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mOthertongue Spring 2016 (Full PDF)

mOthertongue 2016

University of Massachusetts, Amherst

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[mOthertongue]

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mOthertongue was founded in 1994 in the Comparative Literature Program at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. The journal is published annually, and submissions are accepted early during the spring semester. The editors consider submissions from the Five College undergraduate and graduate student community.

Artwork or writing with an English translation may be sent to:
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dear reader,

For nearly two decades, *mOthertongue* has given students the opportunity to showcase their artistic endeavors and embrace their multilingual identities. In this volume, we once again celebrate the individuality of fellow artists through their poetry, photography, and art.

mOthertongue is essentially a platform for anybody from anywhere to share their vision and create an artistic dialogue with the world. There are no rules, no preconceptions, and no boundaries. Through this journal, anybody is capable of becoming an artist. And with the emphasis on multilingualism and the freedom of self-expression, the individual undergoes a process of learning and embracing his or her roots, creating an artistic outlet for that vision, and engaging in an academic process of translation. Truly, the journal allows for unheard voices to be heard, unseen art to be seen. In fact, the collection of so many multicultural voices in one place is as artistically inclusive as it is novel.

We would like to thank all of the talented individuals who contributed to this journal. We would also like to thank our supportive faculty advisor, Maria Soledad Barbon, who offered us treasurable direction and advice throughout the semester, and Leslie Hiller and Jean Fleming, who helped manage budget costs and financial duties. We would like to extend our thanks to the three graduate editorial advisors on our board, Daniel Armenti, Joseph Keady, and Siobhan Mei. Our gratitude also goes out to the Comparative Literature Program, the Language, Literatures, and Cultures Department, the Translation Center, and the University of Massachusetts Arts Council for their generous financial support. Lastly, we'd like to give our gratitude to Edwin Gentzler and William Moebius, the visionaries of *mOthertongue* since its first volume.

Enjoy!

Sincerely,
Rachel, Diba, Jeannine, and Jill

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APRILIS – I
Brinna Michael

arrides
demirrorque
qui umquam
adsequerer
ut mundus sit
minor quam
completus

APRIL – I
Brinna Michael

You smile
and I wonder
how I could ever feel
that the world
was anything
less than perfect.

Hidden Beauty
Nikki Grossfeld



가장 검은 순간, 너에게.
Seung Ah Rebecca Han

너의 슬픔을 침범하지 않고
네 곁에 서 있고 싶다.

너의 빈 집같은 마음 속
밥냄새 솔솔 나는 정겨움으로 채워주고 싶다.

너의 공허함을 우리 몸뚱이들로
부둥켜 안아주고 싶다.

너의 시립을
우리 어린날의 소란으로 데워주고 싶다.

너의 무너진 하늘을
턱없이 부족해도 여럿인 우리들 팔로
붙들고 싶다.

너의 다가올 추운 겨울 밤 혼자 누운 시간에
초를 태울 때의 따뜻함으로 가만히 지켜주고 싶다.

At the Darkest Moment, To You.
Translated by Rachel Sewon Bae

I will not invade your sadness
But I will stand beside you.

Your soul, like an empty house,
I wish to fill it with affection that smells of warm rice.

Your hollow feelings,
I wish to embrace it with my limbs.

Your coldness,
I wish to heat it with the sounds of our child-like days.

Your fallen sky,
Though not nearly enough, with our many arms,
I wish to hold it up for you.

Your approaching winter night, at a time you lie alone,
I wish to protect you, still, with the warmth of a burning candle.

どれくらい？
Naomi Chiba

どのくらい頑張るの？
あとどのくらい？
どのくらい？

私はいつも自分に問いかける。

どこまでいけるの？
どこまで？

自分の能力に自信がない時
私はいつも自分に問う。
どのくらい頑張るの？
あとどれくらい？
どれくらい？

同じことを何度も問う。
自分の人生の中で
今まで何度この質問をしてきただろうか

きっと
これからも同じことを問い続けていこう。
いつになっても問いかけるだろう。
自分の能力に対する不安は尽きないから。

これからも同じことを問い続けるだろう。
きっといつになっても。
人生は長い旅のようなものだから。
頑張って!

頑張れば叶う夢がたくさんある。
諦めないで
できることはたくさんあるから。
生きて、そして叶えて
たくさんの夢を

How Long?
Naomi Chiba

How long can I work on my dream?
How long can I stick to it?
How long?

I am asking myself the same questions over and
over again

How closely can I reach to my dream?
How closely can I achieve it?

I ask myself the same questions when I feel
powerless.
How long can I do my best?
How much can I endure?
How much can I sacrifice in my life?

I always ask the same questions when I doubt
my ability to achieve my dream.
I do not know how many times I have asked
these same questions in my life,
But still I have not found a definitive answer.

I will keep asking the same questions in the
future because countless worries await me on
the journey of my dream.

I will ask myself when I have anxiety about my
ability to pursue it.

I will ask myself the same things even when I am
old

because life is a long journey of chasing my
dreams.

Hold on!

I can achieve numerous dreams if I envision
them.

Don't give up!

There are many things I can do if I don't give up.
And live and achieve

Many unexpected, feasible dreams are waiting
for me.

At a Glance
Michael Agnello



“In Alicante, Spain, I was walking through the streets as the city prepared for a parade commencing the famous Hogueras de San Juan. The scene was hectic and I sporadically took shots of the crowd, who were dressed in traditional Spanish clothing. As I examined what I shot later, I noticed that I was not alone in my curiosity about the attire.”

Scope
Michael Agnello



“The Eiffel Tower is dwarfed by one of the Sacré-Coeur Basilica's buttresses. By showing Paris' landmark as seemingly insignificant, I feel the image conveys a sense of exploration.”

FORTVNATA VIX
Brinna Michael

effantur
destinamus – prodimus –
abire

effantur

non continati sumus
tamquam florive horaeve
figurave pluviae

sed verbam tentavi
concessi carmina collabi
ab labellis ad mentum
in tunica
indicia talia
non evanescunt
septemdecim cycli
litrum liquaminis
albique machinatio soniti

faciunt solummodo nequior

ONLY SO FORTUNATE

Brinna Michael

They say
we are meant – made –
to die.

They say

we are not permanent
like flowers or seasons or
the shape of rain.

But I've touched words
allowed songs to slip
from my lips to my chin
onto my shirt.
Stains like that
do not fade
seventeen cycles
a litre of lye
and a white noise machine

have only ever made it worse.

Qui Suis-Je?

Je suis la tortue qui porte le monde sur son dos
Je suis le bel hippopotame qui joue du tam-tam
Je suis toutes les couleurs de la mer
Je suis l'obscurité; je marche seule car le soleil me rend malade
Je suis une goutte de rosée limpide sur une feuille verte et brillante
Je suis la pluie d'une nuit d'été
Je suis un enfant du soleil qui brille sur les fleurs
Je suis la voix du vent dans les arbres
Je suis
Je suis

Composed by Professor Rhonda Tarr's Spring 2016 French 126 class: Peadar Angelone, Sammy Barrett, Chloe Bazinet, Andy Castillo, Audrey Donohue, Evan Duerr, Aki Kabiri, Maija Ploof, Rhonda Tarr, Evandro Tavares, and Katie Waldron.

Who Am I?

I am the turtle who carries the world on her back
I am the handsome hippo who plays the tam-tam
I am all the colors of the sea
I am darkness; I walk alone for the sun makes me ill
I am a limpid dewdrop on a shiny green leaf
I am the rain on a summer night
I am a child of the sun shining on the flowers
I am the voice of the wind in the trees
I am
I am

Composed by Professor Rhonda Tarr's Spring 2016 French 126 class: Peadar Angelone, Sammy Barrett, Chloe Bazinet, Andy Castillo, Audrey Donohue, Evan Duerr, Aki Kabiri, Maija Ploof, Rhonda Tarr, Evandro Tavares, and Katie Waldron.

Ave / Colonia Veraniega / Sol

Ave

Alas majestuosas

Cernándose más allá

Fugándose de su jaula

Angelito

*Robin Decoteau, Mariah Girouard,
Crystal Gomez, Sandra Seoane*

Colonia Veraniega

Secretos horageños

Amistad; risas intermidables

Bailando con la naturaleza

Niñez

*Marla Friedson, Harena Gebreyesus,
Elizabeth Ferreira, Olivia Santamaría*

Sol

Bendecida vida

Seduciendo su calor

Luego llora mi piel

Infrarrojo

*Laura Brisbois, Aaron O'Malley,
Emily O'Neal, Sabin Pudasaini*

Composed under Professor Carole Colutier 's Spring 2016 Spanish 240 class.

Bird / Camp / Sun

Bird

Majestic wings
Soars beyond peaks
Lifted from its cage
Angel

*Robin Decoteau, Mariah Girouard,
Crystal Gomez, Sandra Seoane*

Camp

Fireside secrets
Friends; endless laughter
We dance with nature
Childhood

*Marla Friedson, Harena Gebreyesus,
Elizabeth Ferreira, Olivia Santamaria*

Sun

Blessed life
Its warmth seducing
Yet my skin weeps
Infrared

*Laura Brisbois, Aaron O'Malley,
Emily O'Neal, Sabin Pudasaini*

Composed under Professor Carole Colutier's Spring 2016 Spanish 240 class.

Las Llaves
Jonatán Martín Gómez

*A Sonia,
por abrir unas puertas y cerrar otras.*

Cuando ya me había alejado unos metros del portal, me percaté de la ausencia de peso en los bolsillos. Las llaves. Te hice levantarte de la cama una vez más, pero con las prisas al salir se me olvidó besarte y decirte que te quiero.

Ahora entiendo que mi instinto de jugador apostara inconscientemente por las llaves: de algún modo tenía la certeza inexplicable de que cuando volviera a casa ya no habría nadie para abrirme la puerta.

The Keys

Translated by Elena Igartuburu García

*To Sonia,
for opening some doors and closing others.*

I was already a few steps away from the door when I became aware of a certain weightlessness in my pocket. My keys. I got you out of bed again but, as I was rushing out, forgot to a goodbye kiss and words to say how much I love you.

Now I understand that it was my gambler instinct inadvertently betting on the keys: somehow I had the certainty that when I got back home there would be no one to open the door for me.

플라스크 속 작은 난장이

Etan Lee

플라스크 속의 작은 난장이가 한 현자에게 물었다.

“육체를 가진 자의 삶은 어떠하오?”

현자는 난장이를 보지도 않은채 답하였다.

“외롭고, 춥고, 아프며 슬프다네.”

난장이는 이를 이해하지 못한다는듯 현자를 바라보았다.

“플라스크 속의 삶은 어떠한가?”

“답답하며, 불안하고 무섭소.”

그의 대답에 현자는 씨익 웃음을 보였다.

“무엇이 그리 우습소?” 플라스크 속의 난장이가 물었다.

“우습지 아니한가? 자네건 나건, 플라스크의 안이건 밖이건.

두렵고, 아프고, 슬픈건 모든 살아있는것들의 공통된 운명이란것이.”

“그것이 왜 우습소?” 난장이가 답하였다 “나에겐 비극으로만 보이오.”

“잃을것이 많다는것. 그리고 살아있다는 것을 느낄수 있다는 것.

이 즐겁지 아니한가?”

현자는 웃음을 머금은채 다시 그의 책들로 눈을 돌렸다.

“멍청한것.” 플라스크 속의 난장이가 눈을 돌리며 속삭였다.

“아, 나에게도 육체가 있다면.” 현자는 그 소리에 다시 한번 웃음을 머금었다.

A Little Man in a Flask

Translated by Rachel Sewon Bae

A little man in a flask asked the old wise man a question.

“How does the life inside flesh feel?”

The old wise man replied without looking at the little man.

“Full of loneliness, pain, misery and suffering.”

The little man stared at the old wise man, not able to understand him.

“How does the life inside a flask feel?” The old wise man asked.

The little man replied, “Always stifling, fearful and restless.”

The old wise man cracked a smile at his response.

“What’s so funny?” asked the little man in a flask.

“Isn’t it funny? You or me, life inside the flask or outside,

Fear, sadness and suffering are common fates of all things living.”

“How does that humor you?” asked the little man. “It feels like a tragedy to me.”

“To have things to lose and to be able to feel that you are alive. Isn’t that joyful?” The old wise man smiled and returned to his books.

“Foolish.” The little man rolled his eyes.

“Oh, only if I lived in flesh...” he mumbled.

The old wise man heard him speak.

And he cracked another smile that only he could understand.

Cosas hechas por el hombre
Haley Norris

El bonsái nunca pregunta por qué
Sembrado por la mano del jardinero,
crece ornamental ramificándose en direcciones intencionales.
Se poda por puro placer
Sin fruta
Sólo el fruto de la soberbia
La mascota del jardinero que nunca le pide nada.
Una tradición desde hace miles de años
Un espejismo de escala
Limitado por la maceta y la belleza misma

Pero tú
No eres una planta.
Podrás tener curvas elegantes como una magnolia
O zarcillos que cuelgan fluidamente como un río de vides

Podrás estar maduro o dulce
con olor delicada como la oliva otoñal o fresco como el cedro
Podrás ser persistente como hojas perennes
y gastado como corona laureada, que lleva tu nombre.

Pero aún así,
No eres una planta

Porque puedes preguntar por qué

Man Made Items

Haley Norris

The bonsai never asks why.
Groomed by the hand of the gardener,
it grows ornamental, branching out in intentional directions.
Pruned to be of pleasure
No fruit
Only fruit of pride
The Gardener's pet that never asks back.
A tradition for thousands of years.
An illusion of scale limited by the pot and beauty itself.

But you,
You are not a plant.
You may curve elegantly like a magnolia
Or have tendrils that hang flowingly like a river of vines

You may be ripe or sweet
scented delicately like an autumn olive or fresh like cedar
You may be persistent as evergreen
And worn as the wreath of laureates, named so after you.

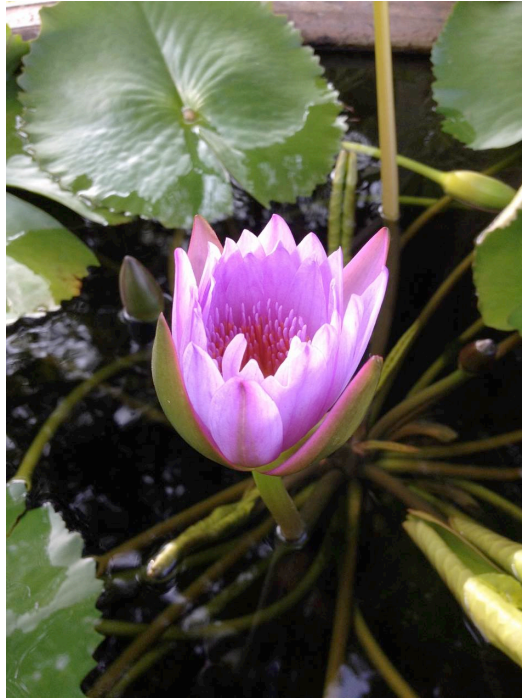
But you are still
Not a plant

Because you can ask why

Seasonal Mosaic
Nikki Grossfeld



Blooming Lotus
Yujia Ye



“予独爱莲之出淤泥而不染，濯清涟而不妖。”—【宋】周敦颐《爱莲说》

*I, for one, love only the lotus—for the way it emerged untainted from the muck,
Raising cleanly above ripples of water with an unaffected grace.*

— Zhou, Dunyi (Song Dynasty) “On the Love of Lotus”

Mayu Mayurispá
Olivia Baxter

WAYNA KASPAY, MAYUKA ÑAN-PUNA KANTAQ HUQKAN CREENI.
WAYRAPI, PAYKA TUSHUNTAQ KHARKATITTIYUTAQ.
KILLAP K'ANCHAYPI, PAYKA JINA WAWAMI PUÑURQA.

KARQANRISPALLA ÑISKA TIYAN ÑIN.
MUSQORQANIPIS QUNQAPURQANIPIS.

ÑANTA KUNAN, ÑOQA MAYUP TAKIYTA UYARI.
MANA ÑOQA MANA TARIY-PAY ATIIY; HAYKA ÑOQA PUÑIY, PAYKA TAKIYWAN PHURMUY.
PAYKA PUÑUKAMEN TAKIY, CHAKANAPURATAQ, PAYKA PAYPA KAWSAY PINTAY.

Mayu Mayurispá
Olivia Baxter

When I was young, I thought the river was a highway
In the wind, she danced and quaked for herself
In the moonlight she slept like a baby.

They said she could only live as she was living
And as I dreamt, I forgot.

Along the road now, I listen for the river's song.
I am not able to find her; when I am sleeping she is overflowing with song.
She is singing until she sleeps, and among the stars, she is painting her existence.

Reaprendiendo Mi Primer Idioma *Angela Acosta*

¿Cómo es que estoy sentada en una clase de español,
Aprendiendo los hechos más básicos de una lengua
Que hablaba en siglos pasados?
¿Cómo es que soy analfabeta en la única lengua
Cuyas palabras a mi me importan?
¿Cómo es usar el adjetivo latina
Sin saber nada del significado?

No soy una hablante nativa de español
Pero cada letra corre por mis venas,
Cada verbo y expresión coloquial
Es mi pulso y mi tierra patria
Es mi corazón.

Nací en una tierra extranjera en Florida,
Poblada en la antigüedad por indígenas
Que ya se han muerto tanto como
Mis últimas raíces en América Latina y Europa.

No es cuestión de probar mi identidad
Con mi lengua, tan académica, tan imperfecta
Que mi lengua se sintió cansada después de pronunciar
Mi propio nombre como debe ser pronunciado
Por la primera vez en mi vida.

Es cuestión de no sentirme aislada,
No vivir como una extranjera en una cultura
Que ni pertenece a mi ni a mis antepasados,
Las personas que entregaron su lengua
Como un pasaporte en la frontera
Y ahora sus voces hablan por mi
lengua no cortada.

Así es la vida, así que seguimos sobreviviendo
En un país de sueños, soñando en la única lengua
Que nos da la oportunidad de soñar.
Español – el trauma de la historia resuena
En nuestras tramas pero sufrimos y triunfamos juntos.

Relearning my first language
Angela Acosta

How is it that I'm sitting in a Spanish class,
Learning the most basic facts of a language
That I used to speak in centuries past?
How is it that I am illiterate in the only language
Whose words matter to me?
What is it like to use the adjective Latina
Without know anything of the meaning?

I am not a native Spanish speaker
But every letter flows through my veins,
Each verb and colloquial expression
Is my pulse and my homeland
Is my heart.

I was born in a foreign land in Florida,
Populated in ancient times by indigenous people
Who have already died just like
My last roots to Latin America and Europe.

It is not a question of proving my identity
With my tongue, so academic, so imperfect
That my tongue felt tired after pronouncing
My own name as it should be pronounced
For the first time in my life.

It is a question of not feeling isolated,
Not living as a foreigner in a culture,
That neither belongs to me nor my ancestors,
The people who handed over their language
Like a passport on the border
And now their voices speak through my
unsevered tongue.

Such is life, such that we keep surviving
In a country of dreams, dreaming in the only
language
That gives us the opportunity to dream.
Spanish – the trauma of history resounds
In our stories but we suffer and triumph together.

10.21
Kayla O'Meara

I crossed the town twice
looking for you,
walking a fool's hope
from one end to the next.

I told myself
“if I see her, c'est le destin”

bars yawn light
de l'or sous mes pas

le brasier rêvé
de tes bras, de ma bouche
sur la tienne.
silence d'une langue qui s'excuse
de tout.

orange leaves frill
sur l'arbre de nuit
ses branches ancrées
comme la lisière du ciel

I didn't see you.

en route –
ton absence profonde
ronge le jour à venir.

10.21

Kayla O'Meara

Deux fois, j'ai traversé la ville,
en promenant
mon fol espoir
d'un bout à l'autre bout.

je me suis dit
"si je la vois, it's fate"

ablaze with the dream
of your warmth, of my mouth
against yours.

silence is the language of absolution.

Je ne te voyais pas.

en route –

your profound absence
consumes the coming day.

moi qui te cherchait,

les bars bâillent de l'or,
light on my feet

les feuilles en flammes
frémissent
on the tree in the night,
its branches anchored
like the dark fringe of sky

mOthertongue

Diba Bijari, Jeannine Cullen, Rachel Sewon Bae, Jill O'Loughlin

من خیلی برای شما که هستید بسی ار هیجان زده هستم، و کسی که به شما خواهد شد

言葉は人々が残した穴を埋めます。

달은 눈뜬지 오래 빈방에 홀로 엮드려 나는 어머니를 기다립니다.

Flairez les plus petit fleurs.