空氣呢？

“你還需要更多時間，孩子，你先要增加你的力量。”

可母親說的力量卻未曾到來，一段時間過去，我身體的輕鬆程度也沒有增加。而我的雙腿－又大又重－使我連翻身都變得困難，也讓我的睡眠更差。

抱持希望，孩子。在這個世界我們只能抱持希望。

我妥協了。我現在是被恩賜的。我相信幸運會再一次降臨到我身上。也許我的身體終將屬於我自己，又或許睡眠能變得像我收到的祝福一樣簡單。

母親告訴我我又被恩賜了，但不是如我所願的。我一睡醒就感覺到手臂和部分身體腫脹：身上又多了一些金屬。儘管我一站起來行走就感到無比的疼痛，那些女人說我是天選之子，是上天的安排。我默默祈禱著，希望這種恩賜能有逆轉，至少能快點結束。

但情況並沒有好轉。我的身體因為金屬而燒灼，油的氣味衝進我的鼻子。即使需要三個人攙扶著我，我不曾放棄行走。每一步都讓我筋疲力盡，但又有人說我要抱持希望。

我希望 我能夠安然入睡，睡醒之後恩賜可以出現，而不是越來越像缺陷。

“母親”，我低聲說道。

“怎麼了，孩子？你想再走第五次路嗎，孩子？我去叫人來--”

“母親，母親，等一下。很痛。因為疲憊和痛苦，我的身體感覺簡直是筋疲力盡。

她看著我笑到：“不可能，孩子。你只是需要休息一下，你一直很努力。”

“母親，我--”

她打斷我：“夠了。不要放棄追尋你的幸福，不然幸福會消失的。”

我的眼睛充滿希望，“是這樣嗎！？”

她的手一揮，我把頭轉向另一側，這時一個巴掌落在我的臉上。“你是幸福的！你還不滿意嗎？

她冷靜下來，把我的頭扶正，我們便沒有再說話。我終於睡著了。我夢到我變成了空氣，漂浮在一切之上。很快，我發現那是個夢，是一個幻想，但是我沒醒來。

我的身體變成了一個引擎，我的呼吸變成了煙霞，我開始從天空中墜落。

然後我撞到了地面，尖叫著，我的每一寸肌膚都被震碎，我的四肢都散

落百里。

一個禮拜後，其實可能是一個月後，我終於甦醒。

我的喉頭開始閉合。我感覺我的身體正在硬化，逐漸平靜，皮膚變成心臟機器上面的金屬，血管變成銅線。

我一边喘著氣一边試圖抬起一個不再是皮膚，血液或者骨骼組成的手臂去觸摸我的脖子，但是徒勞無功。“母親！”我強忍著情緒哽咽著。

我努力轉動我的眼睛看向她，我發現她和許多女人已經圍繞在我的身邊。

“沒事，孩子。我在。沒事的。”

當金屬蔓延到我的鎖骨時，她無動於衷。我哭了，為了她，為了恩賜。當金屬鎖住我的喉嚨時，我開始無法呼吸，瞬間感受到人工呼吸充滿我的兩個肺。金屬慢慢的爬上來包圍住我的頭骨，直至最後完全把我覆蓋，當我嘗試抵擋金屬的重量，她還是無動於衷。沒有人做如何事。她們只是看著我，直到我的身體完全靜止，直到世界拒絕陷入黑暗。

THE DEER

Ava Steiner

A flash of taupe
Against dewy green

Hooks my eye
Sea green meets umber

Lithe legs move,
Careful, uncertain, scared

Sinewy muscles shift
Underneath bristly skin

There was no sun but
Its fur still rippled with light.

All at once I had a vision,
Of a crisp autumn afternoon

I was back in my parent's home
Temple on my mother's neck

Legs dangling off her arm,
Ear pressed to her throat

She had shushed me,

Vibration rumbling through

“You don’t want to scare it.”

“It” was the white spotted fawn

No older than I, a baby through the glass
With eyes that held the entire universe.

Now, on the hill
Which wove to my cold room,

There was no window,
Between this deer and me

Just an iron-wrought railing
My knuckles were white on.

Those porcelain boned limbs
Hit grass, pavement, grass

The deer multiplies
To reveal a kaleidoscope family

I see one, two, three, four
Fawns and stags nuzzle together

Longing pulses through me,
My innards twist and writhe

They fade away into the woods
and I climb the hill alone.

LA CERVA

Grace Pignolo

Una striscia di grigio talpa
Contra verde umido di rugiada

Aggancia la mia attenzione
Verde mare incontra l'ombra

Le gambe agili si muovono,
Caute, incerte, spaventate

Muscoli fibrosi spostano
Sotto la pelle ispida

Non c'era il sole ma
La sua pelliccia ancora ondulato con la luce

Ad un tratto ho una vista,
Di un pomeriggio fresco di autunno

Ritornavo alla casa dei miei genitori
La mia tempia sul collo di mia madre

Le gambe penzolando dal suo braccio,
L'orecchio sulla gola

Mi ha zittato,

La vibrazione sta brontolando tra

« non lo vuoi spaventare »

« lo » era cerbiatto punteggiato di bianco

Non più vecchio di me, un bambino intravisto per il vetro
Con gli occhi che contengono tutto l'universo.

Ora, sulla collina

Che si estendeva verso nella mia stanza fredda,

Non c'è una finestra,

Tra il cervo e me

Solamente una ringhiera di ferro battuto

Su cui erano le nocche bianche

Quegli arti ossuti di porcellana

Batta la erba, la strada asfaltata, la erba

La cerva si moltiplica

A rivelare una famiglia di caleidoscopio

Vedo uno, due, tre, quattro

Cerbiatti e cervi si coccolano

Un desiderio pulsa in me,

Le mie viscere si attorcigliano e si agitano

Si sciolgono nel bosco

e salgo la collina da sola.

THE WHOLE PACKAGE

Elana Walters

You're the whole package, a boy tells me in a greenhouse bar as our relationship comes to a quiet end, and I wipe away his tears in the same way that his words brush me into a memory—seven years ago, Christmas with my family, soft and damp at the corners.

I'm sitting off to the side as I watch my family play White Elephant and my aunt has just declared that the rules are off; everyone will open their gifts at the same time and the choice for what gift you'll take or steal will be made by wrapping paper alone. That same aunt lays down her present under the tree—white metallic wrapping paper, neatly tucked corners, and a flowy bow that eerily reminds me of the bow I wore on the second date.

But her present is perfect and shining to be picked first.

Yet I follow from the back corner of the room as each person chooses a number and my dad chooses a present that's bent and crinkled because *the odd shape is going to be good*, and my cousin chooses a present that's from my mom because *she always gives the best gifts*, and my uncle grabs the biggest box which gets stolen by my other cousin, then my grandma, and then my aunt because *there has to be something worthwhile in here*, and my grandpa asks for the smallest one because *it's close and I don't really care*, and my mom is left with the final pick of the perfect, white Christmas present that no one seems to want.

In my ears, I can't tell if it's the ripping and tearing from all

the gifts being unwrapped or it's my heart shredding itself into pieces as the boy tries to remind me, *someday, someone will pick you and they'll be so lucky to have you. You really are the whole package and if I can see that, someone else will too. I promise.*

But what's the point of being the whole package? I ask myself as I lay in bed, and I remember that perfect present, and I see it being passed over again, and again, and again because things are always too good to be true, and a whole package can still be one that no one bothers to unwrap yet.

And maybe that's why I'm thinking so much about that pretty white present while I cry in the bed I promised to share, because boys will always think I'm better for someone else. And late at night, I'll pretend they can hear me when I pray to the ceiling and wonder aloud—*when will someone stay to see that I'm as good on the inside as I am on the outside?*

完美的礼物

Jodi Jin

你是完美的礼物，一个男孩在温室酒吧里对我说，我们的关系悄然结束，我擦去他的眼泪，就像他的话让我想起了七年前的记忆——和家人一起过圣诞节，角落里柔软而潮湿。

我坐在一边，看着我的家人玩白象，我的阿姨刚刚宣布规则取消；每个人都会同时打开礼物，而你要拿走或偷走什么礼物将仅通过包装纸来决定。同一位阿姨把她的礼物放在树下——白色的金属包装纸，整齐的角落，和飘逸的蝴蝶结，让我想起了第二次约会时戴的蝴蝶结。

但她的礼物完美而闪亮，像要让人先挑。

然而，我跟着从房间后面的角落走过去，看着每个人都选了一个数字，我爸爸选了一个弯曲和皱巴巴的礼物，因为 *奇怪的形状代表是好东西*，我表弟选了一个妈妈送的礼物，因为 *她总是送最好的礼物*，我叔叔拿了最大的盒子，然后被我的另一个表弟偷走了，接着被我的奶奶拿走，接着被我的阿姨拿走，因为 *里面一定有值得的东西*，我爷爷要最小的，因为 *它离他近我却不太在乎*，最后我妈妈选了那个完美的白色圣诞礼物，似乎没人想要。

在我的耳朵里，我不知道是拆开所有礼物而发出的撕扯声，还是我的心碎了，因为那个男孩试图提醒我，*总有一天，有人会选你，他们会很幸运拥有你。你真的是完美的礼物，如果我能看到这一点，别人也会看到。我向你保证。*

但是个完美的礼物有什么意义？我躺在床上问自己，我记得那份完美的礼物，我看到它一次又一次地被忽略，因为事情总是好得让人难以置信，而一份完美的礼物可能暂时没有人愿意打开。

也许这就是为什么我在答应分享的床上哭泣时，总是想着那份漂亮的白色礼物，因为男孩们总是会认为我和别人在一起会更好。深夜，当我向天花板祈祷并大声思考时，我会假装他们能听到我的声音——*什么时候才会有人留下来看到我的内心和我的外表一样美好？*

RECONCILIATION

Ava Steiner

the moonlight catches copper strands,
weaving its fingers through her hair
shining its spotlight on the waxen face
walking through the gate
to our last gathering.
her entourage, her choir, they follow
in line, accompanying her,
pews rise to greet her, one by one,
embraces and blessings are traded

she's made me cringe
at the scent of peppercorns,
i'm revulsed by sweet florals and warm spice
she's haunted red hair and cream sweaters
i've hated the taste of berry lip balm
since that february disquiet

i catch her in my peripherals,
her face in a perpetual pout,
never making eye contact.
i try to draw her in, laughing
a little too loud, giggling
too much at jokes
every move i make, i glance
to see if she's watching

after the taking of communion,
it's time to divulge
i sit in a circle of people
i will never see again
the summer air is sweet, slightly sticky
or maybe it's our breaths
clinging to each other
maybe it's the coconut pineapple blood i took,
but i speak

there is no confession box
when i talk to her again,
just a veil of smoke
between her face and mine
but i confess my slurred sins to her anyway
sinners don't marvel at their priest's beauty,
but i do.

she forgives in the way
that most clerics do,
leaving me wondering
if she truly does or
if she does it out of pity
for my wayward soul.
but, i kneel at her feet
the way mary magdalene did

is it okay? what if
this is judas's kiss,
and this reconciliation is
disguised as the apple was,
and the sting of
betrayal and heartbreak and loss
will become familiar to me
the way love once was?

but, for her, i'll trust.
i can learn to love her again,
though, i know i never truly stopped.

when tomorrow comes,
and my head pulses with exhaustion,
it will not throb with regret.
i'll read sylvia plath for her,
dye my hair in a facsimile of hers,
i'll slowly accept the idea
of her in my life again
and maybe, eventually,
think about her
without shame or guilt.

RÉCONCILIATION

Terra Richardson

la lumière attrape des mèches cuivrées
en tissant ses doigts dans ses cheveux
en brillant sa lumière sur le visage de cire
en passant par le portail
à notre dernière rencontre.
son entourage, sa chorale, ils suivent
en ligne, l'accompagnant,
des bancs se lèvent pour la saluer, un par un,
des étreintes et des bénédictions sont échangées

elle m'avait fait grimacer
au parfum de grains de poivre,
je suis bouleversée par les floraux sucrés et les épices chaudes
elle a hanté les cheveux rouges et les pulls crème
j'ai détesté le goût du baume à lèvres aux baies
depuis cette inquiétude de février

je l'attrape dans mes périphériques,
son visage dans une moue perpétuelle,
n'effectue jamais un regard dans les yeux.
j'essaye de l'attirer vers moi, en riant
un peu trop fort, en gloussant
trop à des blagues
chaque mouvement que je fais, je jette un coup d'œil
pour voir si elle me regarde

après la prise de la communion,
il est temps de divulguer
je m'assieds dans un cercle de personnes
je ne verrai plus jamais
l'air d'été est doux, légèrement collant
ou peut-être c'est nos souffles
s'accrochent l'un à l'autre
peut-être c'est le sang de noix de coco et d'ananas que j'ai pris
mais je parle

il n'y a pas de confessionnal
quand je lui parle à nouveau,
simplement un voile de fumée
entre son visage et le mien
mais je lui confesse quand même mes péchés confus
des pécheurs ne s'émerveillent pas à la beauté de leur prêtre,
mais moi, je le fais.

elle pardonne de la même façon dont
la plupart des clercs font
en me laissant à me demander
si elle le fait vraiment ou
si elle le fait par pitié
pour mon âme égarée.
mais, je m'agenouille à ses pieds
comme l'a fait mary magdeleine

est-ce que ça va? et si
c'est le baiser de Judas,
et cette réconciliation est
déguisé comme la pomme l'était,
et la piqûre de
la trahison et le chagrin d'amour et la perte
me deviendra familier
comme l'amour était une fois?

mais, pour elle, je ferai confiance.
je peux apprendre à l'aimer à nouveau,
bien que, je sais que je ne l'ai jamais arrêté.

quand demain viendra,
et ma tête pulse avec l'épuisement,
elle ne palpitera pas avec le regret.
je lirai sylvia plath pour elle,
teindre mes cheveux dans un fac-similé des siens,
lentement j'accepterai l'idée
d'elle encore dans ma vie
et peut-être, finalement,
penser à elle
sans honte ou culpabilité.

المصاحفة

Ahmed Ahmoudi

يلتقط ضوء القمر خصلات نحاسية،
ينسج بأصابعه بين خصلات شعرها،
ويلقي بريقه على وجهها الشاحب،
وهي تمشي عبر البوابة إلى آخر تجمعنا.
حاشيتها، جوقتها، يرافقونها يتبعونها في صف،
تنهض المقاعد لتحيتها واحدًا تلو الآخر،
تتبادل الأحضان والبركات،

لقد جعلتني أنفر من رائحة الفلفل،
وأشمئز من العطور الحلوة والتوابل المستساغة،
لقد أصبحت تطاردني خصلات شعرها الأحمر وستراتها الكريمية، لقد كرهت طعم بلسم
الشفاه بنكهة التوت
منذ ذلك الاضطراب الذي حدث في فبراير،

ألحاظها بطرف عيني، ووجهها عابس دائمًا،
لا تلتقي عينها بعيني أبدًا.
أحاول أن أعجبها، أضحك بصوت عالٍ قليلًا،
وأضحك كثيرًا على النكات،
في كل حركة أقوم بها،
ألقي نظرة لأرى أن كانت تراقبني بعد تناول القربان،
لقد حان وقت الإفصاح،
أجلس في دائرة من الناس الذين لن أراهم مجددًا،
هواء الصيف حلو، لزج بعض الشيء
أو ربما من أنفاسنا التي تتشبث ببعضها البعض
أو ربما هو عصارة جوز الهند والأناناس الذي تناولته،

لكنني أقر ،
لا يوجد قلب اعتراف حين نتحدث مجددًا،

فقط حجاب من الدخان يفصل بين وجهها ووجهي
لكنني على أي حال سأعترف لها بخطاياي الكبيرة، الخاطئون لا يتأملون جمال قسّتهم،
لكنني أفعل ذلك

إنها تسامح كما يفعل معظم رجال الدين،
مما يجعلني أتساءل عما إذا كانت تسامح حقًا
أم أنها تفعل ذلك بدافع الشفقة على روحي النائية.
لكنني أجنو عند قدميها كما فعلت مريم المجدلية،

هل هذا مقبول؟ ماذا لو كانت هذه قبيلة يهودا،
وكانت هذه المصالحة متذكّرة في هيئة التفاحة،
وأصبحت لدغة الخيانة وكسر القلب والخسارة مألوفة بالنسبة لي كما كان الحب ذات يوم.

لكن من أجلها سأثق. ويمكنني أن أتعلّم حبها من جديد، رغم أنني أعلم أنني لم أتوقف أبدًا
عن حبها
عندما يأتي الغد، ويخفق رأسي بالإرهاق، فلن ينيض بالندم. سأقرأ سيلفيا بلاث من أجلها،
وسأصيغ شعري ليشبه لون شعرها،
سأقبل ببطء فكرة وجودها في حياتي مجددًا
وربما في النهاية،
أفكر فيها دون شعور بالخجل أو الذنب.

THE BIRD AND THE SEA

Lucinda Riebe

The icy water crept up and down my calves, inching and clawing at me with every move of the tides. I wasn't supposed to go out this far. I wasn't supposed to look at the black depths, a mirror to the endless sky of stars above yet here I was, my fingertips just brushing along the glossy surface with every soft lap, lap, lap.

I walked further and further. No one was here to stop me to-night. No one could shriek that I would be carried away and drowned by the unkind waves. No one had been to my beach in a very long time, and it was mine and mine alone. The water hummed its song against the jagged rocks, throwing the sound and pulling it back, layering it into a melody lost to time. The little cove of sand was just a pocket in the unforgiving shore. Very few had ever dared clamor across the rocks for fear of slipping and drenching their wings. Afraid their sodden limbs would betray them and steal their soul down the watery depths.

I wrapped a cold hand under my shirt and brushed the rough skin. I didn't have their problems. I had a lightning strike of marred skin across my back where my wings should be. I didn't have feathers to soak up all the water from a thunderstorm and send me careening to the ground. On those days I ran through my village and drenched my hair, my face and my chest and I opened my mouth to the sky. On those days I sang with the thunder and laughed like a little kid. On those days I was free.

I stepped deeper and deeper, my toes sinking into the sand. How could anyone fear water when their feet touched land? Still,

I wanted more. Still, I went further until the water grazed my scars. Until it tickled my chest. Until it brushed at my throat. No one had ever taught me to swim, but it was like I had come out of the womb knowing. Every warning my mom gave me and the stories my older brother taunted me with were buried in the rushing of the waves that filled my ears.

The first time she heard about the cove it had been from a fisherman down by the docks. Very few people ever went down there, and most were wingless. Her mom would beg her not to go day in and day out. She said it was a place for the cursed.

“But mama, I don’t have wings.” I had said, the sun glinting in my worried blue eyes. My mom had said they looked like the open sky. I always thought she was wrong about that. “You were born with them my darling; you are not cursed.”

While it was true I had been born with wings, the limbs never grew and remained covered in a soft down of fluff that never turned into feathers. My mom always thought I had time for them to grow in. Maybe they would be small and delicate but surely, they would grow. Years went by and the wings never came.

I watched my schoolmates learn to fly. I watched them reach for the cloud and go higher in wonder as I fluttered the little stumps on my back. I learned to run instead, and I would run until my lungs gave out. I could never keep up with them no matter how hard I tried but I thought that maybe flying was just faster. Maybe simple legs could never compete with the true glory of wings.

That year the doctors broke the news in a sage green room with a curtain where the door should have been. My misshapen bones were growing but not the way they were supposed to. It was why I couldn’t run so far. It was why I couldn’t fly. My mom wept into her skirts for hours, darkening the light blue fabric. He was going to remove them.

The cool water made the throbbing wounds on my back chill, and I found myself going to the docks more and more for a taste of relief from the pain. One day a sailor saw me clinging to a deck to enjoy the water. I couldn’t swim but the sting and chill of the ocean was no longer a want but a need aching deep in my bones.

“Hey, kid,”



I remember being so scared that he would tell me to leave. That he would tell my mom, and I would have to go back to lying in bed on my stomach.

“Wanna know a secret?”

I pulled myself closer to the dock because of course, I wanted to know. I was just a little fledgling at that point.

“I hear that there is a beach down that way along the shore. You just gotta be careful not to slip on the rocks. Let me help you out.”

I let him pull me out of the water. Pulling myself out was the hardest part of my little ventures. I had stitches to be mindful of after all.

Who was that guy? I didn’t see him again after that day. Maybe he was just passing through but to little kid me, he was an angel leading me to salvation.

I stepped out into the water until it bobbed over my chin. The tide pulled the dark liquid up to my lips in a sea salt kiss, welcoming me home like a lover. There, at eye level, I could see two universes reflected before me: one in the sky above and another sprawled across the black water as far as the eye could see. I closed my lids to those worlds and plunged my head underwater, erasing the echoing song of the waves and replacing it with sweet, rushing nothing.

I sat there for a long time in the dark with the ocean moving around me. I could feel the push and pull, the pulse of it the way the flighted felt the winds. I turned onto my stomach and reached my arms out, taking as much of the sea as I could in them. I pulled myself forward and kicked and I held my breath for as long as I could.

The beach became my refuge, and I taught myself how to swim slowly. It was hard without someone else’s help, but I was determined. There at my beach, I could choose how deep to go. I started in the shallow safety where the water met the sandy bank and laid down so the waves could cover my back when the tide came in. I got bolder as the days went on and I waded out to where schools of fish darted over white sand. The liquid silver creatures would vanish where I stepped but curiosity always got the better of them and they came back, slowly. I learned if I

stood stone still the fish would sit by my legs like they were tree trunks. I learned how to float on my back with my head above the waves. I learned how the ocean moved day in and day out and I learned how to move with it. I watched the slick fins of dolphins and sharks glide near my cove and months of swallowing burning mouthfuls of the seawater turned to occasional sputtering and then, one day, to grace; to ease.

My hair floated around me in the water, suspended in time the way my mom's brown curls did when she let herself drift to the ground like a leaf on the wind. I pulled myself back to the surface and took a gasping breath of salty air, slicking my hair to my scalp. I bobbed up and down for a moment, watching the still night, breathing my sacrilege deep into my lungs. Then I swam.

I threw both my hands over my head and kicked my feet the way the dolphins did, pushing myself forward, and feeling the glide of water as it moved across my skin. I moved both arms in sync, pushing the great waves down beneath me. I pushed faster and faster, moving further and further out of the cove, into the awaiting arms of the sea. My arms became wings and for the first time in my life, I could soar.

鸟与海

Diana Zhang

冰冷海水不停冲刷着我的小腿，随着潮汐的节奏，一寸寸地向我逼近。我不该走这么远的。我不该望着黑色的深海，那是无尽星空的一面镜子，而我却在这里，我的指尖只是轻轻地拂过光洁的水面，每一次、每一次、每一次。

我越走越远。今晚，没有人能阻止我。没有人可以尖叫着说我会被无情的海浪带走并淹没。很久没有人来过我的海滩了，这是我的海滩，是我一个人的海滩。海水拍打着嶙峋的岩石，发出嗡嗡的歌声，把声音抛出去，又拉回来，层层叠叠，作成一曲被时间遗忘的旋律。小沙湾只是无情海岸上的一个口袋。很少有人敢在岩石上喧哗，因为害怕滑倒，淋湿翅膀。他们害怕湿透的四肢会背叛自己，让他们的灵魂陷入水深火热之中。

我冰凉的手裹紧衬衫，拂过粗糙的皮肤。我没有他们的问题。我的背上有一道雷击留下的伤痕，那里本该是我的翅膀。我没有羽毛来吸收雷雨带来的所有水，也没有羽毛让我飞到地面上。在那些日子里，我在村子里奔跑，淋湿我的头发、脸庞和胸膛，我对着天空张开嘴巴。在那些日子里，我和雷声一起歌唱，像个小孩子一样欢笑。在那些日子里，我是自由的。

我越踩越深，脚趾陷进了沙子里。当双脚接触到陆地时，怎么会有人害怕水呢？尽管如此，我还是想要更多。尽管如此，我还是走得更远，直到海水擦过我的伤疤，直到我的胸口发痒，直到它拂过我的喉咙。没有人教过我游泳，但我就像从娘胎里就会游泳一样。妈妈对我的每一次警告，哥哥拿来奚落我的故事，都被湮没在我耳边汹涌的海浪中。

我第一次听说这个小海湾，是从码头边的一个渔夫那里。那里很少有人去，大多数人都没有翅膀。妈妈日复一日地求我不要。她说那是被诅咒的人去的地方。

“可是妈妈，我没有翅膀，”我说，阳光在我忧虑的蓝眼睛里闪闪发光。

妈妈说我的翅膀就像开阔的天空，我总觉得她说错了。“亲爱的，你生来就有翅膀，你没有被诅咒。”

虽然我确实生来就有翅膀，但四肢却一直没有长出来，身上还覆盖着一层柔软的绒毛，一直没有变成羽毛。妈妈一直认为我有时间让它们长大。也许它们会又小又脆弱，但肯定会长出来的。几年过去了，翅膀始终没有长出来。

我看着同学们学习飞行。我看着他们飞向云端，飞向更高的地方，而我却在惊奇地拍打着背上的小树桩。我却学会了奔跑，我一直跑到肺都要炸了。无论我怎么努力，都无法跟上它们的脚步，但我想，也许飞行只是更快呢。也许简单的双腿永远无法与翅膀的真正骄傲相媲美。

那一年，医生在一间神圣的绿屋里宣布了这个消息。我畸形的骨骼正在生长，但生长的方式却不尽人意。这就是为什么我不能跑那么远。这也是我不能飞的原因。我妈妈哭了好几个小时，用裙边擦着眼泪，弄脏了浅蓝色的布料。医生要把这些畸形的骨骼取下来。

清凉的海水让我背上刺痛的伤口变得冰凉，我发现自己越来越多地去码头，为的是缓解疼痛。有一天，一个水手看到我依在甲板上享受海水。我不会游泳，但大海的刺痛和寒意已不再是我的愿望，而是深入骨髓的需求。

“嘿，孩子，”

我记得我很害怕他会让我离开。害怕他会告诉我妈妈，我就得继续趴在床上了。

“想知道一个秘密吗？”

我把自己拉近码头，因为我当然想知道。那时候我还只是个雏鸟。

“我听说那边的岸边有一片海滩。你要小心别滑到礁石上。我来帮你。”

我让他把我拉出水面。把自己拉上来是我这次小冒险中最难的部分，毕竟我还得小心我缝针的地方。

那个人是谁？那天之后，我再也没有见过他。也许他只是路过，但对年幼的我来说，他就是引领我走向救赎的天使。

我踏入水中，直到海水漫过我的下巴。潮水把深色的液体溅到我的嘴唇上，像一个海盐之吻，像情人一样欢迎我回家。在那里，我可以看到两个世界倒映在我眼前：一个在头顶的天空中，另一个横跨黑色的水面，尽收眼底。我闭上眼睛，看着这两个世界，然后把头沉入水底，抹去海浪回荡的歌声，取而代之的是甜美、汹涌的虚无。

我在黑暗中坐了很久，大海在我周围移动。我能感觉到推力和拉力，感觉到它的脉搏，就像飞鸟感觉到风一样。我转过身，伸出双臂，尽情地拥抱大海。我把自己向前拉、踢，尽可能长时间地屏住呼吸。

海滩成了我的避难所，我慢慢地自学游泳。没有别人的帮助，我很难学会游泳，但我下定决心。在我的海滩上，我可以选择游多深。我从水与沙滩交汇的浅水安全地带开始，然后躺下，这样潮水来临时海浪就能盖住我的后背。随着时间的推移，我的胆子越来越大，我涉水到了鱼群在白沙

上穿梭的地方。我走到哪里，银色的鱼群就会消失在哪里，但好奇心总会驱使它们慢慢地回来。我认识到，如果我静止不动，鱼儿就会坐在我的腿边，就像坐在树干上一样。我学会了如何仰面漂浮，头顶海浪。我学会了大海如何日复一日地运动，我也学会了如何随波逐流。我看着海豚和鲨鱼滑溜溜的鳍在我的海湾附近滑行，几个月来吞咽海水的灼热感变成了偶尔的口吐白沫，然后有一天，变成了优雅，变成了轻松。

我的头发漂浮在水面上，就像我妈妈的棕色卷发随风飘落到地面时那样，悬浮在空中。我把自己拉回水面，大口大口地呼吸着咸咸的空气，把头发梳到头皮上。我上下晃动了一会儿，看着寂静的夜，把我的亵渎感深深地吸进肺里。然后我游了起来。

我把双手举过头顶，像海豚那样踢着脚，把自己往前推，感受着水在我皮肤上的滑行。我同步移动双臂，将巨浪推向身下。我越游越快，游出小海湾，游进大海的怀抱。我的双臂变成了翅膀，有生以来第一次，我可以翱翔了。

SLIVERED WORDS OF US

Atsary Tiem

Let's hide from the sun
and say hello to the forest.
I'll whisper secrets to the trees, tell white
lies to their roots, spread rumors to their leaves. You'll listen
to the bones as they sleep, picked
clean beneath the nettles and nestled
silent in the dirt—I hear they have good dreams.
We'll sing with the heads of bluebells, and stop
to smell the mushrooms. "I don't like mushrooms."
"Neither do I."

Let's wake before the city does
and spend our morning beneath the stars. Take a stroll
in the streets or strut around a roundabout. I'll stand
in an intersection, you'll steal a street sign, we'll play pretend
on the train tracks and let our hearts speak
impromptu, arms straight out like a goshawk or a loon.
"Do you know how I feel? Like a million stars."
"I feel like that too."
"You're lying."

We climbed to the ninth floor
and sat on the stairs. "Let's run to the roof and dance in the dawn."
In the dark, you agree,
and we make it up four more floors, until

you slow, you pause.
“This isn’t worth it anymore.”
I watch you walk
down without me, and once
the stairwell is quiet,
I feel the stars fall, the trees shed their leaves,
and something dies inside of me.
Trains shake the tracks, and the bones
are awake, shouting, “Back, come back!” But I,
alone,
choose to keep climbing.

LES MOTS DE NOUS, FENDUS EN ÉCLATS

Lauren Downs

Cachons-nous du soleil
et disons bonjour à la forêt.

Je chuchoterai des secrets aux arbres, je dirai des mensonges blancs
à leurs racines, répandre des rumeurs à leurs feuilles. Tu écouteras
jusqu'aux os pendant qu'ils dorment ramassé
propre en dessous de les orties et niché
silencieux dans la terre—j'entends qu'ils font de beaux rêves.
Nous chanterons avec les têtes de clochettes, et arrêter
pour sentir les champignons. “Je n'aime pas les champignons.”
“Moi non plus.”

Réveillons-nous avant que la ville ne le fasse.
et dépenser notre matinée sous les étoiles. Faire une promenade
dans les rues ou se pavaner sur un rond-point. Je me lèverai
dans une intersection, tu voleras une plaque de rue, nous faire
semblant
sur les voies ferrées et laisser parler nos cœurs
impromptu, les bras tendus comme un autour ou un plongeon
“Sais-tu ce que je ressens? Comme un million d'étoiles.”
“Je me sens comme ça aussi.”
“Tu mens.”

Nous sommes montés au neuvième étage
et s'est assis sur les escaliers. “Courons sur le toit et dansons à l'aube.”
Dans l'obscurité, tu es d'accord,

et nous en faisons quatre de plus étages, jusqu'à
tu ralentis, tu fais une pause.
"Cela n'en vaut plus la peine."
Je te regarde descendre
sans moi, et une fois
la cage d'escalier est silencieuse,
Je sens les étoiles tomber, les arbres perdre leurs feuilles,
et quelque chose meurt en moi.
Les trains font trembler les rails et les os
sont réveillés, crient "Revenez, revenez!" Mais je,
seul,
choisir de continuer à grimper.

SKELLIG MONKS

Solenn Vincent

The sharp, rocky cliffs jut up like church spires, reaching into the sky. The greenery shines in the golden, watery light of the frothing ocean below, but the dismal rocky landscape is unforgiving and unwelcoming. There is nowhere to dock, no beckoning beach to bask on. Just steep stone steps carved into the side of the island.

Watch your step, one wrong move and you'll tumble into the dark blue waters. Their alluring beauty is deceitful - the current will swallow you whole.

Skellig Michael is the hermit of Ireland, but there is life within it. The Monks of Skellig call the desolate terrain home. Twelve stone beehive-shaped huts block the moisture and drafts from the sea air.

In this solitude, the monks tended simple gardens of hardy vegetables like potatoes. Simple meals, simple tasks, a simple life of solitude. They prayed and wrote books of faith, high up and close to the heavens.

In the evenings, settled around bonfires bringing warmth to the unfriendly land, the men stare out across the black waters. From their view, they can see the life they left behind in devotion to God. White flecks of cloud graze the landscape, shepherds' huts dot the coastline, small fires sparking in and out, clumps of stone of far-off villages housing loved ones and the only signs of humanity beyond Skellig.

As fires burn low, tongues get warm. Hymns are breathed into the damp air, drifting like gulls over the sea. Stories of

Christianity, of boyhood, of warning, seep into the ears of those listening and the soil beneath their feet.

And today, when travelers struggle up those precarious steps fresh off the ferry, when they gaze out over the blue-green waves, when they lean against crumbling huts, scuff their feet in the smallest remains of ash, they feel like the only ones in the world. Close to something bigger than themselves.

I MONACI DI SKELLIG

Ava Walton

Le scogliere frastagliate sporgono come le guglie della chiesa, raggiungendo il cielo. Il verde risplende nella luce dorata e acquosa del mare schiumoso sottostante, ma il tetro panorama fosco pietroso è spietato e inospitale. Non c'è nessun posto ormeggiare, nessuna invitante spiaggia da godersi. Solo gli scoscesi scalini intagliati nel fianco dell'isola.

Attento a dove mette i piedi, una mossa sbagliata e cadrai dentro le acque blu scuro. La loro bellezza seducente è illusoria—la corrente ti inghiottirà intero.

Skellig Michael è l'ermita dell'Irlanda, ma c'è vita al suo interno. I monaci di Skellig chiamano questo desolato terreno la loro patria. Dodici rifugi di pietra, a forma di alveare, bloccano l'umidità e gli spifferi dell'aria di mare.

In questa solitudine, i monaci curano gli semplici orti con verdure rustiche come le patate. Pasti semplici, compiti semplici, e una vita di solitudine. Pregavano e scrivevano i libri di fede, in alto e vicino al cielo.

La sera, raggomitolati intorno ai falò che portano il calore alla terra ostile, gli uomini fissano lo sguardo attraverso le acque nere. Dal loro punto di vista, possono vedere la vita che hanno lasciato per adorare Dio. Le macchioline delle nuvole toccano il paesaggio, i rifugi dei pastori costellano la costa, i piccoli fuochi scoppiettanti dentro e fuori dalla vista, le zolle di pietra dai borghi lontani che ospitano le persone care e i segni unici dell'umanità fuori Skellig.

Mentre i fuochi bruciano bassi, le lingue diventano calde. Si respirano inni dentro l'aria umida, vagando come i gabbiani sopra il mare. Storie del christianesimo, di fanciulezza, dell'allarme, filtrano nelle orecchie degli ascoltatori e nella terra sotto i loro piedi.

E oggi, quando i viaggiatori sforzano scendere quei gradini precari freschi dal traghetto, quando fissano lo sguardo sulle onde turchesi, quando appoggiano ai rifugi cadenti, strascicando i loro piedi nei resti più piccoli di cenere, sembrano come gli unici nel mondo. Vicino a qualcosa di più grande di loro stessi.

LETTER TO AN ASTRONAUT

Josephine Geiger-Lee

does space buzz with life
or is it silent?

and from up there you cannot watch
the waves crash
the land move
and the people crash and move
but from up there
you can watch your stars twinkle
and you can see it all
all of earth stretched out below
you could hold the earth in your hand

you live between constellations now
i memorized the stories of kings and gods and men
once i thought the dead become stars
for if a myth could do it
why not me?
now i know no one can be with the stars
with the gods and men and kings

you changed the world
you made history
there are a million things to say
and a million things to ask

but what i want to ask most
what i dare not say
and dare not yell
because space would swallow up the words
and on earth
the people swallow my words up
so from down here
i ask so no one hears anyway
(because i'm scared if they heard)
(because i'm scared if they knew)
(because i'm scared)

"I'm sorry I never became you."

EPISTOLA AD ASTRONAUTA

Charlotte Hagen

fecit spatio stridore cum vita
aut est silet?

et ex altis non vigilas
fluctus fragores
terra movet
et homines fluctus et movent
sed ex altis
potes vigilas stellas fulgidas
et potes vidum omnes
omnes terra extenda subter
tu potes tendum terra in tua manu

tu vivis inter constellatio
ego memoriae fabulas regum et deum et hominum
quondam mortum assimilantur stellam scio
si fabula posset facium
quid ni meum?
nunc scio nulli posset esse cum stellam
cum regum et deum et hominum

mutas terram
facis historium
sunt multa milia rerum dicere
et sunt multa milia rerum rogare

sed quod audeo non rogare
et audeo non vociferare
quia spatium deglutiat verba
et in terra
homines deglutiat verba mea
ab deorsum
rogo ut nemo audit usquam
(quia ego sum trepidus si audiverunt)
(quia ego sum trepidus si sciverunt)
(quia ego sum trepidus)

“Paeniteo ego numquam factus es.”

宇宙飛行士への手紙

Thomas Brown

宇宙の人がうるさく言うか
それとも静かか？
遠くの宇宙からは見られない

波がぶつかる
地面が動くところ

人々もぶつかり動く
けどそこからは

星のピカピカがみれる

全て見られる
下に伸びた地球が全て
その手で地球持てる
今、星座の間に住む
王や神々や人々の物語を覚えた
死んだ者が星になるの信じたし
神話の中でできるんだったら
僕もできると思ってた
けど王と神々と人間みたいに
星にはなれないことに気づいた
世界を変え
歴史に名を残した
言いたいことはいっぱいあるし

聞きたいこともいっぱいあるけど
一番聞きたいことは
口にできないし
叫べない
言葉が宇宙に消えさせるから
そして地球では
人々がうちの言葉飲み込む
だからここからたずねる
どうせ誰も聞こえないから。
聞こえたら、怖いし
知られたら、怖いし
全て怖いし
君になれなくてごめん

I LOVE YOU, I SCREAM ACROSS THE STARS

Aishani Kundu

if that will make God

orchestrate the orbits of the celestial
bodies

so that our paths keep

colliding over and over again

as a sign from the
angels above

that we're meant to be together

in this lifetime
and the ones to come

no weightlessness can ever make us
float away from another.

TE AMO, ULULO TRANS SIDERA

Charlotte Hagen

si forte efficiam ut Deus

ambitus caelestes conducat

ut viae nostrae

inter se confligant iterum atque
iterum,

sicut signum ex
angelis alte

non solum nos debere una esse

in hac vita atque
in vitis insequentibus,

sed etiam nullam levitatem posse
umquam efficere ut
ego a te volitem aut tu a me volites.

MARY'S BOY

Amritha Selvarajaguru

plays with the new lamb and laughs
when it licks his face,
both their curly black heads bent low
like twins huddled together
across the way.

his mother calls him yeshua,
my darling, little lemon, little bug.
she pulls straw from his hair
and kisses his nose.
she is so young.

mary loves her boy
when he is naughty, when he spills his milk, when

he lays asleep in yossef's lap,
dark lashes against his cheek,
butterfly kisses.

he is prophesied to die someday.
mary knows this.

still, the first depiction of him
will not be at the cross, pained and humiliated
and hurt. it will be

of him sleeping gently
 in his father's arms, drawn
 lovingly in the sand

 at mary's feet.
he is only yet a boy. the world does not know
 his name.

he is mary's little love.

PVER·MARIAE

Sonja Cutts

CVM·NOVO·AGNO·LVDIT·ET·RIDET
CVM·EIVS·FACIEM LAMBAT
GEMINIS·CRISPIS·ATRIS·CAPITIBVS·INFLECTENTIBVS
TAMQVAM GEMINI·CONFERTI
TRANS·VIAM

MATER·EIVS·EVM·IESVM·VOCAT
MEVM·MEL·POMVMVLVM·CIMICEMVLVS
AVENAM·AB·CAPILLIS·EIVS·EXTRAHIT
ET·NASVM·EIVS·BASIA
TAM·IVVENIS·EA·EST

MARIA·SVVM·PVERVM·AMAT
CVM·NON·OBOEDIENS·SIT·CVM·LAC·EFFVNDAT·CVM
IN·FEMORIBVS·IOSEPHI·CVBET
ATRIS·PALPEBRIS CONTRA·GENAM·PALPANTIBVS
SICVT·OSCVLA·PAPILIONIS

ALIQVANDO·PROPHETATVR·MORI
MARIA·ID·INTELLIGIT

TAMEN·PRIMA·IMAGO·EIVS
EVM·AD·CRVCEM·NON·DEPINGET·SAVCIA TVM·ET·HVMILIATVM
ET·LAESVM·DEPINGET

EVM·QVIESCENTEM·MOLLITER
IN·BRACCHIIS·PATRIS·DELINEATA
AMANTER·IN·HARENA

AD·PEDES·MARIAE
MODO·ADHVC·PVER·EST ORBIS·TERRARVM·NON·AGNOSCIT
NOMEN·EIVS

GRATVS·PVPVLVS·MARIAE·EST

BLUE INTERIOR WITH TWO GIRLS

Zoe Friedline

"I remember when we were young"

"What do you remember?"

"I remember nice nights like this where we would just hang around"

"Look, it's our first ballet class"

"You were always better"

"And when we learned to ride our bikes"

"I scrapped up both my knees"

"Look it's your 16th birthday"

"I got everything I wanted"

"I remember I gave you a book"

"Now that we're old I wonder"

"Wonder what?"

"I don't know I just do..."

All I know is I like talking on these long quiet nights with you"

INTERIOR AZUL CON DOS NIÑAS

Eleanor MacKellar

–Recuerdo cuando éramos jóvenes.

–¿Qué recuerdas?

–Recuerdo noches agradables como esta donde simplemente pasábamos tiempo juntas.

–Mira, es nuestra primera clase de ballet.

–Eras siempre mejor.

–Y cuando aprendimos a montar nuestras bicicletas.

–Me raspé las dos rodillas.

–Mira, es tu 16° cumpleaños.

–Me dieron todo lo que quería.

–Recuerdo que te regalé un libro.

–Ahora que somos más mayores me pongo a pensar.

–¿Qué piensas?

–No sé, solamente lo hago...

Todo lo que sé es que me gusta hablar en estas tranquilas y largas noches contigo.

夜の散歩

Thomas Brown

「若かった頃を思い出す」

「何を覚えてる？」

「今日のようにとか。特に何もしない日ね。」

「ほら、はじめてバレエのクラスだよ」

「ずっと君のほうが上手だったんだよね」

「自転車の乗り方を覚えた日」

「そういえば両膝を擦りむいたな一」

「ほら、十六歳の誕生日だよ」

「全部手に入った」

「本をあげたよね。覚えてる」

「時間が経過したし考える」

「何だろう」

「さあ。。。」

「長い静かな夜に一緒に話をするのが好きなのは確かだよ」

THE ALLURE

Kristian Marchland

It's funny
How fickle gender is
Mine peels away from the masses
With my lipstick,
a question in their eyes
Becomes a certainty.
It couldn't be 'they':
Sure he dresses well and doesn't like football
And has always loved the allure of a costume,
But look at him.
I've begun to realize,
I need their uncertainty, their questioning:
"Are their lips naturally like that, or is it effort?"
It is always an effort.
Shaving until my face is spotless,
My lipstick's color undeniable
As I purse my lips.
All to appeal. Appease.
To wave away
their confusion, their anger, their hatred
With aplomb.
And as they say:
The show goes on,
doesn't it?

Originally published in Ink Lit Magazine.

L'ATTRAZIONE

Angélica Toro Torres

È divertente
Come il genere sia capriccioso
Il mio si stacca delle masse
Con il mio rossetto,
una domanda nei loro occhi
Diventa una certezza.
Non può essere 'loro':
Certo, si veste bene e non ama il calcio
E ha sempre amato il fascino di un abito,
Ma guardalo.
Ho cominciato a capire,
Ho bisogno della loro incertezza, de interrogarsi:
"Le sue labbra sono così, naturali, o è uno sforzo?"
È sempre uno sforzo.
Radendomi fino a quando il viso è immacolato,
Il colore del mio rossetto innegabile
Mentre stringo le labbra.
Tutto per essere attraente. Placare.
Per far passare
la loro confusione, la loro rabbia, il loro disprezzo
Con disinvoltura.
E come si dice:
Lo spettacolo continua,
Non è vero?

LOOM

Kristian Marchand

My lips as I want them to be
Are unnatural
I am as I want to be seen
Is unnatural
Oh, what it is to seem
Pretty
There are volcanic sounds
All around me
Who did I think I'd be
Before erupting?
I will bleed before I leave
I must grieve before the seeds
Are planted

I must kiss the weeds away
Before they bloom
Before they bloom, and my lips are seen
And I no longer seam together.
As I want to be:
Oh, how it looms
Inside me
Unnaturally

TELAIO

Ava Walton

Le mie labbra come le voglio
Non sono naturali
Sono come voglio essere visto
Non è naturale
Oh, che è sembrare
Bella
Ci sono suoni vulcanici
Circondandomi
Chi pensavo che sarei stato?
Prima di eruttare?
Sanguinerò prima di partire
Devo piangere prima di i semi
Siano piantati

Devo baciare via le erbacce
Prima che fioriscono
Prima fioriscono, e le mie labbra siano viste
E non cucio più insieme
Come voglio essere:
Oh, come incombe
Dentro di me
Innaturale

(UN)KNOWABLE

Tessa Ramsden

I was feeling invisible
When a billy goat paused their bleating
To turn to me and say,
“Your outfit, fantastic, I love it,”
Someone had seen me after all.

I was feeling inaudible
When a cricket who came chirping past
Was sure to inform me,
“I know what your music taste is,”
Someone had heard me after all.

I was feeling unspeakable
When a pigeon flew down from their coop
To coo out to me,
“I appreciate how actively you participate,”
Someone can speak to me after all.

I was feeling untouchable
When a bear trundled out from their den
To announce to me,
“You can’t leave without giving me a hug,”
Someone can touch me after all.

I was feeling unknowable

When the nature around me came to life
And sang out with a thousand voices to say
They see me,
Hear me,
Speak with me,
Hold me.
It seems I am knowable after all.

알 수가 (없)는

Jobin Terranova

내가 보이지 않는 것 같을 때
염소가 울음을 멈추고
나한테 말했다,
“니 옷이 너무 멋져, 정말 맘에 들어,”
어쨌거나 누군가 나를 봤잖아.

내가 들리지 않는 것 같을 때
지나가는 귀뚜라미가
나한테 알려주었다,
“난 니가 좋아하는 음악을 알아,”
어쨌거나 누군가 나를 들었잖아.

나하고 말할 수 없을 것 같을 때
둥지에서 비둘기가 날아 내려와서
나한테 말했다,
“적극적으로 함께해 줘서 고마워요,”
어쨌거나 누군가 나한테 말할 수 있잖아.

내가 건드리기 싫은 사람일 것 같을 때
굴에서 곰 나와서
나한테 말해 주었다,
“나를 꺼안아 주지 않고 갈 수 없어요,”
어쨌거나 누군가 나를 만질 수 있잖아.

나를 알 수가 없을 것 같을 때

나를 둘러싼 모든 자연이 일어나서
천의 목소리로 말했다
그들이 나를 봐,
나를 들어,
나한테 말해,
나를 잡아 줘.
어쨌거나 나를 아는 것 같잖아.

(不可)认知

Jodi Jin

我觉得自己像个隐形人
当一只山羊停下咩咩叫
转过身对我说：
“你的衣服太棒了，我喜欢，”
毕竟有人看见了我。

我觉得自己听不见
当一只蟋蟀叽叽喳喳地
走过来告诉我：
“我知道你的音乐品味。”
毕竟有人听到了我。

我觉得自己无法言喻
当一只鸽子从笼子里飞下来
对我咕咕叫：
“我很欣赏你积极参与。”
毕竟有人可以和我说话。

我觉得自己无法触碰
当一只熊从洞穴里走出来
对我宣布：
“你不能不拥抱我就离开。”
毕竟有人可以触摸我。

我觉得自己无法知晓

当周围的大自然变得生机勃勃
用千百种声音唱道：
他们看见我，
听见我，
和我说话，
抱住我。
看来我终究还是可知的。

DELICIAS DE LA TIERRA

B Self

My body—the ocean—dripped clean with each and every notion
New moons/ passing patterns/
a spinning of/ Chaotic motion
She knows
the ways fish twist
In tandem

Tides and curls—
and how you ripple/ rivers
Birthing seafoam amidst glaring pearls

Each tree must bare its age within
Deep wells of thicks & thins, peeling bark
forever
Mimicking the skins—
Fingerprinted echos/ swirling
Rings atop teal waters,
bleeding rivers—bloody nails
Pour out wide open mouths of daughters—
I see the center of the eye/ the rings/ the ax/ the storm
the wretched way a forest burned—can't help but
Keep you warm

So thoughts like rain and, dribbled tears
Pass down cerebral-
Dripping-fears

mossy souls to soon return—mycelium limbs/ connected,
Yearn.

Giants' bodies, ancient/ true/ older than one but
Younger than two, as
roots cup the world and hold Her tight together
Bracing—always bracing—for
man's unrelenting change in weather,

Outlived volcanos/ mountains/ seas
not here for Us, or made to please
Insatiable hungers/ destruction/ disease
Destruyendo las

Delicias de la tierra
Forever mourned—new Death of Hera
Tearing veins from sapling babes/

Mind of webs, tremendous pressure
Caves—
No entrails, so no life conceived
—ignorance
the depths of all man's greed

Delicias de la tierra—
/Born to be
Dead/

Break bodies now, and feast Her bread.

DELICIAS DE LA TIERRA

Autumn Mayer

Mon corps—l'océan—se décape goutte à goutte avec toutes notions
De nouvelles lunes/ de modèles passants/
une rotation de/ mouvement Chaotique
Elle connaît
les façons dont les poissons se tordent
Suivant le rythme du
Flux et reflux—
et comment vous ondulez/ les fleuves
Accouchant de l'écume parmi des perles éblouissantes

Chaque arbre doit dévoiler son âge en
Puits profonds de vents et marées, pelant l'écorce
toujours
Imitant les peaux—
Les échos empreintés/ tourbillonnants
Les cernes sur les eaux bleu sarcelle,
les fleuves saignants—les ongles sanglants
Versent larges bouches ouvertes des filles—
Je vois le centre de l'œil/ les cernes/ la hache/ l'orage
la manière misérable dont une forêt a brûlé—ne peut que
Vous garder au chaud

Alors les pensées comme la pluie et, les larmes coulantes
Transmettent les peurs-
Cérébrales-dégoulinantes

âmes moussues rentreront bientôt—membres de mycélium/ liés,
Désirant.

Les corps de géants, anciens/ vrais/ plus âgés qu'un mais
Plus jeunes que deux, comme
racines bercent le monde et La tiennent serré ensemble
Se redressant—toujours se préparant—pour
Le changement incessant de météo de l'homme,

Elle a survécu aux volcans/ montagnes/ mers
Pas là pour Nous, ni là pour plaire
Faim insatiable/ destruction/ maladie
Destruyendo las

Delicias de la tierra
Endeuillé toujours—nouvelle Mort d'Héra
Arrachant les veines de jeunes pousses d'arbres/

L'esprit de toiles, la pression incroyable
Les cavernes—
Pas d'entrailles, donc pas de vie conçue
—ignorance
les profondeurs de toute l'avidité de l'homme

Delicias de la tierra—
/Naître d'être
Mort/

Cassez les corps maintenant, et festoyez Sa croûte.

SCORPION GIRL

Jess Quintero

does not sting even when He shakes her
out of his shoe every morning.

Her body a smack on ceramic tile. Slow
from last night's late shift & freshly cracked
from the shell of some sun-crushed dream.

Hand to her heart, she skitters often
off to a small corner of the room.

Not knowing why He fractures time & space
or why she finds solace in such reckoning.

This hiding game elevating
the spirit, the senses, the blood.

She could be a poet how she etherizes
this sadness. Someday she will learn
to write;

become more than a god's name
falling short of a prophet's lips.

RAPARIGA ESCORPIÃO

Maria Pereira

não pica nem quando Ele a sacode
do seu sapato todas as manhãs.
O corpo dela é um estalo no chão de cerâmica. Lento
do turno tardio de ontem à noite & recentemente quebrado
da casca de um sonho esmagado pelo sol.
Com a mão no coração, ela foge para
um canto pequeno da sala.
Sem saber porque é que Ele quebra o tempo & espaço
ou porque é que ela se sente consolada por esse julgamento.
Este jogo de escondidas eleva
o espírito, os sentidos, o sangue.
Ela poderia ser poeta por causa da maneira como ela anestesia
esta tristeza. Algum dia ela aprenderá
a escrever;
tornar-se-á mais do que o nome de um deus
que não alcança os lábios de um profeta.

MILK TEETH OF GRIEF

Aishani Kundu

dangling

off the gums of loss

the milk teeth of grief you don't want to *pull out*

but remember,

hope like permanent teeth

will find a way to *grow*

crooked or twisted or snagged or straight

a permanent promise

embedded into your flesh *forever*

DIENTES DE LECHE DE DOLOR

Miya Swenson

colgando

de las encías de pérdida

los dientes de leche de dolor que no quieres *extraer*

pero recuerda,

la esperanza como los dientes permanentes

encontrará una manera para *crecer*

torcida o deformada o enganchada o recta

una promesa permanente

empotrada en tu piel *para siempre*

FIREWOOD

Kristian Marchand

There's a place in my mind
Where I go to find solace
It is dark and made of wood,
And helps me forget all that I should have done
And the fire is nice when it takes
my skin in the game
It burns, and boils me alive
In here, I think it would be nice
To dine or to die
I'm not alone here
Other souls gone cold with fear
And I can be a fire
I can warm their hearts
'Stead of pulling them apart like
Meat
And release them into the wood
They frolic and fawn
Till their problems are gone
And all they can do is
Smile, as the fire
takes their skin in the game
It burns, and it boils
In here life toils away
Till you whisper to yourself
In here, I think it would be nice

To dine or to die
And when I have to leave
My skin charred to nothing
Marred by the absence of reprieve
Until finally,
It opens up
And I can see a clearing
I look in the flame
And I see the pain for what it was
Knowing that I've been burning up
It burns, and it boils
And it makes toil away
But what else
What else
Would you have me do?
What else am I supposed to say to you
Except
In here, I think it would be nice
To dine or to die

LEGNA DA ARDERE

Grace Pignolo

C'è un posto nella mente
Dove vado a trovare consolazione
È buio e fatto di legno,
E mi aiuta a dimenticare tutto quello che avrei dovuto fare
E il fuoco è bello quando prende
la mia pelle nel gioco
Brucia, e mi bolle vivo
Qui, penso che sarebbe bello
O cenare o morire
Non sono da solo qui
Altre anime infreddolite di paura
E io posso essere un fuoco
Posso scaldare i loro cuori
Invece di strapparli a pezzi come
La carne
E liberarli nel bosco
Si divertono e struggono
Finché i loro problemi svaniscono
E tutto ciò che possono fare è
Sorridere, mentre il fuoco
prende la loro pelle nel gioco
Brucia, e bolle
Qui dentro la vita si fatica
Finché bisbigli a te stesso
Qui, penso che sarebbe bello

Cenare o morire
E quando devo partire
La pelle carbonizzato a nulla
Rovinata da assenza di tregua
Fino a che, finalmente,
Si apre
E posso vedere una radura
Guardo nella fiamma
E vedo il dolore per quello che era
Sapendo che stavo bruciando
Brucia, e bolle
E fa il lavoro duro andare via
Ma cos'altro
Cos'altro
Vuoi che io faccia?
Cos'altro posso dirti
Tranne
Qui, penso che sarebbe bello
Cenare o morire

CENA FUERA DE LA CIUDAD

Krzysztof Katkowski

Cena fuera de la ciudad,
a la que ya no puedo ir.

El canal se detiene. No me he movido
de acá desde ayer.

La paloma parisina está más limpia
que la barcelonesa. Ya no huele a
orina.

La barcaza que navega lleva
detrás una antorcha.

Sólo trozos de pan, esparcidos
en la superficie del agua atraen a las palomas,

mientras comes tofu, en una cena

bajo la ciudad. Caminas hacia el metro
a lo largo de los coloridos paraguas.
Los paraguas van más allá de lo significativo.

Se puede hacer un poema con estos, incluso un libro,
pero no un hombre que permanece despierto por la noche y
mirando por la ventana.

Se puede dormir por la noche, pero no
después de cenar, en una
cama acolchada.

DINNER OUTSIDE THE CITY

Jessica Housour

Dinner outside the city,
which I can no longer attend.

The canal is stopped. I have not moved
from here since yesterday.

The Parisian dove is cleaner
than the Barcelonian one. It no longer smells of
urine.

The sailing barge carries
behind it a torch.

Only pieces of bread, scattered
on the surface of the water attract the doves,

while you eat tofu, in a dinner

underneath the city. You walk towards the metro
alongside the colorful umbrellas.

The umbrellas that transcend meaning.

You could write a poem with these, even a book,
but not a man who stays awake at night and
gazes out of the window.

You could sleep at night, but not
after dinner, in a
padded bed.

20 DAYS UNTIL SUMMER

Aishani Kundu

My room smells like cardboard boxes and duct tape. Since the candy apple wallflower got taken down, I have developed this habit of halting at the threshold to double check that it is not the wrong dorm room because I am not immediately greeted by the familiar sweetness the moment I step in. I am going home over the summer. I remember how eagerly I used to look forward to summer, because of two reasons mainly: my birthday and the endless bike rides, picking mangoes, swimming until the moon had risen, and having all ears to the door in case the ice-cream vendor passed by and we missed it. When the blades of the ceiling fan blocked out all noise and the dead silence of winter, that was my summer. I live in a part of the world, where the Sun only ever comes out, but I have taught myself to embrace the cold. I find beauty in snow falling, even after all that is left of it is slush and black ice. I have learned to love the mercurial Midwest, where I can never safely tuck my winter coat away. The talons of the windchill freeze my fingers in place, but I have grown to hold its claws and keep walking. There is something about going back to a place and finding out in utter disappointment how everything has changed, and how much time you had spent away from your hometown that you don't even remember anything from before you left because it is all different now. But there is also a disappointment in going back to your hometown and knowing that nothing has changed. The only thing that has changed is you. You no longer see joy in the things that once

imparted you with boundless mirth. To you, they simply exist. It is not even because you have forgotten them, or because they have grown inconsequential to you, or because you have come to dislike them over time. You no longer have the same pair of eyes that sought for happiness in the glimpses of summer. Your eyes are in the process of seeing the world and are constantly adapting to the joys that find you along the way.

20 DÍAS HASTA EL VERANO

Angélica Toro Torres

Mi dormitorio huele a cajas de cartón y cinta adhesiva. Desde que se retiró el ambientador de manzana de caramelo, he desarrollado el hábito de pararme en la puerta para comprobar que no estoy en el dormitorio equivocado, porque la dulzura familiar no me abraza en cuanto entro. Vuelvo a casa para pasar el verano. Recuerdo cuánto solía anhelar el verano, principalmente por dos razones: mi cumpleaños y las bicicletadas sin fin, recogiendo mangós, nadando hasta que la luna saliese y pegando el oído a la puerta en caso de que el heladero pasara y lo perdiéramos. Cuando las aspas del abanico bloqueaban todo el ruido y el silencio del invierno, ese era mi verano. Vivo en una parte del mundo donde el sol sale raramente, pero me he enseñado a abrazar el frío. Encuentro belleza en la nieve cayendo, aun cuando todo lo que queda es aguanieve e hielo negro. He aprendido a amar el Medio Oeste volátil, donde nunca puedo guardar mi abrigo de invierno. Los talones de la sensación térmica congelan mis dedos, pero he aprendido sacarle sus garras y seguir caminando. Hay algo acerca de regresar a un lugar y encontrar con gran decepción que todo ha cambiado, y descubrir cuánto tiempo has pasado fuera de tu pueblo natal, tanto que ni siquiera te acuerdas de nada antes de que te fueras porque todo es diferente. Pero también existe la decepción de regresar a tu pueblo natal y saber que nada ha cambiado. Lo único que ha cambiado eres tú. Ya no ves alegría en las cosas que una vez te la producían sin límite. Para ti, simplemente existen. Ni siquiera es porque las hayas

olvidado, o porque no tengan consecuencias para ti o porque te hayan empezado a disgustar con el paso del tiempo. Ya no tienes el mismo par de ojos que buscaban la felicidad en los destellos del verano. Tus ojos están aprendiendo a ver el mundo y están constantemente adaptándose a las alegrías que encuentras en el camino.

XIN ZHUI

Amritha Selvarajaguru

summertime, and the melons were ripe, and you must have died
/ with their sweet, tacky juice /

still on your lips. i wonder if you lay down / smiling. / humanity
only preserves that which it

loves the most, and the world today marvels / at how deeply you
were loved. / your lashes. your

smile lines. your fingerprints, memories from the womb, / ev-
erlasting. you remind us so dearly /

of ourselves. if someone were to stroke your cheek today, / it
would feel the same / as how your

mother stroked it when she held you the very first time, / all
those many eons ago.

辛追

Diana Zhang

夏日，瓜熟蒂落，你一定是带着甜腻的汁液 / 死去的。

不知道你是否微笑着躺下 / 人类只保留自己最爱的东西
今天的世界惊叹于 你被爱得深 沉 / 你的睫毛。

你的睫毛、你的笑纹、你的指纹，都是来自子宫的记忆，/永恒不变。

如果今天有人抚摸你的脸颊，/ 你会感觉到 / 就像你的母亲怀抱你时抚
摸你的脸颊一样。

就像母亲第一次拥抱你时抚摸你的脸颊一样。

REEDS THAT WHISPER

Zoe Friedline

Stare at the valley
With flowers and reeds that whisper
Stare at the sun until it goes black
Stare at my figure
Wearing white
Dancing in reeds that whisper
Try to ignore the gashes
The red stains of my dress
Maybe if enough time passes
I'll hate myself less

속삭이는 갈대

Jobin Terranova

계곡을 바라본다
꽃과 속삭이는 갈대와 함께
태양이 어두워질 때까지 태양을 바라본다
내 몸을 바라본다
하얀 옷을 입고
속삭이는 갈대에서 춤을 추는
드레스의 모든 빨간 얼룩과
깊은 상처를 무시해 본다
충분한 시간이 지나가면
지금보다 덜 내가 싫겠지

JUNCOS QUE SUSURRAN

Miya Swenson

Mira fijamente al valle
Con flores y juncos que susurran
Mira fijamente al sol hasta que oscurezca
Mira fijamente mi figura
Usando blanco
Bailando en los juncos que susurran
Intenta ignorar los cortes
Las manchas rojas de mi vestido
Quizás si pasa un tiempo suficiente
Me odiaré menos

THE SKY IS DIFFERENT

Zoe Friedline

I know
It's been a long time
The sky I knew
Is gone
The view is different
You are too
I know
I hurt you
I'm sorry
Are you?
The sky is different
But still blue
I know
I love you
Still
Do you?

السماء مختلفة

Ahmed Ahmoudi

أعرف

لقد مضى وقت طويل

السماء التي كنت أعرفها

ذهبت

المشهد مختلف

وأنت كذلك

أعلم

أنني أدّيتك

أنا آسف

هل أنت كذلك؟

حقا السماء مختلفة

لكنها لا تزال زرقاء

أعلم

أنني أحبك

هل ما زلت تحبني؟

DAWN LONGING

Noelle Franzone

i pulse in blackberry bushes;
the ones behind my house,
two, three berries in a good year,
held plump in me and my sister's hands.
in those days,
summer.
our blood rushing, our feet soaring
shoes held silhouette by the setting sun
heifers at christmas, bog in our hair
sleep uninviting, present was always
blackberry juice staining our chins
sweet enough
for sunrise.

LE DÉSIR À L'AUBE

Hannah Siefken

je pulse dans les mûriers ;
ceux derrière ma maison,
deux, trois baies dans une bonne année,
tenues charnues dans les mains de moi et ma sœur.
en ce temps-là,
l'été.
notre sang s'écoule, nos pieds s'envolent
les chaussures tiennent en silhouette près du soleil couchant
les génisses à Noël, le marécage dans nos cheveux
le sommeil peu attirant,
du jus de la mûre était toujours là
tachant nos mentons
assez doux
pour le lever du soleil.

AVRORA·DESIDERARE

Sonja Cutts

IN·RVBIS·PVL
SO
ILLIS·POST·MEAM·DOMVM
DVAE·TRES·BACAE·IN·BONO·ANNO
MATVRAE·TENEBANTVR·IN·MANIBVS·MEIS·ET·SORORIS
ILLIS·DIEBVS
AESTATE
NOSTRI·SANGVINES·DECVRRENTES·NOSTRI·PEDES·SVBLIMANTES
CALCEAMENTA·CONVERSVM·IN·ATRIS·FIGVRAS·OCCASO·SOLE
BVCVLAE·IN·NATIVITATE·PALVS·IN·NOSTRIS·CRINIBVS
SOMNVS·INAMABILIS·DONVM·SEMPER·ERAT
SVCVS·RVBORVM·IMBVENVS·NOSTRA·MENTA
DVLICIS·SATIS
AD·AVRORAM

الشوق إلى الفجر

Terra Richardson

أنا أنبض في شجيرات العليق؛
تلك التي خلف منزلي،
إثنان، ثلاثة حبات من التوت في سنة ناجحة،
كانت تملأ يداي ويذا أختي.
في تلك الأيام،
الصيف.
دماننا تتدفق، أقدامنا تحلق
أحذية يحملها الظل عند غروب الشمس
عجل في عيد الميلاد مياه المستنقع في شعرنا
النوم غير مرغوب به، كان حاضراً دائماً
عصير التوت الاسود يصبغ ذقوننا
حلو بما فيه الكفاية
لشروق الشمس.

MANGOES

Aishani Kundu

Summer used to be my favorite season owing to mangoes. The sheer joy of hearing ripe, yellow-green mangoes plop to the ground. Now, all I think about before eating them is the juice dripping down my chin, my sleeves soaked with the repulsive yellow of it, the pith snarled in the narrow crevices between my teeth, and the pervasive sticky sweetness that lingers even when I don't want it. I'm a wary eater now, picking apart every consumption, leaving nothing to relish.

LOS MANGOS

Jessica Housour

El verano solía ser mi estación favorita debido a los mangos. La pura alegría de oír los mangos – maduros y verdes amarillentos – caer al suelo. Ahora, todo lo que pienso antes de comerlos es el jugo goteando por mi barbilla, mis mangas remojadas con su amarillo repulsivo, la piel blanca enredada entre mis dientes y la dulzora – pegajosa y penetrante – que persiste aun cuando no la quiero. Yo como con recelo ahora, desmantelando cada consumo, sin dejar nada para saborear.

芒果

MJ Thierry

因為芒果，夏天曾經是我最喜歡的季節。聽到黃綠色成熟的芒果掉落在地上，那聲音總讓我感到愉快。現在不一樣了，在吃芒果之前，我腦海中浮現的卻是果汁從嘴角流到下巴上，袖子被噁心的黃色芒果汁浸濕，果核纖維卡在本就擁擠的牙縫間，還有那揮之不去又甜又黏的感覺。現在的我很挑剔，細細處理著每一口，不留任何回味的餘地。

انابه

Sayede Iravani

تابستان به دلیل وجود انابه فصل مورد علاقه من بود.
از شنیدن صدای افتادن انابه های سبز و زرد رسیده روی زمین لذت می بردم.
اما حالا تنها چیزی که قبل از خوردنشان بهش فکر میکنم
شیره ای است که از رو چونم میچکه
آستین هامو با رنگ زردش چسبونکی میکنه،
هسته اش لای شکاف های باریک دندونام گیر میکنه
و مزه شیرینی و چسبنده ای که حتی وقتی که نمیخوام، همچنان باقی میمونه،
اکنون با احتیاط میخورمش و هر لقمه رو با دقت بررسی میکنم
و هیچ چیز را برای لذت بردن ازش باقی نمیگذارم.

MANGAS

Maria Pereira

A minha estação preferida costumava ser o verão por causa das mangas. A alegria pura que acompanhava o som das mangas maduras a caírem no chão. Agora, quando as como, só consigo pensar no sumo a escorrer-me pelo queixo abaixo, nas minhas mangas encharcadas de amarelo repugnante, no caroço presos nos espaços entre os meus dentes e na doçura pegajosa que permanece mesmo quando eu não a quero. Agora sou cuidadosa com o que como, esmiúço tudo o que consumo, sem saborear nada.

COMPOSURE

Lucinda Riebe

Crimson, cinnamon, chrysanthemum, cold
Yellow letter, red letter, sapphire stone

Pack your bags
Trace your roots

See the gun
That never shoots

Twist the stem
Watch it bleed

Tear the roots
Plant the seed

Color your thoughts
Dye the thread

Empty your thoughts
Empty your head

Reach up high to crumbling stone
Pray your fingers latch
That you won't fall alone

The fall will be sweet
As the wind catches hair

Ears roar with blue
Cold whiplashed tears

But your fingers don't miss
They catch on the rock

Time goes on
You find your spot

To wedge your nails
To get a grip

So hold your gaze
Or else you'll slip.

COMPOSTURA

Eleanor MacKellar

Carmesí, canela, crisantemo, con frío
Letra amarilla, letra roja, piedra zafiro

Haga sus maletas
Busque sus orígenes

Vea la pistola
Que nunca dispara

Retuerza el tallo
Mire cómo sangra

Arranque las raíces
Siembre la semilla

Coloree sus pensamientos
Tiña el hilo

Vacíe sus pensamientos
Vacíe su mente

Alcance la piedra que se desmorona
Rece para que sus dedos se agarren
Que no caiga solo

La caída será suave
Mientras el viento revuelve su pelo

Los oídos rugen con azules
Lágrimas frías y punzantes

Pero sus dedos no fallan
Se agarran en la roca

El tiempo continúa
Encuentra su sitio

Para clavar sus uñas
Para calmarse

Así que mantenga su mirada
En caso contrario, resbalará

EL POLACO LEYENDO AUTORES DE CHILE

Krzysztof Katkowski

para Bruno Montané Krebs, con amistad

1.
supongo q'eso
tiene bastante sentido.

estamos sentados en la terraza. es
mi última noche en esta ciudad.

estuve enamorado aquí
varias veces. cada vez
te lo dije, o
lo viste.

es porque tienes una terraza muy grande
y la misericordia baila en la copa del árbol.

2.
pasamos, paso a paso, por el antiguo
piso de Roberto en la calle Tallers.

“en otra parte
vive su hermana, pero
no la conocerás, aunque
todos te gustarían

caleta”.

un montón de páginas garabateadas, todas cuentan la misma historia, porque tú también huiste de una dictadura, igual que mi abuelo huyó de las masacres en el este, durante una guerra que no os afectó.

él era como yo, weón, y no entendía nada de eso.

sumando nuestros años, los dos somos casi cien años y probablemente entiendas más que yo. lo q sé hacer es traducir poemas del español al castellano. la lengua del rey de Aragón se mezcla con lo que dicen los viejos amigos de mi patio antiguo, en carrer d'en Grassot 44.

3.

nunca he estado en Santiago, maldita sea, estoy a punto de hacerlo, tal vez me guste también, tal vez

eso también tendrá algún sentido.

Raval/Gràcia, 30.07.2024

◇◇◇

el ataúd, el atún.
es lo mismo.

como no hablo castellano
en ningún modo,

a veces me doy cuenta de que
olvido alguna distinción
entre los dos palabras.

un atún no reconozco el
sabor del atún.

A POLISH READING CHILEAN AUTHORS

Sophia Franco Esparza

For Bruno Montaná Krebs, with friendship

1.

s'pose that
makes a lot of sense

we're sitting on the terrace. it's
my last night in this city.

several times i've been in love
i've told you about them
or you've seen me fall here.

because of your large terrace
where mercy dances on top of trees.

2.

we walked, foot by foot, past Roberto's
old flat on Tallers St.

"his sister lives
in a different area, but
you won't meet her, although
you would like everyone,
caleta."

a stack of scribbled pages, all
tell the same story, because you also
ran from a dictatorship, just like
my grandfather ran from the slaughter in the east
during a war that affected us.

he was like me, weón, and i didn't understand any of it.

amounted we are almost a hundred
and you probably understand more
than i. what i do know
is to translate poems from spanish
to castillian. the language of the King of Aragon
mixes with what old friends
from my old patio say, on Carrer d'en Grassot 44.

3.

i've never gone to Santiago, damn it,
i'm about to, maybe i'll like it as well,
maybe

that will also make some sense

Raval/Gràcia, 30.07.2024

◇◇◇

el ataúd, el atún.
it's the same.

since i don't speak castillian
either way,

sometimes i realize that
i forget some distinction
between two words.

the tuna I don't recognize the
flavor of the tomb.

SAM'S BIKE

Immi Mohamed

The guys tell me, "Sam's bike is fucked".
Wheels like acrobats trying to impress cotton candy kids,
Handlebars bent over, finding its inner 50's housewife,
a deer in headlights
pacing through the sky;
The becoming of graveyard spare parts.

Bet your bare bones mine fell apart,
on shitty tax payer's concrete.
My skin cutting its way through this damned earth,
all in search of Hades.
He who told me to give in,
to a bird's eye view of the south coast
and far side sirens of the salt sea.
My thoughts set on the aftertaste;
Soil, blood, sweat and steel,
Camping on brain edges
and bodily cul de sacs.

Somewhere in-between,
The worry that eats at your mind
turns a tiresome slipstream,
but do not ink it on billboard or frat boy foreheads
for the backstreets will prove you wrong;

for fierce forest fires will be born out of nothing, growing toes
to torso,
for you will find the ocean at home depot picking out a new look,
for you will spend your days calling Ares
just to have it go straight to voicemail,
for you will find yourself having to learn how to walk all over
again.

But if you must strike me down,
Strike me down after a few.
I've got lasagna in the oven,
weeks worth of laundry,
And things I have to do and say
And things I have to think about doing and saying
But not really doing or saying any of them.
and Fuck, I owe Sam a bike,
That's a place to start.

LE VÉLO DE SAM

Lauren Downs

Les gars me le disent, "Le vélo de Sam est foutu."
Des roues comme des acrobates essayer d'impressionner barbe
à papa enfants
Guidon plié, trouve ta femme au foyer 50's intérieure
un lapin pris dans les phares
arpentant dans le ciel;
Le devenir des pièces détachées de cimetière.

Parie vos os nus le mien s'est effondré,
sur du béton de merde du contribuable.
Ma peau se coupe à sa manière à travers cette terre maudite,
tous à la recherche d'Hadès.
Lui qui m'a dit de céder,
à l'œil d'oiseau vue de la côte sud
et loin côté les sirènes de la mer salée.
Mes pensées se portent sur l'arrière-goût
de la terre, du sang, de la sueur et de l'acier,
Camping sur les bords du cerveau
et corporelles de cul de sacs.

Quelque part entre les deux,
l'inquiétude qui tu ronges l'esprit
transforme un fatigant sillage
mais ne l'encre pas sur les panneaux d'affichage ou les fronts
des gars de la fraternité

car les ruelles tu prouveras que tu vas tort;
car les incendies de forêt féroces naîtra du néant, croissance des
orteils au torse,
car tu trouveras l'océan à Home Depot choisir un nouveau style,
car tu passeras vos journées à appeler Arès
car qu'il tombe directement sur la boîte vocale,
car tu te retrouveras à devoir réapprendre à marcher.

Mais si tu doit m'abattre,
M'abattre après quelques.
J'ai des lasagnes dans le four,
semaines valeur de lessive,
Et les choses que je dois faire et dire
Et des choses que je dois penser à faire et à dire
Mais sans vraiment faire ou dire quoi que ce soit.
Et putain, je dois un vélo à Sam
C'est un bon point de départ.

GO TO HELL

D Will

Mom, I can't wait to see you in hell.

I followed all your instructions for the funeral: All-you-can-drink 40-ouncers and just about every hooker in Dearborn. Full of libations and merriment, as you would say. Bob Seger never responded to the invitation for some reason, but Steven Tyler did. We burnt your ass, smoked your ashes, and learned you can't smoke someone's ashes. Thanks for that.

I told my friends about your requests. They called me insane. We don't actually care about—believe in—that stuff, I said. Besides, they were her requests! I think of it as some *Día de los Muertos* type of mourning. Yeah, I'm sad, but you're in a better place now and I know I'll see you again. At some point.

I hope you can kick back in hell. Warm my seat up for me until I get there. My friends don't understand why I'm so excited. But why would anyone want to go to heaven? Hang with a bunch of nerds for the rest of eternity? All the cool guys go to hell—wait, no. I take that back. Because people like Hitler, Epstein, and your dad are there. My friends told me about how you're subject to eternal torture and all that wack shit, but I bet you're more worried about having to meet your father. I just thought about that—but you probably saw Aunt Rose again, at least. Think about how long she's been stuck with your dad—that is, if she even recognizes him.

How about we go by the Dante definition? We can say each of you went to different layers of hell and she's never had to put up

with him. Wait, what am I saying? I guarantee he's relieved he's never had to put up with her. Relieved he's never had to answer for actions. Relieved he's never had to live up to his mistakes. He couldn't put up with her almost 40 years ago, why should he have to in the afterlife?

I looked it up: Aunt Rose would be in layer seven, second ring, so I know where to find her. It doesn't sound so bad. Grandpa is in layer nine, first ring. I don't know where you're going. If we go by this whack-ass version Dante made up, there's no room for you in hell. Where's the layer they send all the real-ass gangstas? Not heaven, right? It's ok, we have our signal; we'll find each other. I think it'll be fun.

I'm sure you're making it in hell. You've done it before. You've made it through much worse.

I know it doesn't compare, but I remember visits to Grandma's, being there for just an afternoon. I don't know how you did it.

Sometimes I contemplate if it's worth the wait. Well, no, I mean—I mean I contemplate if it's worth sticking it out or not. Why don't I just jump to the fun part?

Because I have a lot to prove. Like you did. You made it to hell and back and I can't get two feet out the door. I tell people all the time about how much of a gangster you were. How you've been working since 14, how you bought your first car at 19, how you were the only one of nine siblings to go to college, how you finally escaped hell, and how you gave me the life you never had.

Anyways, I'm wasting time. I'll see you soon, Mom.

VETE AL DIABLO

Sophia Franco Esparza

Mamá, me muero por reencontrarnos en el infierno.

Seguí todas tus instrucciones para el funeral: una barra libre de 'guamas y casi todas las prostitutas de Dearborn asistieron. Aunque por alguna razón Bob Seger nunca respondió a tu invitación, pero Steven Tyler sí. Quemamos tu trasero, fumamos tus cenizas y aprendimos por las malas que no se pueden fumar. Te lo agradezco. Como dirías estuvo: Llena de elíxir y regocijo.

Les conté a mis amigos sobre cada requisito. Me dijeron que estaba loco. "De hecho, no nos importa, ni creemos, esas cosas," dije. Además, "¡Eran sus peticiones!" Estar de luto es como una especie de celebración, como el Día de los Muertos. Sí, estoy triste, pero sé que estás en un lugar mejor y que te volveré a ver, en algún momento.

Espero que te puedas relajar en el infierno. Apártame un asiento hasta que llegue allá. Mis amigos no entienden por qué estaría tan emocionado. Pero ¿por qué alguien querrá ir al cielo? ¿Estar con un grupo de nerds por el resto de la eternidad? Todos los chicos *geniales* se van al infierno... espera, no. Me retracto. Porque hay gente como Hitler, Epstein y tu padre. Mis amigos me contaron que estarías sujeta a torturas eternas y toda esa mierda, pero apuesto a que estás más preocupada por tener que encontrarte con tu padre. Acabo de pensar en eso... pero quizá volviste a ver a la tía Rosie. Piensa en cuánto tiempo ha estado atrapada con tu padre, es decir, si es que lo reconoce.

¿Qué tal si nos guiamos con la definición de Dante? Podemos decir que cada uno de ustedes fue a diferentes niveles del infierno y ella nunca tuvo que aguantarlo. Espera, ¿qué estoy diciendo? Te garantizo que se siente aliviado ya que él no la tuvo que aguantar. Estaría aliviado de que nunca haya tenido que responder por acciones, aliviado de no estar a la altura de sus errores. No pudo soportarla hace casi 40 años, ¿por qué tendría que hacerlo en el más allá?

Lo busqué: tía Rosie estaría en la séptima capa, segundo anillo; así que sé dónde encontrarla. No suena tan mal. Abuelo está en la novena capa, primer anillo. No sé adónde vas. Si nos guiamos por esta locura que inventó Dante, no hay lugar para ti en el infierno. ¿Dónde está la capa que envían todos los gánsteres reales? No sería el cielo, ¿verdad? Como sea, tenemos nuestra señal; nos encontraremos. Creo que será divertido.

Estoy seguro de que lo estás logrando en el infierno. Lo has hecho antes, has pasado por peor.

Sé que no se compara, pero recuerdo las visitas a la abuela. Duraban toda la tarde. No sé cómo lo hiciste.

A veces me planteo si vale la pena esperar. Bueno, no, quiero decir... Quiero decir, si vale la pena aguantar o no. ¿Por qué no puedo pasar a la parte divertida?

Porque tengo mucho que demostrar como lo hiciste tú. Fuiste y regresaste al infierno. Y yo no puedo sacar ni dos pies de la puerta. Le cuento a la gente todo el tiempo lo gánster que eras. Cómo trabajaste desde los 14, cómo compraste tu primer auto a los 19, cómo fuiste la única de tus nueve hermanos en ir a la universidad, cómo finalmente escapaste del infierno y cómo me diste la vida que nunca tuviste.

Bueno, estoy perdiendo tiempo. Nos vemos pronto mamá.

VICTORY, WINGED

Charlotte Hagen

They called me Goddess once.

I was given their pride, their joy, and their sanctuary, welcoming them with open arms into a sacred place. I would award soldiers their successes in battle, and I would rally the people together in the wake of failure.

It did not matter if my cold body remained rooted to its stone ship, deaf to the cries of men an arm's length away from death. It did not matter if I could hear them at all. My presence alone was enough to instill faith, and faith was enough.

Faith would help them persevere, and in turn I would remain. And that was enough. Though I never answered their prayers, though I was only a vessel to their beloved victory, I was poised on my ship's bow throughout the ages.

My head was thrown back and held high, regal and defiant. Invisible wind whipped through my chiton, and blew through a set of powerful wings, seemingly ready to take flight at any moment.

I remained, and yet, piece by piece, time began to wear me down.

Was it my head to go first, or my arms? When did the roof of the temple give way, and did it shatter my wing? As the peoples' memory of me faded, my own began to fail me. The secrets and

rituals kept close to the complex had been forgotten, and I along with it. I did not mourn. I did not despair. I simply remained.

Suddenly, sunlight. A strange voice. My memory began to assemble itself like patchwork, as I, too, was brought back together in an unfamiliar place. I felt more and more eyes on me as I was marched from hall to hall. It was an eternity before I was joined once again to my ship, both of us irreversibly changed but still warmly familiar.

Every day I hear tongues so different from the worshippers of my homeland, public crowds gathered to witness me when once I shielded the practitioners of mysteries. I am exposed here. I am adored here.

Now I part the overwhelming crowds as if they were the sea, set high upon my ship with my chest thrown back all the same. I do not need eyes to see or ears to hear. My remaining wing catches the invisible wind, my chiton still in disarray.

After all these years, I remain.

I preside, victorious.

LA VICTOIRE AILÉE

Hannah Siefken

Ils m'appelaient jadis « déesse ».

J'étais donnée leur fierté, leur joie, et leur sanctuaire en les accueillant à bras ouverts dans un lieu sacré. Je décernais les succès aux soldats de bataille, et je mobilisais les gens ensemble à la suite d'un échec.

Ça ne faisait rien si mon corps froid restait enraciné dans son bateau de pierre, sourd aux cris des hommes à courte distance de la mort. Ça ne faisait rien du tout si je pouvais les entendre. Ma présence toute seule était suffisante pour inspirer la conviction, et la conviction était suffisante.

La conviction les aidait à persévérer, et à tour de rôle je restais. Et c'était suffisant. Bien que je n'aie jamais répondu à leurs prières, bien que je ne fusse qu'un vaisseau à leur victoire adorée, j'étais posée sur la proue de mon bateau au fil des ans.

Ma tête était fière, royale et rebelle. Le vent invisible fouettait à travers mon chiton et soufflait via une paire d'ailes puissantes, apparemment prêtes à s'envoler à tout instant.

Je restais, et cependant, petit à petit, le temps commença à m'user.

Est-ce que c'est ma tête qui partit la première, ou mes bras? Quand céda-t-il, le toit du temple, et fracassa-t-il mon aile ? Alors que la mémoire des gens de moi diminuait, la mienne commença à me décevoir. Les secrets et les rituels qui étaient gardés

proches du complexe étaient oubliés, et moi ainsi qu'eux. Je ne pleurerai pas. Je n'ai pas désespéré. Je suis simplement restée.

Soudain, la lumière de soleil. Une voix étrange. Ma mémoire commença à se raccommoder, alors que j'étais aussi raccommodée au lieu inconnu. Je me suis sentie de plus en plus de yeux sur moi comme j'étais dirigée de hall à hall. C'était une éternité avant je me suis encore une fois joint à mon bateau, tous les deux changés irréversiblement mais connus encore bien et chaleureusement.

Tous les jours j'entends les langues tellement différentes des fidèles de mon patrie, les foules publiques qui se sont rassemblées pour me témoigner alors que je protégeais une fois les pratiquants des mystères. Je suis exposée ici. Je suis adorée ici.

Maintenant je sépare les foules accablantes comme si elles étaient la mer, posée haute sur mon bateau avec ma poitrine fière malgré tout. Je n'ai pas besoin d'œil pour voir ou d'oreille pour entendre. Les vestiges de mon aile attrape le vent invisible, mon chiton toujours en bataille.

Après toutes ces années, je reste.

Je préside, victorieuse.

CONTRIBUTORS

Ahmed Ahmoudi is a translator hailing from Sudan with over a decade of experience in translation. He worked in Saudi Arabia for about 15 years practicing translation in his free time. Fluent in both Arabic and English, Ahmed has translated a diverse range of texts, from technical manuals to literary works. Currently based in Iowa, Ahmed dedicates his skills to helping new Sudanese immigrants navigate their new lives through language.

Thomas Brown is a translation and language major at the University of Iowa. Thomas would like to thank Professor Nakagawara for translating the titles of his two texts.

Sonja Cutts is a third-year Ethics and Public Policy major from Portland, Oregon. She's double minoring in Geographic Information Science and Environmental Policy & Planning, as well as pursuing two certificates: one in Social Science Analytics and another in Writing. When not busy with school, she likes to read, jog, and practice yoga. Her translation language is Latin.

Lauren Downs is a third year studying English and Creative Writing on the Publishing track with a minor in Translation. Once she finishes her degree, Lauren plans to work in a publishing house as a literary agent or novel editor! She is currently reading *Middlesex* by Jeffery Eugenides.

Sophia Franco Esparza is a writer and translator from Mexico studying English and Creative Writing and Translation at the University of Iowa. She likes listening to diverse genres of music and loves to care for her plants.

Noelle Franzone is a senior studying English and Creative Writing and Linguistics. Although she does not speak another language, her abilities of interpretive dance are unparalleled.

Zoe Friedline is a third-year creative writing major. Zoe lives in Michigan and has three cats. She loves reading, watching movies, and playing board games with her friends. She gets her inspiration from taking long walks in nature and listening to music. Her favorite author is Tolkien, and she loves to travel.

Josephine Geiger-Lee (she/her) is a senior (WHAT) majoring in English and creative writing and journalism and mass communication. A professor recently told her to “brush up on her Latin,” and she does fear she never had any Latin to begin with.

Charlotte Hagen is a second-year double-majoring in English & Creative Writing and Ancient Civilizations on the Museum Studies certificate. She learned Latin in high school, studies Attic Greek at Iowa, and is learning French on their own time. Her favorite video game is Hades, and her favorite book is Fredrik Backman’s *Beartown* (translated from Swedish).

Jessica Housour is a third-year student double-majoring in English and Spanish, with a minor in Translation. This is her second year working with the Translate Iowa Project. She is also an Honors TA, an Acquisitions Editor for Catharsis, and a volunteer at the Women’s Resource and Action Center. In her free time, she likes reading, rewatching her favorite movies (like *Pride and Prejudice!*), and starting all sorts of new hobbies.

Sayedeh Irvani was born and raised in Tehran, Iran. She is a third-year undergraduate student pursuing a BA in Psychology while following a Pre-PA track. She plans to become an interpreter and translate nonfiction books to allow/access/expand readers across the world.

Jodi Jin is a freshman majoring in biomedical sciences. She has spoken Chinese as a second language for as long as she can remember, and she loves to read, write, and sing in multiple languages. She has also been learning French since she was 12. In her free time, Jodi likes to write novels and play the piano.

Krzysztof Katkowski es un poeta, sociólogo, traductor y periodista polaco que también escribe en español. Está preparando una antología de poesía polaca contemporánea en esta lengua.

Aishani Kundu is a sophomore double majoring in Psychology and English and Creative Writing. In her free time, she loves experimenting with different forms of writing, reading surrealist and magical realism novels, and making to-do lists to keep her anxiety at bay. Her works have previously appeared in *Horizon*, *Ink Lit*, and *Fools Magazine*.

Eleanor MacKellar is a Psychology major and Spanish minor. She joined TIP as a way to practice her Spanish skills and loves the puzzle of it. She works in a sleep lab on campus, is a TA for Honors, and is secretary for Cross-stitch and Embroidery Club. In her free time she likes to read fantasy and sci-fi books and watch sub-par adventure movies.

Kristian Marchand (they/them) is a proud theatre nerd and human storage unit for the work of many stand-up comedians. They hope that their work becomes a stepping stone for more disabled, queer writers; in the meantime, they're majoring in creative writing and Italian.

Autumn Mayer is a third-year studying French, translation, and English and creative writing on the publishing track. When she's not busy coordinating and translating for TIP, copyediting for *Wilder Things*, or being an Honors Writing Fellow, she can be found making her way through an endless stack of books, writing novels, or rock climbing at the Rec.

Immi Mohamed born and raised in Maldives/Srilanka, Immi's writing revolves around people, places and experiences. She is a Chef and writer, out on the open road writing about just

anything that intrigues her, from Panama's local drunk to the guy with hulk-like legs selling peanuts butter on a bicycle.

Maria Pereira is a second-year English and Creative Writing Major and French minor at the University of Iowa. She's lived her whole life in Lisbon, Portugal, and she definitely misses it the most when it starts to snow in Iowa City. In her spare time, she watches movies, attempts (unsuccessfully) to teach herself Korean, and runs a relatively unknown gluten-free baking Instagram account.

Grace Pignolo is a fourth year English and Creative Writing student with minors in Italian, International Relations, and Theater Arts. She loves playing the piano, brushing up on her Latin, going to the movies, and talking with family friends over the phone to practice her Italian.

Jess Quintero is a poet and student at the University of Iowa. They draw inspiration for their works from memory and the seemingly mundane. Their favorite poets (in the loosest sense of the word) are Richard Siken, Mitski, and the entire Tumblr userbase. Jess thinks about love a normal amount.

Tessa Ramsden (she/her) is a senior undergraduate student majoring in Creative Writing and Chinese with a minor in Theatre. She is originally from Minnetonka, MN, and has been involved with TIP as a Chinese translator in the past. She is currently on the executive board for A Moment of Magic non-profit at Iowa and the VP for the Doily Allergen satirical student newspaper. She wrote (Un)Knowable after being inspired by a series of uplifting comments and conversations from those around her, who she is eternally grateful for.

Lucinda Riebe is a third-year English and Creative Writing student at the University of Iowa with a double major in Screenwriting. She has a love for genre fiction and likes to find ways to make the mundane fantastical. Lucinda enjoys her workshop classes, playing Dungeons and Dragons, and spending time with her friends.

Terra Richardson is a second year student studying French, International Studies, and Translation, with minors in Arabic and Spanish. She has always loved the challenge of taking on new languages and now loves the challenge of translating from one to the other. When she's not traveling back and forth from her double-life in France, she enjoys playing the bass and reading Stephen King.

B Self is a queer poet and mixed-media artist, currently majoring in Creative Writing at the University of Iowa. They take great inspiration from nature, the beautifully passionate community of Iowa writers, and the unrelenting evolution that comes with queerness and trans becoming. Fascinated by the shape and rhythm of writing, B is constantly pushing their work to break away from the confines of form, embracing the inherent poetry of creation.

Amritha Selvarajaguru is a senior studying English and Creative Writing and Secondary English Education at the University of Iowa, who aspires to be an English teacher one day. She admires the works of writers such as Ada Limón, Louise Glück, and Ocean Vuong, is terrified of cockroaches, and always eats M&Ms in rainbow order from red to brown.

Hannah Siefken is a second-year undergraduate at Iowa who is double-majoring in Theatre Arts (Acting, Directing, and Musical Theatre) and Translation. They have been studying French for nearly a decade, and they have a particular interest in translating French drama and literary fiction. Hannah has studied throughout Western Europe, including in France, and earned their Seal of Biliteracy in 2023. Outside of school, they enjoy practicing yoga, writing poetry, and playing with their dog, Cleo.

Ava Steiner is a second-year double major in English and Creative Writing and Screenwriting. When she isn't chasing plot bunnies or watching campy movies, she can be found shopping for vintage clothes or playing an indie visual novel.

Miya Swenson is double-majoring in Chinese and Translation. She enjoys listening to music, reading, writing, and dancing.

Her current song obsession is “scenic route” by sundial. It would be an absolute dream of hers to have a library with a bunch of hidden tunnels and secrets.

Jobin Terranova is a junior at the University of Iowa, majoring in English and Creative Writing and also studying Korean. Originally from Maine, he enjoys listening to music as well as watching tv and writing. With a love for Korean media, he also has an interest in translation and being able to use both English and Korean languages.

MJ Thierry is the Social Media Coordinator and translator for TIP. After living abroad in Taiwan and Spain, language learning and translation has become a major passion for them. MJ can mostly likely be found drinking mochas, reading cheesy romance books, or attending concerts around IC.

Atsary Tiem is a second-year majoring in Creative Writing and Economics. She enjoys playing piano, microwave-harmonizing, and inflicting suffering (...on her characters).

Angélica Toro Torres, now in her senior year, is a cinema major translating stories from English to Spanish and/or Italian one more time. Her plans after graduation are to either go to grad school or find work in the film industry, maybe leaning towards grad school. But when she's not preparing for her future after Iowa, she's watching horror movies on Prime Video, her recent favorite being Francis Ford Coppola's *Dracula* (1992).

Solenn Vincent is a second-year studying English and Creative Writing. She is bilingual in French and English, and enjoys writing prose, poetry, and nonfiction. She is published in multiple on-campus publications.

Elana Walters is a fourth-year studying English and Creative Writing. Her work has appeared in Litro Magazine, OFIC Magazine, and NYU's, Caustic Frolic. You can find her on Instagram @elanawalters5.

Ava Walton is currently a translator of Italian who has also

worked in Latin and Greek. Her interest in translation stemmed from classics which stemmed from an interest in death and dying. She uses the tools and philosophies of translation to make sense of--or peace with--love and loss. Translation across time, as an act of preservation, and why we choose to preserve is one of her primary interests in this work.

D Will is a third-year undergraduate student of English & Creative Writing and Screenwriting Arts at the University of Iowa. They are originally from Detroit, Michigan. They are a winner of the Iowa Chapbook Prize and they have had numerous pieces previously published in FOOLS and snapshots. In their free time, D Will enjoys thinking about their feelings and beaming ideas into their melon at night.

Diana Zhang is a senior double majoring in English and Creative Writing and Translation. Her translation languages are Chinese and Korean. In her spare time, she likes to play video games with her boyfriend.

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Our Translation Advisors

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