



# SUI GENERIS

2020

**BARD COLLEGE**  
Annandale-on-Hudson, NY

## Translation, an Art

*Cada texto es único y, simultáneamente, es la traducción de otro texto. Ningún texto es enteramente original porque el lenguaje mismo, en su esencia, es ya una traducción: primero, del mundo no verbal y, después, porque cada signo y cada frase es la traducción de otro signo y de otra frase. Pero ese razonamiento puede invertirse sin perder validez: todos los textos son originales, porque cada traducción es distinta. Cada traducción es, hasta cierto punto, una invención y así constituye un texto único.*

– Octavio Paz

Each text is unique, and simultaneously it is the translation of another text. No text is entirely original because the same language, in its essence, is already a translation: first, of the non-verbal world and then, because each sign and each phrase is the translation of another sign and another phrase. But that reasoning can be reversed without losing validity: all texts are originals because each translation is distinct. Each translation is, to a certain extent, an invention and thus constitutes a single text.

– Sophie Gregory, trans.

# SUI GENERIS

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BARD COLLEGE

2020

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### Bard College

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

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## A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

Bard College's *Sui Generis* features original translations by students from all different backgrounds who are involved in the language programs on campus. Throughout the year, our editorial board strives to spread the word about the art of translation so as to maintain representation for each sector of Bard's linguistic department. For our readers who are unaware of our mission as a magazine, *Sui Generis* aims to present translation as the practice which brings us closer to another linguistic world by creating a mediated space of empathy, compassion, and mutual understanding.

In a time where the political sphere feels more polarized than ever, the work of translation stands as a powerful tool for entering into the perspective of the 'other' through language. *Sui Generis* is an annual Bard publication that features news in translation as well, and this year we were honored to experience the performance of *Kid Quixote* by The Still Waters Project. Members of the board attend events regarding translation in order to record how current events shape the way we think about linguistic adaptations as artful creations. For our 2020 publication, we collaborated with the Immigrant Voices Organization as they provided us with original Spanish texts centered also around themes of major current events. The practice of translation succeeds when the rendered work captures the same energy and spirit of a work while carrying the body of text over to another language.

With the privilege of serving as an editor for the journal also comes the responsibility of expressing deep gratitude for all those who helped realize this year's edition. We'd like to thank the language tutors, student editors, and faculty members whose language skills were indispensable to our editing process. We give much thanks and appreciation to our faculty advisor, Patricia Lopez-Gay, for her guidance and her care in keeping the publication on track.

As Alberto Manguel writes, "El lector ideal es un traductor. Es capaz de desmenuzar un texto, retirarle la piel, cortarlo hasta la médula, seguir cada arteria y cada vena y luego poner en pie a un nuevo ser viviente." This is to say that "The ideal reader is a translator. They are able to crumple a text, remove the skin, cut up to the marrow, follow each artery and each vein and later put the new living being on its feet" (as translated by Sophie Gregory).

So in other words...

Dear readers,

We hope that you delve into this magazine with an open awareness and a sentiment of respect for the 'other' as you encounter these bodies of works from across the world, translated by the bright-minded students of Annandale-on-Hudson.

## CULTURAL EVENT: *KID QUIXOTE*

SOPHIE GREGORY

This past February, Bard College had the pleasure of hosting a performance group from Still Waters of New York City. Directed by Steven Sherman, the Still Waters Project is composed entirely of children ranging from ages 7 to 15 who all possess one thing in common: they are the sons and daughters of Spanish-speaking immigrants who have relocated to the United States. The piece presented Bard College with an imaginative rendition of *El Ingenioso Don Quixote de La Mancha*, originally written by Miguel de Cervantes, upon which they bestowed the title *Kid Quixote*. This powerful performance piece, mixed with both dialogue and song, balances itself thoughtfully between the pain and joy that stems from Cervantes work but displays a different experience, vicariously through the lives of immigrants' children. The actors in *Kid Quixote* unveil the intensity of life experienced by immigrant communities and the effect on children growing up as well as the pure and heartfelt desire to play, laugh, and imagine the world away from the struggles of being an immigrant.

Cervantes' novela follows the epic adventures of a poor man in fifteenth century Spain whose dreams embrace a riveting fictitious tale within a harsh reality. *Kid Quixote* provides the audience with a rendition that encounters the Quixotic dream in the context of immigrant children in Brooklyn, New York. While the spirits of the actors capture Quixote's explosive imagination, these children have created a performative articulation of the struggles experienced by immigrant families, especially in terms of the border, poverty, and the fear of deportation and detention camps.

While the creative process for the group becomes a method of having fun and destressing, in hindsight this activity is a form of education for the children and adults involved. Following the performance, the audience learned that for many months, these young individuals studied over 10 different versions of *Don Quixote* in order to carefully select the body of English and Spanish language that became *Kid Quixote*. For these children, the ideal of dreaming holds the central focus during the whole of the show, and on this note they have the opportunity to exhibit the power of their collaborative imagination and to affect the individual mindsets of their audience wherever they travel.



[52] ἐπίεσε δ' αὐτοὺς μᾶλλον πρὸς τῷ ὑπάρχοντι πόνῳ καὶ ἡ ξυγκομιδὴ ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν ἐς τὸ ἄστυ, καὶ οὐχ ἦσσαν τοὺς ἐπελθόντας. οἰκίῳν γὰρ οὐχ ὑπαρχουσῶν, ἀλλ' ἐν καλύβαις πνιγηραῖς ὥρα ἔτους διαιτωμένων ὁ φθόρος ἐγίνετο οὐδενὶ κόσμῳ, ἀλλὰ καὶ νεκροὶ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις ἀποθνήσκοντες ἔκειντο καὶ ἐν ταῖς ὁδοῖς ἐκαλινδοῦντο καὶ περὶ τὰς κρήνας ἀπάσας ἡμιθνήτες τοῦ ὕδατος ἐπιθυμία. τὰ τε ἱερὰ ἐν οἷς ἐσκήνηντο νεκρῶν πλέα ἦν, αὐτοῦ ἐναποθνησκόντων· ὑπερβιαζομένου γὰρ τοῦ κακοῦ οἱ ἄνθρωποι, οὐκ ἔχοντες ὅτι γένωνται, ἐς ὀλιγῳρίαν ἐτράποντο καὶ ἱερῶν καὶ ὁσίων ὁμοίως. νόμοι τε πάντες ξυνεταράχθησαν οἷς ἐχρῶντο πρότερον περὶ τὰς ταφάς, ἔθαπτον δὲ ὡς ἕκαστος ἐδύνατο. καὶ πολλοὶ ἐς ἀναισχύντους θήκας ἐτράποντο σπάνει τῶν ἐπιτηδεῖων διὰ τὸ συχνοὺς ἤδη προτεθνάναι σφίσιν· ἐπὶ πυρὰς γὰρ ἀλλοτρίας φθάσαντες τοὺς νήσαντας οἱ μὲν ἐπιθέντες τὸν ἑαυτῶν νεκρὸν ὑφήπτον, οἱ δὲ καιομένου ἄλλου ἐπιβαλόντες ἄνωθεν ὃν φέροιεν ἀπῆσαν.

[53] πρῶτόν τε ἦρξε καὶ ἐς τὰλλα τῇ πόλει ἐπὶ πλεον ἀνομίας τὸ νόσημα. ῥῆον γὰρ ἐτόλμα τις ἂν πρότερον ἀπεκρύπτετο μὴ καθ' ἡδονὴν ποιεῖν, ἀγχίστροφον τὴν μεταβολὴν ὀρώντες τῶν τε εὐδαιμόνων καὶ αἰφνιδίως θνησκόντων καὶ τῶν οὐδὲν πρότερον κεκτημένων, εὐθύς δὲ τάκείνων ἐχόντων. ὥστε ταχεῖας τὰς ἐπαυρέσεις καὶ πρὸς τὸ τερπνὸν ἡξίου ποιεῖσθαι, ἐφήμερα τὰ τε σώματα καὶ τὰ χρήματα ὁμοίως ἡγούμενοι. καὶ τὸ μὲν προσταλαιπωρεῖν τῷ δόξαντι καλῷ οὐδεὶς πρόθυμος ἦν, ἄδηλον νομίζων εἰ πρὶν ἐπ' αὐτὸ ἐλθεῖν διαφθαρήσεται· ὅτι δὲ ἤδη τε ἡδὺ πανταχόθεν τε ἐς αὐτὸ κερδαλέον, τοῦτο καὶ

## THE PELOPONNESIAN WAR

KAITLIN KARMEN

*Thucydides describes the Athenian plague of 430 BCE. Having documented the physical symptoms characteristic of the plague, he now turns to describing the social implications: deterioration of laws and morals. Histories, Book II, 52-54.*

[52] In addition to the existing suffering, the crowding in of people from the fields into the city oppressed them more, especially those just arriving. Because they lived in huts—since they had no houses—that were stifling-hot at that time of year, the destruction came about without order, but the bodies lay upon one another dying, and half-dead men rolled about in the streets and around all the springs because of their longing for water. The sanctuaries where they lodged were full of corpses, since they had died right there. Because this evil pressed heavily upon them, people, not knowing what might become of them, turned to contempt for sacred and profane alike. All previously-established burial customs were disturbed, and they gave burials as each was able. Many, lacking provisions because so many others had already predeceased them, resorted to shameful modes of burial. Anticipating those who had already constructed pyres, some placed the corpse of one of their own upon the pyre of another and ignited it; and others, if another body was being burnt, threw whomever they were carrying on top of that pyre and departed.

[53] And the plague initiated in the city greater lawlessness in other matters. For everyone more readily dared to do what they had previously concealed their pleasure in doing, since they saw that the change—both among people who were wealthy but suddenly died and among people who started with nothing but immediately took those others' property—was sudden. So they deemed it worthy to seek enjoyments that were quick and for pleasure, because they considered their bodies and their possessions equally ephemeral. No one was eager to persist in what

καλὸν καὶ χρήσιμον κατέστη. θεῶν δὲ φόβος ἢ ἀνθρώπων νόμος οὐδεὶς ἀπέιργε, τὸ μὲν κρίνοντες ἐν ὁμοίῳ καὶ σέβειν καὶ μὴ ἐκ τοῦ πάντας ὁρᾶν ἐν ἴσῳ ἀπολλυμένους, τῶν δὲ ἀμαρτημάτων οὐδεὶς ἐλπίζων μέχρι τοῦ δίκην γενέσθαι βιοῦς ἂν τὴν τιμωρίαν ἀντιδοῦναι, πολὺ δὲ μείζω τὴν ἤδη κατεψηφισμένην σφῶν ἐπικρεμασθῆναι, ἣν πρὶν ἐμπεσεῖν εἰκὸς εἶναι τοῦ βίου τι ἀπολαῦσαι.

[54] τοιοῦτῳ μὲν πάθει οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι περιπεσόντες ἐπιέζοντο, ἀνθρώπων τ' ἔνδον θνησκόντων καὶ γῆς ἔξω δηουμένης. ἐν δὲ τῷ κακῷ οἷα εἰκὸς ἀνεμνήσθησαν καὶ τοῦδε τοῦ ἔπους, φάσκοντες οἱ πρεσβύτεροι πάλαι ἄδεσθαι “ἥξει Δωριακὸς πόλεμος καὶ λοιμὸς ἅμ' αὐτῷ.” ἐγένετο μὲν οὖν ἕρις τοῖς ἀνθρώποις μὴ λοιμὸν ὠνομάσθαι ἐν τῷ ἔπει ὑπὸ τῶν παλαιῶν, ἀλλὰ λιμόν, ἐνίκησε δὲ ἐπὶ τοῦ παρόντος εἰκότως λοιμὸν εἰρησθαι· οἱ γὰρ ἄνθρωποι πρὸς ἃ ἔπασχον τὴν μνήμην ἐποιοῦντο. ἦν δὲ γε οἴμαί ποτε ἄλλος πόλεμος καταλάβῃ Δωρικὸς τοῦδε ὕστερος καὶ ξυμβῇ γενέσθαι λιμόν, κατὰ τὸ εἰκὸς οὕτως ἄσσονται. μνήμη δὲ ἐγένετο καὶ τοῦ Λακεδαιμονίων χρηστηρίου τοῖς εἰδόσιν, ὅτε ἐπερωτῶσιν αὐτοῖς τὸν θεὸν εἰ χρὴ πολεμεῖν ἀνείλε κατὰ κράτος πολέμοισι νίκην ἔσεσθαι, καὶ αὐτὸς ἔφη συλλήψεσθαι. περὶ μὲν οὖν τοῦ χρηστηρίου τὰ γιγνόμενα ἥκαζον ὁμοῖα εἶναι· ἐσβεβληκότων δὲ τῶν Πελοποννησίων ἡ νόσος ἤρξατο εὐθύς, καὶ ἐς μὲν Πελοπόννησον οὐκ ἐσῆλθεν, ὅτι καὶ ἄξιον εἰπεῖν, ἐπενείματο δὲ Ἀθήνας μὲν μάλιστα, ἔπειτα δὲ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων χωρίων τὰ πολυανθρωπότεα. ταῦτα μὲν τὰ κατὰ τὴν νόσον γεγόμενα.

merely seemed good, since they considered it unclear whether they would die before attaining it. Whatever was immediately pleasurable, or whatever was in any way conducive to it, this became both good and useful. Neither fear of the gods nor human custom checked them. They judged it the same whether they were pious or impious, since they saw everyone dying equally, and since no one expected to survive until a trial took place and to pay the penalty for wrongdoings; rather, they supposed that the penalty already pronounced against them, which was much greater, was impending, and that it was reasonable to get some enjoyment of life before it fell upon them.

[54] The Athenians, afflicted by such suffering, were distressed, with humans dying inside the city and the land outside being ravaged. During the misfortune, as was natural, they also remembered the following verse, the old men asserting that long ago it was recited: “A Doric war will come, and plague along with it.” Then there was debate among people that it was not the word ‘plague’ but ‘famine’ used in the verse of the ancients. And the view prevailed that, given the current circumstances, plague was likely said. For humans crafted their memory according to what they experienced. But, I think, if ever at a later time another Doric war befalls them and there happens to be a famine, they will probably recite it in this latter manner. Those who knew about it also remembered the oracle given to the Lacedaemonians, that, when they consulted the god as to whether they should go to war, the god responded that if they should fight fiercely, victory would be theirs, and he said that he himself would assist. So concerning the oracle, they supposed that the events fit. And the plague did begin immediately after the Peloponnesians invaded, and it did not enter the Peloponnese to any extent worthy of mention, but it encroached upon Athens most of all, and next the places most densely populated. Such were the events concerning the plague.

Sole alla valle e sole alla collina  
 Per le compagne non c'è più nessuno  
 Addio, addio amore, io vado via  
 Amara terra mia, amara e bella

Cieli infiniti e volti come pietra  
 Mani incallite ormai senza speranza  
 Addio, addio amore, io vado via  
 Amara terra mia, amara e bella

Tra gli uliveti è nata già la luna  
 Un bimbo piange, allatta un seno magro  
 Addio, addio amore, io vado via  
 Amara terra mia, amara e bella

الشمس في الوادي و الشمس فوق التلة  
 في الريف لا يوجد أحد  
 مع السلامة، مع السلامة يا حبيبتني  
 أنا أذهب بعيداً  
 يا أرضي المريرة، مريرة وجميلة

سماوات بلا نهاية ووجوه مثل الحجر  
 أيادي قاسية الآن بدون الأمل  
 مع السلامة، مع السلامة يا حبيبتني  
 أنا أذهب بعيداً  
 يا أرضي المريرة، مريرة وجميلة

بين أشجار الزيتون ولد القمر بالفعل  
 يبكي طفل ويمص ثدي رفيع  
 مع السلامة، مع السلامة يا حبيبتني  
 أنا أذهب بعيداً  
 يا أرضي المريرة، مريرة وجميلة



## الْعَدُو

[MAHMOUD DARWISH] محمود درويش

كنتُ هناك قبل شهر . كنتُ هناك قبل  
 سنة . وكنت هناك دائماً كأني لم أكن  
 إلّا هناك . وفي عام 82 من القرن الماضي  
 حدث لنا شيء مما يحدث لنا الآن . حُوصِرنا  
 وقُتِلنا وقاومنا ما يُعْرَض علينا من جهنم .  
 القتلى / الشهداء لا يتشابهون . لكل واحد منهم  
 قوالم خاص، وملامح خاصة، وعينان واسم  
 وعمر مختلف . لكن القتلة هم الذين يتشابهون .  
 فهُمْ واحدٌ مُوزَعٌ على أجهزة معدنية . يضغط  
 على أزرار إلكترونية . يقتل ويختفي . يرانا ولا  
 نراه ، لا لأنه شبح ، بل لأنه قناع فولاذي  
 لفكرة ... لا ملامح له ولا عينان ولا عمر ولا  
 اسم . هو ... هو الذي اختار أن يكون له  
 اسم وحيد : العَدُو!

## THE ENEMY

RACHEL SHAMSIE

I was there a month ago. I was there  
 a year ago. I was always there as if I was only  
 there. And in the eighty-second year of the last century,  
 something happened to us that is happening now. Besieged.  
 Murdered. We resisted what was brought before us from Hell.

The killed/the martyrs are not similar. Each of them has  
 a special strength, special features, two eyes, a name  
 and are of different ages. But the killers, they are similar.  
 They are one distributed on a metal devices. He presses.

He kills and disappears. He sees us but  
 we do not see him. Not because he is a ghost, but because he is an iron mask  
 for an idea... He has no features. No eyes. No age. No  
 name. He... he is the one who chose to have  
 a single name: The enemy!

## أغنية حب

[TAYEB SALIH] الطيب صالح

## LOVE SONG

RACHEL SHAMSIE

كنت دائما أود أن أغني . لكن صوتي كان نشازا ، ولم أكن أستطيع أبدا  
أن أجيد نغمة واحدة ، لسوء حظي .  
الى أن لقيتها . قالت ان أردت فع لا أن أغني ، فعلي اذا أن أغني ،  
مهما كان وقع صوتي .

قلت : ” لكن صوتي نشاز ” .  
قالت : ” غن عن الحب . الناس تستويهم أغاني الحب الحزينة ” .

و هكذا ابتدأت . لم يحفل الناس بي أول الأمر . ثم أخذوا يصغون . بل  
ان بعضهم أحب أغاني . كانت  
عينها خضراوين و كان فمها واسعا وحاجباها نبيلين مقوسين بروعة  
. كانت تحبني و تحب العالم كله ، ما  
عدا اليابان قتل اليابانيون أخاها في الحرب الأخيرة .

ومع هذا فقد تركتني لأنني ترددت .  
أمر محزن ، نوعا ما ، لأني وان كنت أحب أن يسمع الناس غنائي ،  
فانني أغني لها خاصة .

I always wanted to sing, but my voice was jarring.  
Unfortunately for me, I was never able to carry  
a tune.  
Until I met her, that is. She told me that if I actually  
wanted to sing, I needed to try regardless of how  
I sounded.

I said, “But my voice is jarring.”  
She said, “Sing about love. People are hypnotized  
by sad love songs.”

And that’s how I started. At first, people were  
indifferent, but then they started to notice me.  
Some of them even loved my songs. Her eyes  
were green, her mouth was wide, and her distin-  
guished eyebrows were arched in awe. She loved  
me and the world in its entirety, except for the  
Japanese. They killed her brother in the last war.

Nevertheless, she left me because I hesitated.  
It’s sad to some extent. Even though I liked it  
when other people listened to my songs, I only  
sang for her.

# I SIT BESIDE THE FIRE AND THINK

J. R. R. TOLKEIN

# أجلس بجانب النار وأفكر

[GRACE MOLINARO] جريس مولينارو

I sit beside the fire and think  
of all that I have seen  
of meadow-flowers and butterflies  
in summers that have been;

Of yellow leaves and gossamer  
in autumns that there were,  
with morning mist and silver sun  
and wind upon my hair.

I sit beside the fire and think  
of how the world will be  
when winter comes without a spring  
that I shall ever see.

For still there are so many things  
that I have never seen:  
in every wood in every spring  
there is a different green.

I sit beside the fire and think  
of people long ago  
and people who will see a world  
that I shall never know.

But all the while I sit and think  
of times there were before,  
I listen for returning feet  
and voices at the door.

أجلس بجانب النار وأفكر  
في كل شيء رأيته  
في زهور مرج وفراشات  
في فصول صيف في الماضي؛  
في أوراق صفراء وشبك عنكبوت  
في فصول خريف من قبل  
فيها ضباب صباح والشمس الفضية  
والريح في شعري.  
أجلس بجانب النار وأفكر  
في كيف سيكون العالم  
عندما يجيء الشتاء  
بدون ربيع لن أراه مجدداً  
لأنه ما زال هناك أشياء كثيرة جداً  
لم أراها أبداً:  
في كل غابة في كل ربيع  
هناك خضار مختلف  
أجلس بجانب النار وأفكر  
في ناس من الماضي  
وناس سيرون عالم  
لن أعرفه أبداً.  
لكن في هذه الأثناء أجلس وأفكر  
في أوقات من قبل،  
أستمع لعودة الأقدام  
وأصوات عند الباب.

## انتقام

[TAHA MUHAMMAD ALI] طه محمد علي

أحياناً  
أتمنى أن أبارز  
الشخص الذي  
قتل والدي  
وهدم بيتنا  
فشرّديني  
في بلاد الناس  
الصّيقة  
فإذا قتلني  
أكون قد إرتحت  
وإن أجهزْتُ عليه  
أكون قد إنتقمتم  
  
لكن  
إذا تبَيَّن لي  
أثناء المبارزة  
أنّ لغريمي أمّاً  
تنتظره  
أو أباً  
يضع كفّ يمينه  
على مكان القلب من  
صدره  
كلّما تأخَّر إبنه  
ولو ربع ساعة  
عن موعد عودته  
فأنا عندها  
لن أقتله إذا  
تمكّنت منه  
  
كذلك  
أنا لن أفتك به  
إذا ظهر لي  
أنّ له إخوة وأخوات  
يحبّونه

## REVENGE

RAPHAEL LEWIS

Sometimes  
I wish to battle  
the person who  
killed my father  
and shattered our home  
leaving me displaced  
in the small world of  
people  
for if he kills me  
I could be at peace  
and if I finish him  
I could have my revenge  
  
But  
if it is revealed to me  
during the duel  
that my nemesis has a mother  
waiting for him  
or a father  
who grasps the heart in his chest  
with his right palm  
when his son is late  
even by a quarter of an hour  
for his expected arrival  
I, at that moment  
will not kill him even if  
I seize him  
  
Furthermore,  
I will not murder him  
if it appears to me  
that he has brothers and sisters  
who love him  
and cultivate their longing for him  
or if he has  
a wife welcoming him  
and children  
who can't endure his absence  
and rejoice with his gifts  
or if he has

وَيُذِمُّونَ تَشَوُّقَهُمْ إِلَيْهِ  
 أَوْ إِذَا كَانَ لَهُ  
 زَوْجَةٌ تَرْحُبُ بِهِ  
 وَأَطْفَالٌ  
 لَا يَطِيقُونَ غِيَابَهُ  
 وَيَفْرَحُونَ بِهَدَايَاهُ  
 أَوْ إِذَا كَانَ لَهُ  
 أَصْدِقَاءُ أَوْ أَقَارِبُ  
 جِيرَانُ مَعَارِفُ  
 زَمَلَاءُ سَجِنُ  
 رِفَاقُ مَسْتَشْفَى  
 أَوْ حُدَنَاءُ مَدْرَسَةٍ  
 يَسْأَلُونَ عَنْهُ  
 وَيَحْرَصُونَ عَلَى تَحِيَّتِهِ

أَمَّا إِذَا كَانَ وَحِيدًا  
 مَقْطُوعًا مِنْ شَجَرَةٍ  
 لَا أَبَ وَلَا أُمَّ  
 لَا إِخْوَةَ وَلَا أَخَوَاتٍ  
 لَا زَوْجَةَ وَلَا أَطْفَالَ  
 بَدُونَ أَصْدِقَاءَ وَلَا أَقْرَبَاءَ  
 وَلَا جِيرَانٍ  
 مِنْ غَيْرِ مَعَارِفٍ  
 بَلَا زَمَلَاءَ أَوْ رِفْقَاءَ أَوْ  
 أَخْدَانٍ  
 فَأَنَا لَنْ أُضِيفَ  
 إِلَى شَقَاءِ وَحْدَتِهِ  
 لَا عَذَابَ مَوْتٍ  
 وَلَا أَسَى فَنَاءٍ  
 بَلْ سَأُكْتَفَى  
 بِأَنْ أُغْمِضَ الطَّرْفَ عَنْهُ  
 حِينَ أَمَرَ بِهِ فِي الطَّرِيقِ  
 مُقْنَعًا نَفْسِي  
 بِأَنْ الْإِهْمَالَ  
 بَحْدَ ذَاتِهِ هُوَ أَيْضًا  
 نَوْعٌ مِنْ أَنْوَاعِ الْإِنْتِقَامِ

friends or relatives  
 neighbors or acquaintances  
 cellmates  
 fellow patients  
 or schoolmates  
 who ask about him  
 and make sure to greet him

if he is lonely  
 severed from a tree  
 no father and no mother  
 no brothers and no sisters  
 no wife and no children  
 without friends and relatives and neighbors  
 without acquaintances  
 without colleagues or companions or comrades  
 then I will not add  
 to the misery of his aloneness  
 nor the agony of death  
 the sorrow of his vanishing  
 but I will settle for  
 looking away  
 when I pass him on the street  
 I convince myself  
 that the neglect  
 in itself is also  
 a kind of revenge



## قصيدة الأرض

[MAHMOUD DARWISH] محمود درويش

—9—

مساء صغير على قرية مهمله  
وعينان نائمتان  
أعود ثالثين عاما  
وخمس حروب  
وأشهد أن الزمان  
يخبئ لي سنبلة  
يغني المغني  
عن النار والغرباء  
وكان المساء مساء  
وكان المغني يغني  
ويستجوبونه:  
لماذا تغني؟  
يرد عليهم:  
ألتي أغني  
وقد فتشوا صدره  
فلم يجدوا غير قلبه  
وقد فتشوا قلبه  
فلم يجدوا غير شعبه  
وقد فتشوا صوته  
فلم يجدوا غير حزنه  
وقد فتشوا حزنه  
فلم يجدوا غير سجنه  
وقد فتشوا سجنه  
فلم يجدوا غير أنفسهم في القيود  
وراء التلال  
ينام المغني وحيدا  
وفي شهر آذار  
تصعد منه الظلال

## THE LAND POEM

MARLAINA YOST

—9—

A small evening in a neglected village  
Two sleeping eyes  
Thirty years, and five wars  
I return  
I see that time  
Is hiding grain for me  
The singer sings  
About fire and strangers  
The evening was evening  
And the singer was singing  
They interrogate him:  
“Why are you singing?”  
He responds:  
Because I sing  
They searched his chest,  
But found only his heart  
They searched his heart,  
But found only his people  
They searched his voice  
But found only grief  
They searched his sorrow  
But found only his prison  
They searched his prison  
But found only themselves in chains  
Behind the hills  
The singer sleeps alone  
And in the month of March  
The shadows will rise above these slopes

## الصغار يضحكون

زكريا تامر [ZAKARIA TAMER]

شاهد الملك يوماً عدداً من الأولاد يلعبون في أحد الحقول ويضحكون  
مُرح، فسألهم: "لماذا تضحكون؟" قال أحد الأولاد: "أنا أضحك لأن  
السماء زرقاء." وقال ولد ثان: "أنا أضحك لأن الأشجار خضراء." وقال  
ولد ثالث: "أنا أضحك لأن العصافير تطير." فنظر الملك إلى السماء  
وللعصافير والأشجار، فألفاها لا تضحك، فافتنع بأن ضحكات الأولاد  
لا هدف لها سوى الهزء بهيبته الملكية، فعاد إلى قصره، وأصدر أمر  
يمنع أهل مملكته من الضحك، فأطاع الناس الكبار السن، وكفوا عن  
الضحك غير أن الأولاد الصغار لم يبالوا بأمر الملك وظلوا يضحكون لأن  
الأشجار خضراء والسماء زرقاء والعصافير تطير.

## THE LAUGHING CHILDREN

GENEVIEVE CHIOLA

One day, the King watched a group of children playing in a field, laughing with joy.

He asked, "Why are you laughing?"

One of the children responded, "I'm laughing because the sky is blue."

Another said, "I'm laughing because the trees are green."

A third child said, "I am laughing because the birds are flying."

The King looked at the sky and the birds and the trees, and did not laugh. Thus, he became convinced that the only purpose of the children's laughter was to mock his royal prestige.

So the King returned to his castle and issued an order forbidding laughter in his kingdom. The older people obeyed, and laughter ceased. But the young children paid no mind to the king's orders. They continued to laugh because the trees were green, the sky was blue and the birds were flying.

## لَكَ حَتَّى الْمَمَاتِ

الطيب صالح [TAYEB SALIH]

كانت تعمل كاتبة اختزال في شركة التلفزيون. وكانت تسكن مع عائلة في فينشلي، وتقضي عطلات الاسبوع مع أسرته في سيد كب. و لم يكن يبدو انها متعلقة بأهلها كثيراً. التقيا عشية رأس سنة ١٩٥٩، في حفلة رقص نظمها معهد الدراسات الشرقية بجامعة لندن.

“ماذا تدرس؟”

“أعد رسالة الدكتوراه في التاريخ.”

كان رقصه فظيحا، لكن معرفته باللغة الانكليزية كانت جيدة. بدا صغير السن جداً - وربما كان هذا مظهراً خادعاً. و كان صوته عذبا، و رائقاً للاذن. كانت اميل إلى البدانة، فأعجبه ذلك. كانت تقاطيع وجهه وسيمة حادة، الأمر الذي لم يرغب عنها.

وأعطى كل منهما الآخر رقم تلفونه.

بعد ثمانية أشهر حصلت المعجزة. ومع هذا -

قالت: “لست أدري.”

قال: “أنا أيضاً لست أدري.”

“عد إلى بلدك، وأنا سأسافر - إلى كندا ربما.”

وهكذا عاد ليدرس التاريخ في إحدى المدارس الثانوية.

وكتبت له من كندا تقول انها قد حصلت على وظيفة في شركة الاذاعة الكندية وان الحية في أوتوا لا بأس بها.

و كتب لها رسائل طويلة تلهب عاطفة، و كان يختمها دائماً بقوله: “لك حتى الممات” - قد يخيّل اليك انه كان يبالغ.

كتبت تقول: “الراتب جيد، و كندا ممتعة، لكن لماذا علينا أن نكون بعدين هذا البعد واحدنا عن الآخر؟” أجاب: “لأنه من جهة، ليس من العدل أن أجرك إلى هذا المكان، البالغ الحرارة والكيف الغبار، لأنني فقير لا أستطيع أن أثقل ضميري بك”

. وكانت الرسائل تحمل الحب من أفريقيا إلى كندا، و من كندا إلى أفريقيا بانتظام.

و كان الحب يشتد- هكذا كانت تقول الرسائل- واستطاع أنا أن أصدق ذلك.

مات بالالتهاب السحائي في صيف ١٩٦١.

و لم يخبرها أحد. ظلت بعد هذا بأشهر تواصل الكتابة و تسال: “لماذا لا تجيب؟ أم أنك لم تعد تحبني؟” ثم توقفت عن الكتابة.

## YOURS UNTIL DEATH

CLAIRE STURR AND RAPHAEL LEWIS

She was working as a stenographer at a television company and lived with a family in Finchley. She spent weekends with her family in Sidcup, to whom she did not seem particularly attached.

They met on New Year's Eve of 1959, at a dance party organized by the Oriental Studies Department at the University of London.

“What do you study?”

“I’m working towards my doctorate in History.”

His dancing was terrible, but his knowledge of the English language was good. He appeared very young—but maybe his looks were deceiving. His voice was sweet and clear to the ear. She was on the heavier side and he liked that. His facial features were handsome and sharp, which did not pass her by.

They exchanged phone numbers.

8 months later, the miracle happened and with that—

She said, “I don’t know.”

He said, “I don’t know either.”

“Go back to your country, and I will travel, maybe to Canada.”

And so, he returned to teach history at one of the highschoools.

She wrote to him from Canada, saying that she got a job at the Canadian Broadcasting Station and that life in Ottawa has been good to her. And he wrote long fiery romantic letters to her, always signing them with “Yours until death”—though you may imagine that he was exaggerating.

She wrote, saying, “My salary is good, and Canada is fun, but why do we have to be so far from each other?”

He answered, “On the one hand, it wouldn’t be fair for me to drag you to this place, the scorching heat and the thick dust, and also because I am poor and couldn’t bear the weight of you on my conscience.”

The letters regularly carried love from Africa to Canada and from Canada to Africa. And the love strengthened, or so the letters said—and I could believe it.

He died of meningitis in the summer of 1961.

No one informed her.

Still, for months after she continued to write and ask him, “Why don’t you answer? Or is it that you don’t love me anymore?”

Then she stopped writing.

# 美丽的自杀

莫言 [MO YAN]

你是我的姑姑的女儿，我比你大几岁，咱俩是表兄表妹呢。虽然我只见过你两次面，但我这辈子也忘记不了你了，表妹。本来为了证明这报告的真实性，我应该写出你的籍贯和姓名，但我不忍心让熟识你的人见到你的名字难过，不忍心让你的蒙受了痛苦的亲人们知道有一个人又把你拉出来示众。可是……请允许我把你的乳名报告了吧，表妹，你的乳名叫“美丽”。

实事求是地说，你算不上美丽，你的最引人注目的特征是你的健康，你的健康的像焦麦颜色的脸，你的健康的因为黑眼球过大而显得悲婉沉静的眼睛和你的健康成熟饱满的身体。

今年的七月初四，大栏镇逢集，我到集上去卖鸡蛋。我过了一条河，河里流淌着浅浅的无色的透明的水。我横穿了一条马路，路上摆着热气腾腾的驴粪球儿。几只麻雀在啄食着驴粪中残留的粮食粒儿。我跳过了一条路沟，就进了集市。几十个卖鸡蛋的老太婆小媳妇，有的站着，有的蹲着。有十几个可能来得早，抢得了好地盘，坐在了供销社从南方贩运来的一大堆青皮溜溜的竹竿上。你也在其中。在你们之间穿行着几个男女，随便地问着价钱，甚至蹲下去捏起一个鸡蛋晃晃，恍恍惚惚的，都不像真正的买主。在路沟边上，蹲着几个鸡蛋贩子，他们抽着烟，在熬你们，靠你们，等着你们不耐烦了就把鸡蛋低价卖给他们。你和那些立着的蹲着的坐着的女人们，眼巴巴地盯着那几个问价的人。我来了。我穿着军装，戴着部队刚发的像雄鸡的冠子一样威风的大檐帽子，提着一个大篮子。我知道自己生着一张虽然狰狞但是还算白皙的脸，走进了褐色的人群一定会引起大家的注意。你当时一定注意到了我。在你们的眼里，我一定是一个不懂行情、生怕买不到鸡蛋的笨蛋。我心中毛虚虚地问价，还装模作样地拿起鸡蛋对着太阳照照。报载：透明的就是好蛋，混浊的就是坏蛋。我无疑是抬高了七月初四大栏集鸡蛋市上的价格，鸡蛋贩子一定恨得我要命。我买了三百个鸡蛋。一个老太太说：看看，到底还是大军哥有钱！我脸上烧烧的，心中十分得意，得意便慷慨，便潇洒，于是在付账时连那三分五分的零头都不要了。这样的举动，更赢得了一片赞誉和很多的关注的目光。我很快就买够了鸡蛋，提起沉重的篮子，要走，这时，表妹，你提着一个柳条篮子，走到了我的面前。

柳条篮子里铺着一层金色的细沙，沙上插着十个红皮鸡蛋，鸡蛋上有一层浅浅的白霜，还有两枚鸡蛋上沾着黑红的血迹和几根细弱的纤毛。后来我才知道这是“头蛋”，黑血表示着生产的艰难和痛苦。

你说：“大哥，俺这里还有一把蛋，您也买了吧。”

# PRETTY'S SUICIDE

BIG KITTY XUE

You are the daughter of my aunt; I'm a couple years older than you. We are cousins on our mother's side. Even though I've only met you twice, I will not be able to forget about you, cousin. I should report your name and birthplace in order to prove the authenticity of our rapport, but it would be cruel to the ones who knew you, who would be saddened hearing your name again; it would be cruel for your agonized family folks to know someone is remembering your story. Well... please allow me to tell your name, cousin: as a baby your name was "Pretty".

To be blatantly honest, you weren't that pretty, your most defining character was your health, your healthy face was the color of burnt wheat, your healthy, oversized black pupils that looked full of despair, and your healthy, plump body.

Lunar fourth of July is when the market happens in the town of Dalan, and I went there to get eggs. I crossed a river with a thin layer of colorless water. I went across a road where steaming hot donkey shit sits in rows. A couple of sparrows were picking out the pieces of corn hidden inside the donkey waste. I leapt over a ditch on the road and made it to the market. Dozens of old women and young wives were selling eggs, some standing, some squatting. A good dozen of them probably came here really early and got the better turf sitting on top of the teal-skinned bamboo poles that are brought in to the Marketing and Supply Cooperatives. You were one of them. There were couples walking among you, half-heartedly asking for prices, even bending over to pick up eggs and shake them, absent-mindedly, but none of them looked like they were going to purchase any. Along the road ditch sat some egg dealers, who were smoking cigarettes, challenging you, dependent on you, waiting for you to run out of patience and buy the eggs cheap. You and those women who were standing, squatting, and sitting, stared straight into the people who asked for prices with anticipation and patience. I arrived. I was wearing my army uniform, wearing my prestigious, cockscomb-looking wide-brim army hat given by the troop, carrying a big basket. I was born with comparatively fair skin, which looked kind of mean, so walking into a crowd of tanned brown skin attracted attention. You must have noticed me. In your eyes, I must have been a dumbass who wanted to buy eggs desperately yet didn't know the ways of bargaining or selecting. I asked for a price with diffidence, holding up an egg against the sun not really knowing what I was looking for. The newspaper said: *clear eggs are good eggs, cloudy eggs are bad eggs*. No doubt I had forced up the prices of the egg market of the town of Dalan on the lunar date of July fourth, and egg dealers must have hated me to the guts. I bought three hundred eggs. An elder lady said: "Look at this!" It is the army man who has money, finally. My face began to burn a little, feeling quite complacent inside, and that prompted me to be generous, to be a little

我说：“买够了，买够了。”

你说：“您还多这十个蛋？块把钱，您买了吧。”

我从这时起注意到了你，看到了你生动的额头，沉思的眼睛，倔强的鼻子，疲乏的嘴唇，忧伤的下巴……我心中涌起一阵温暖的悲凉感，犹如惶惑的美丽潮水卷着贝壳冲刷着遗憾的荒凉滩头。我对你充满好感，渴望着与你交谈，我在羡慕健康异性的心理背景下与你扯淡。我故意地说你的蛋小，还说你的蛋是隔年的老蛋，是沾着血污的脏蛋。你似乎一点都不生气，你当时肯定也明白我的话毫无意义，我是在没话找话说。你说大哥您可是看错了眼，你从你买那些蛋里挑出一个和俺的蛋比比，看看可有一个蛋比俺的蛋新鲜？不怕不识货，就怕货比货嘛，您看看俺蛋上的白霜，看看蛋上的血，一只母鸡一辈子只有一只“头蛋”，“头蛋”能治病呢。你买的蛋里真有坏蛋呢。

你从我的篮子里挑出一个蛋给我看。这个蛋明亮光滑、仿佛是用砂纸打磨了后又涂上了一层油。你说：

“你摇摇看。”

我接过蛋，摇摇，里边传出“咣当”之声。我惶惑地看着你，你悄声说：

“这是孵小鸡孵下来的坏蛋。”

我很生气，回头去找那个把这样的鸡蛋卖给我、还说这是一种鸡蛋的新品种、看起来十分忠厚的、令人无法不信任的高个子老人，但是他已经走了。

你教给我很多关于鸡蛋的学问，我很感动。我宽慰自己，虽然买了坏蛋，但是增加了知识，今后买蛋就不会上当，这就是坏事变成了好事。

我用最高的价钱买了你的蛋。我把钱递到你黑红的手里。我看到你的掌纹深刻有力，手上结满了淡黄的老茧。当我的手触到你的手时，我有一种惶恐不安的感觉。我感到我们之间似乎有些特殊的关系。

freer, resulting in me not wanting the three or five cents of change back. Such behavior further earned me plenty of words of praise and eyes of attention. Soon after, when I had gotten enough eggs, I picked up the filled basket, making my exit, and just then, cousin, you were holding a basket made of willow twigs, walking up to me.

Inside the basket there was a thin, golden layer of sand, above the sand ten red-skinned eggs were embedded, over the egg there was a thin veil of frost, two of them were stained with black blood and a couple frail feathers. Later I learned that it is “the head egg,” the black blood signifying the pain and hardship of being in labor.

You said: “Big brother, I still have this handle of eggs, would you buy them too?”

I said: “I’ve got enough, I got enough.”

You said: “Just ten more eggs! They don’t cost more than a buck, would you just buy them?”

Starting in that moment, I began to really pay attention to you: I saw your lively forehead, your eyes deep in rumination, your stubborn nose and your melancholic chin... My heart was flooded with a wave of tender sadness, as if the translucent, beautiful ocean was brushing the deserted, regretful beach with a selection of beautiful seashells. By that point, I was full of admiration for you, desiring to converse with you. I started to talk to you because of my admiration for your healthiness. I purposefully said your eggs are small, said your eggs are over a year old, said your eggs are dirty from blood. You didn’t seem upset at all, you definitely realized what I was saying was absolutely meaningless, I was only saying whatever I could come up with. You said, “Big brother, you are mistaken, you should pick out an egg from your basket and compare it to one of mine, to see if any of them are nearly as fresh as mine. It’s fine not knowing what is good, but you will see what is good after the comparison. Look at the fresh frost on my eggs! Look at the blood! A hen could only produce one ‘head egg,’ a ‘head egg’ could cure diseases. There actually are bad eggs in the basket.”

You picked out an egg from my basket to show me. This egg was smooth and bright-colored, as if it had been waxed after it was sanded. You said:

“Try to shake it.”

I took hold of the egg, shook it, a sound of *bwing* came out. I looked over to you, confused and worried, and you whispered:

“That is a bad egg from an unhatched chick.”

I got annoyed, turned around to look for the tall old man who sold them to me, he told me it was a new breed of eggs, he seemed so honest and kind and impossible to distrust, but he had left the market already.

You taught me much knowledge about eggs. I was very touched. I comforted myself: even though I bought bad eggs, I gained knowledge. In the future I won’t be tricked into buying bad eggs, and something bad had turned into something good.

I bought your eggs with the highest market price. I passed the money into



我问：“你是哪个村的？”

你答：“谭家村。”

我问：“你们村谭秀丽在家干什么？”

你答：“教书呢。”

我问：“她结婚了吗？”

你说：“孩子都上小学了。”

我说：“我和她是小学同学，十几年没见面了。”

你问：“你姓管吧？”

我问：“你怎么知道？”

你说：“我猜出来了，你的模样挺像俺娘娘(伯母)。”

我说：“啊，你是……”

你低声叫我：“表哥。”

我说：“你是那个叫美玲的吧？”

你说：“那是俺二姐，我叫美丽。”

我说：“不好意思，说了很多不该说的话……”

your black-red hand. I saw the creases of your palm deep and strong and your hands covered in light-yellow calluses. When my hand touched your hand, I had an unsettling feeling. I felt that there might be some special connection between the two of us.

I asked: “Which village are you from?”

You answered: “Tan’s.”

I asked: “What is Tan Xiuli doing over there now?”

You answered: “She’s teaching.”

I asked: “Did she get married?”

You answered: “Her kid is in elementary school already.”

I said: “She and I went to elementary school together, I haven’t seen her in a dozen years.”

You asked: “Your family name is Guan right?”

I asked: “How do you know?”

You said: “I guessed it, you look a lot like my aunt.”

I said: “Ah, you are...”

You called me quietly: “Cousin brother.”

I said: “You are the one that’s called Wonderful?”

You said: “That’s my second sister, I am Pretty.”

I said: “Excuse me, I have said things earlier that I shouldn’t have said.”

You tossed the money I gave you back into my basket, and asked: “Did my cousin-in-law make you a boy or a girl?”

Then you ran away with your empty basket, I watched your shadow, feeling like something was lost.

Three days passed. Lunar July 7th is a wonderful but melancholic holiday: when the cowherd meets the weaving maid\*. In the mortal world, people use white flour and brown sugar to bake all kinds of “flowers”, there is “cat”, there is “tiger”, there is “chicken”, there is “fish”. Mother baked a good number of “flowers”, niece and nephew couldn’t stay away from the beaten stove, joy and happiness filled the house up to the roof, but I couldn’t share the same sentiments. It somehow felt like some things were unanswered.

On Lunar July 8th breakfast was the “flowers” left over from the day before, steamed up in the pot, the patterns had dissolved into themselves. One could not make out what figure it should be. I ate a “tiger” quickly, planning to do some weeding in the corn fields for my father. I heard the borers were extra aggressive this year, and corn fields have been dying patch by patch.

As I collected the instruments for the task, I suddenly heard a man weeping in a hearty voice. The man who cried to himself in the backyard was a frail, small, old man, seemed to be in his fifties, dressed in a pair of worn-out black

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\* Cowherd meets the Weaving Maid: A Chinese folktale about forbidden love. Banished to opposite sides of the heavenly river (The Milky Way), flocks of magpies form a bridge to reunite the lovers annually on the 7th day of lunar July.

你把我方才给你的钱往我的篮子里一扔，问：“表嫂生了个什么小孩？”

然后你提着篮子跑了。我望着你的背影，怅然若失。

过了三天，七月初七，一个美好而伤感的节日，天上的牛郎会织女，人间的百姓用白面红糖烙成各式各样的“花儿”，有“猫”有“虎”，有“鸡”有“鱼”。母亲咳着喘着烙了不少“花儿”，侄子和侄女围着锅台转，一家人喜气洋洋，但我却高兴不起来，总觉得心中有点事情放不下。

七月初八，早饭是昨天吃剩的“花儿”在锅里一蒸，都花纹模糊，不成模样。我匆匆吃了一只“虎”，打算到谷子地里帮父亲喷洒农药，据说钻心虫十分猖獗，谷子都一片片枯死了。

正收拾着药具，忽听到一个男人高亢的哭声。哭进院子的是一个憔悴的小老头，大约有五十岁吧，脚上穿着一双过时的黑色塑料凉鞋，哭声很响，但眼睛里却无泪水。我认出了他是姑姑的小叔子，人称神枪手的谭老四。据说他用土枪打死过两千多只野兔子，还有一些狐狸、野鸭什么的。谭老四一见我父亲，立刻就软软地瘫倒在地，叫一声：

“大哥啊……这日子没法子过了哇……啊啍啊啍啊啍……”

父亲一向急公好义，乡里闻名，一见此状，扔掉喷雾器，把谭老四双手扶起，问：

“怎么啦？老四？”

老四哭着对我们说：“大哥啊，大侄子啊，美丽这个糊涂虫，喝了毒药了啊……”

……那天我目送着你跑上河堤，你的健康的身体在灿烂的阳光里跳跃着，活像一头灵巧的小鹿。你把钱扔进我的篮子时，我看到你的耳朵都红了。啊表妹，你是一个健康纯洁的少女，你一声表哥，感我肺腑。即便表哥已垂死，你这一声呼唤，也会让我起死回生。可是你却往这曾经发出了美妙声音的地方灌进了毒药。表妹啊，你好糊涂。

plastic sandals, the crying was loud but there were no tears in his eyes. I recognized that he was the brother of my aunt, the renowned musketeer Tan Laosi. Allegedly he had shot dead over two thousand wild rabbits with a homemade pistol, along with some foxes and wild ducks. As soon as Tan Laosi saw my father, he collapsed softly onto the floor at once, crying:

“Big brother... There is no way to live this life anymore... ahhhh wahhhh ahhhhh wahhhh...”

Father is all about answering to needs, praised in the village for this quality. As soon as he saw him, he dropped the duster aside and held the hands of Tan Laosi's in his, asking:

“What is happening, Laosi?”

Laosi spoke as he cried: “Ah big brother! And big nephew! My silly girl Pretty, drank poison... ahhhh...”

...That day my eyes accompanied you running up the dam, your healthy body was leaping under the splendid sunshine like an agile deer. When you tossed the money back in my basket, I saw your ears blushing red. Ah cousin, you were a healthy, innocent young woman, the sound of you calling me “cousin brother” still echoes inside my head. Even if I, your cousin brother were on the edge of dying, the way you call out to me, could bring me straight back to life. But you decided to pour poison down where the magical calling used to come from. Ah cousin sis, you were so confused.

Your dad was in the backyard of my house, in front of me and my dad and many heads who came around hearing his crying, cursing at you:

“Ah Pretty, you little bastard, you really knocked your own dad over with a blow.”

Cousin sis, you used the unique weapon that only humans possess to knock down your dad like one of the two thousand wild rabbits he had killed. Thinking of your existence, he will never get back on his feet. From now on every time you cross his mind it will make his body tremble. He told everything: before and after your suicide, to my dad, your childhood is most likely flickering inside his head. You had a fair, chubby round face before you turned three, no one knows how your skin had grown darker, and how your face had grown longer. Your dad used to be obsessed with your “Zhuazhou” story. My aunt attended your “Zhuazhou” ceremony as well. You were so chubby that your wrists were layered in skin, decorated with a succession of small silver things, your snow white undergarment in front of your chest was embroidered with two yellow pigeons on top of two green branches. On the dining table in the living room there was a book, a pen, a scale, a calculator... everyone had their eyes on you, including your great-grandmother who didn't pass away till three years later. All her teeth had fallen out and new ones had grown in. She was curious what

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\* Zhuazhou: Originated from Wei and Jin dynasty, an Asian ritual held on child's first birthday. Whichever of various objects such as a book, a calculator, a pen, or a cash bill the child grabs signifies an omen of their career in life.

你的爹正在我家院子里，当着我和我爹和许多听到他的哭声赶来看热闹的人的面，大声地骂着你：“美丽啊，你这个小畜生，你这一疤棍子，把你爹给播倒了啊……”

表妹，你利用了人类独有的锐利武器，把你的打死过两千只野兔的爹像一只老野兔一样打倒了。他在你面前，从此再也直不起腰杆子了。他从此想到你就会颤抖不止。他正在向我的爹诉说着你自杀的前后过程，他的脑海里也许正在闪烁着童年形影。你在三岁前有一个白白胖胖的圆圆脸，不知为什么你越长越黑，脸盘也越来越长。你爹牢记着你“抓周”的事，我的姑姑也参加了你的“抓周”仪式。你的胖出了褶子的手脖子上拴着一串叮当作响的小银器，你的胸前的雪白的小兜肚上绣着两只叼着绿树枝的黄鸽子，堂屋里一张平放的饭桌上摆着书、笔、秤杆、算盘……大家都眼睁睁地看着你，你的三年之后才去世的曾祖母也看着你。她的老牙掉光又长出了新牙，她也想看看，你这个老谭家的第四代女孩子长大后要从事什么职业。大家都看到你伸出了手背上有肉窝窝的小手，毫不犹豫地抓住了你的当过志愿军炊事员的大伯父从战场上捡来的大钢笔。全家一片欢腾，都为你的锦绣的吉祥预兆欢呼。你曾祖母把那口崭新的新牙都笑了出来。你上完了小学，没考上中学，你没有当乡长或是当书记的三姑六舅，你下地当了农民。你像所有的农村女孩子一样，战战兢兢地跨进了青春的大门。你十六岁那年去赶集，不小心丢了一元三角钱，你爹在你的左腮上打了一个响亮的耳光。你哭了，但是不恨。你心甘情愿地承受了这一巴掌，你知道这一元三角钱对一个农民家庭的意义。挨打之后，你的心中反而感到轻松了不少，如果你的爹不打你，才会让你久久地难过。1976年的夏天，你曾经对你的女伴说过你丢了钱往家走时的感觉，你说当时只要有一个男人能给你一元三角钱，你就豁出去了。你在那样的屈辱面前，在一元三角钱和一耳光之间的漫长道路上都没有想到要自杀。你爹打过你，你哭了一会儿，吃了一个冷地瓜两根咸萝卜条儿，拿起一柄三股钢叉到南洼里掘茅草去了。而现在，表妹，到底是为了什么，你竟然喝下了毒药……

“大哥，这个讨债的鬼，她存心要我的老命啊……一把屎一把尿的把她养到二十岁，容易吗？不容易啊，可是她，就为了屁大的一点事，就下了狠心……”你的爹鼻涕一把眼泪一把地对着我和我的父亲哭诉着，“昨天晌午，也是我多事，她娘还住在医院里，还是那年结扎时留下的病根，至今还没好。吃饭时她还有说有笑的，还说起她表哥买她的鸡蛋的事儿，说他表哥念书多了，成了傻子，花了高价，买了一些坏蛋。吃过饭，来了一个讨饭的老头，挎着一篮子‘花儿’，什么花样的都有。这些年连讨饭的也提高了水平。那个讨饭的老头说，‘大兄弟，我实在是挎不动了，把这些干粮做个价卖给你吧，一毛钱一斤。’雪白的干粮一毛钱一斤，多便宜啊，我说，行吧，找个称过过吧。她当时就横鼻子竖眼地说，‘不要！’我问她，这样便宜，为什么不要呢？她说：‘脏，太脏了，没准里边还有大麻风家的干粮呢。’我说，烧得你不轻啊，才吃了几天饱饭？1960年那时，草根树皮都没得吃，大麻风家的干粮你也大口吃！然后我就做主把那一篮子干粮买下了。就为了这样一件小事，她就喝了毒药

profession you would go for as the fourth generation of the Tan's. Everyone witnessed you reaching out your chubby little hand, with no hesitation, grabbing the big ink pen your uncle found on a battlefield from being the cook of the volunteering army. The whole household burst into smiles, cheering for such a glorious, auspicious omen. Even the new teeth of your great-grandmother were smiling. You finished elementary school, didn't get into middle school. You didn't become the chief of the county nor a family member of a governmental secretary. Instead, you went down the fields and became a farmer. Like every girl from the countryside, you started your adolescence without ease. You lost a dollar and thirty cents on your way to the market when you were sixteen, your father gave you a loud slap across your left cheek. You cried, but without any hatred for your dad. You took the slap so willingly, you knew what a dollar and thirty cents meant for a farmer family. You were relieved finally after the slap, if your dad didn't hit you, that would actually bring you guilt much longer. The summer of 1976, you were telling your girlfriend how you felt on your way home after losing the money. You said if a man were to give you a dollar and thirty cents, you would've gone with it. Being in front of such humiliation, on the path between a dollar and thirty cents and a slap, didn't lead you to the idea of suicide. Your dad hit you, you cried for a bit, ate a cold yam and two salted carrot slices, went on stacking hay bales again with your steel rake. But now, cousin sis, for what reason, you poured poison down your throat...

“Big brother, this ungrateful brat, ah she is trying to take my life on purpose... a spoon of rice, then a sip of water. I raised her till twenty, was it easy? No it wasn't easy, but she, over some insignificant matter, got so cold-hearted...” Your dad is crying to my father, snorting and tearing. “Midday yesterday, I could've just minded my own business, her mother is still in the hospital, the same complication from the ligation surgery from back then, never recovered. Even at lunch she was in a good mood, she mentioned her cousin brother buying her eggs at the market that day, said he studied too much now he has become a nerd, spent money on bad eggs. After the meal, an old beggar came over, had a basket full of ‘flowers’, in all varieties and forms. Even beggars these days have upped their game. That old beggar said, ‘Big brother, I truly can't carry them anymore, would you take them if I give you a good price? Ten cents a pound.’ ‘Ten cents a pound of white rice and ‘flowers’, what a deal,’ I said, ‘alright, run them through the scale.’ She suddenly scrounged up her face and said:

‘No!’

‘They are so cheap, why not?’ I asked her.

‘Filthy, too filthy. Who knows, it might be rice from lepers?’ She said.

‘Get over yourself, how many days of empty stomachs have we had to live through? In the 1960s, even grass roots and tree skins ran out on us. Even if it is sick rice you better eat it in big bites!’ Then I made the call to buy out the whole basket of food. Over this thing, she drank poison...”

“Laosi, stop beating yourself up!” My father rolled up a cigarette and passed it to your father and said, “It is not your fault. This daughter wasn't written in



啊……”

“老四，别难过了，”我父亲卷起一支烟递给你的父亲，说，“这不是你的错，你命里没有这样一个闺女，该当如此……”

“大哥，我悔死了，”你父亲揪扯着他乱草般的头发，说，“我鬼迷了心窍了，为什么要买那篮子干粮？我为什么要贪那点小便宜？既然闺女不愿意，我为什么还要买？”

“老四，过去的事情，就不要再提，提也无益，”我父亲说，“再说了，人活百岁也是死，该怎么死都是命中注定的，该死在井里绝对死不在湾里。死了的就死了，活着的人还要往前奔。闺女在哪里？”

“在乡医院里，”你爹说，“大哥，不好意思开口，我是来借钱的，她娘还住在医院里，医院不让赊账，她这一死，又给我折腾了一顿饥荒啊……”

表妹，我陪着我的爹和你的爹来到乡医院，看到了平放在床板上的你。你的脸色青紫，眼皮深红，两缕凝固了的黑色光线从你的未合拢的睫毛间射出来，犹如利箭射进了我的心。你还穿着那天卖鸡蛋时穿过的那套衣裳，断过襁儿的白色塑料凉鞋还穿在你的脚上。乌黑的脚趾上，你的指甲像珍珠一样放出虹彩。你躺在木床上，舒展大方，两枚已经僵硬了的乳房把你的衬衣撑起，透明凄凉沮丧，无可奈何，像两只眼睛直视着我，向我诉说着你的秘密，人生的秘密，在人生的坎坷道路上，有一个正当妙龄的黄花姑娘走累了，走厌了，她不走了。在你的面前，表妹，我蓦然意识到，生死之间原来只隔着一层薄薄的纸，原来以为明确的、不可逾越的界限，其实非常模糊低矮，一闪念间就跨越了。在死者面前，生者都变得渺小晦暗，你的青紫的脸上，闪烁着庄严的、睥睨万物的光辉。表妹，你通俗易懂地向我解说了人的伟大和卑微，人的坚强和软弱，这些对立的观念，又是怎样完美和谐地存在于一个生命个体之中，互相牵制着，互相制约着。

表妹，你起来，你站起来，我有话问你。你为什么要这样？难道你不留恋瑰丽的充满了欢乐和痛苦的、喧嚣与骚动着的人世吗？难道你不留恋你的亲人、你的朋友、你的情人、你的仇敌、你倾心的电影明星吗？你难道不想看看这空旷无边的原野上夏则郁郁葱葱秋则一片金黄的庄稼和农夫们被阳光染成土黄色的肌肤了吗？你不为永远听不到牛犊思念母亲的凄凉的鸣叫、绕梁燕子的缠绵啁啾、盘旋蓝天的风筝的呼啸、猫头鹰在暗夜里发出的喜悦的叫声和产妇阵痛时甜蜜的呻吟而感到后悔吗？当你的爹用那支古老的长苗子猎枪把

your life. It is what it is...”

“Big brother, I feel nothing but regret,” your father clenched onto his tangled hair, saying: “Something got into my head. Why did I buy that bucket of rice and ‘flowers’? Why did I think it was a good deal? My daughter said no. Why did I buy them anyways?”

“Laosi, things that already passed, don’t mention them anymore, doesn’t get you anywhere,” my father said. “Think about this, one lives to a hundred years and still dies. How one dies has been written into their lives, someone who is meant to drown inside a well will never drown by the bay. You die, you die. The living ones have to keep going. Where is your daughter now?”

“In the county hospital,” your dad said, “Big brother, I feel so bad to ask, I am here to borrow money from you, her mom is still in the hospital, and the hospital needs money before the treatments, her dying on us right now is going to cause me another year of starving……”

Cousin sis, I accompanied my dad and your dad to the county hospital, saw you on a flat piece of plank. Your face was purple, and eyelids blood red. Two streams of black lights, frozen, shone through your eyelids that never fully closed, like a sharp arrow shooting straight to my heart. You were wearing the same clothes you wore selling eggs at the market, that pair of unglued white plastic slippers are still on your feet. Your toenails were shining the gradients of pearl, against your black toes. You were lying on the wooden bed, stretched and content. Your two breasts had turned hard and held up your blouse — transparent, sorrowful, saddening, out of last resorts, like two eyes staring straight at me, telling me your secrets, secrets of life. On the cankerous road of life, there is a beautiful, unwed girl who got tired of walking, got sick of walking, she was not going to walk anymore. In front of your presence, cousin sis, I suddenly realized, there was only a thin piece of paper between life and death. The presumption of a distinguishable, inarguable boundary, was in fact vague, shallow. One can cross it easily between thoughts. In front of a deceased one, the living ones become small and obscene. Your purple face was shining, with a solemn, noble halo. Cousin sis, you illustrated to me the greatness and lowliness of humanity in the most comprehensive way; the adamance and the weakness, how these opposite ideas existed perfectly in one entity of life, containing each other, restraining each other.

Cousin sis, get up, get up you! I have something to ask you. Why did you do this? Don’t you enjoy the grandiosity of life filled with happiness and pain, loud and bursting with energy? Don’t you want to stay for your family, your friends, your lover, your enemies, the film stars you have crushes on? Don’t you want to take a look at these endless grass plains that are green and robust in the summer and in the autumn, golden harvests across the fields with farmers scattered around, skin dyed to earth yellow from sun? Don’t you regret that you will never hear the lonely calves crying for their mothers, the romantic tweets of swallows flying around the beams, howls from kites slashing across the blue sky, owls’ singing from the joy of capturing foods, the sweet sound of moaning from a pregnant woman experiencing periodic contraction pain?

一只飞奔中的野兔打得离地三尺又跌落下来时，当野兔的嘴巴流出的鲜血将洁白的雪地染红了时，当一对情人在澄澈的月明之夜躲进散发着苦香的草堆里依偎在一起相互抚爱并且发出小野兽一样的叫声时，当少先队员在冰河上滑冰不幸掉进冰窟窿里又被人救起时，当除夕之夜突然出现了一颗巨大的彗星将银河横断千万人人为此惶惶不安时，当这一切都出现过之后又更加美丽地再现时，啊表妹，你已经看不到了听不到了，你不为此感到遗憾吗？

“孩子，你糊涂啊，爹更糊涂……”

“老四，人死如灯灭，哭也不管用了……”

表妹，请你回答我，你是从什么时候开始悟到了农药不但可以杀死害虫而且还可以杀死人自己，什么时候帮助人类生存的文明的结晶开始异化成为消灭人类的野蛮手段？你什么时候知道了人可以自己结束自己的生命？你怎么忘记了我们家乡妇孺皆知的伟大格言：好死不如赖活着！你知不知道由于你的提前退席将使假如是温暖的世界失去一分温暖假如是寒冷的世界更多几分寒冷呢？你知不知道你健康的身体可以孕育一个也许能成为伟大领袖的胚胎，你纯洁的乳汁可以哺乳一个也许能成为天才人物的婴孩？就像电影里说的一样：在你这条金光闪闪的丝线上，本来可以编织出绵延不尽的绸缎，你却一刀把这根丝线斩断了。

你到底有什么委屈，你那点委屈算得了什么？你父亲讲的不是挺对吗？几年前你不是还终年不得温饱吗？吃饱了喝足了你还不知足，你还要什么呢？

是哪个无耻的男子像侮辱S村的郭××一样侮辱过你吗？郭××遭受侮辱，悲愤交加，在村头一棵树上，用一条麻绳子，勒断了自己的咽喉。她二十五岁，比你早去了十个月。

你是因为婚姻上的不如意，像那个为了给自己的瘸腿哥哥换媳妇被迫嫁给了一个歪头汉子的C村的陈×一样吗？陈×为了反抗这无耻的婚姻，扎进了一口闲置的机井，在井里倒置了半个月才被发现，弄上来时，眼珠子都控了出来。她生前美丽无比，死后人不敢看。她二十七岁，先你八个月告别人世。

你是因为厌烦了毫无新意的车轮般旋转的生活和牛马般的艰苦劳动而服毒的吗？D村的吴姓孪生姐妹看到电影上的优美生活，痛感命运不公，天下不平，每人喝了一瓶“滴杀死”，相抱着，像她们在母腹里一样，到天国去找上

*When your dad shoots the fleeing wild rabbits down with that archaic gun, when the blood of a wild rabbit dyes the white snow red, when two lovers sneak between bitter smelling hay stacks in a night under clear moon, snuggling up to each other and caressing each other and making squeaks like little monsters, when the Young Pioneers\* ski on the lake, falling into a ice hole and then getting rescued from the ice hole, when that huge comet cuts the Milky Way in half on that New Year Eve and thousands and thousands of people are paranoid about it, when all of these that happened happen again, ah sister, you can't see anymore, can't hear anymore, don't you regret this?*

“My child, you are so silly, your own dad is even worse...”

“Laosi, people die, like an oil lamp that has been blown out, crying does no good...”

Cousin sister, please answer me, since when did you realize that pesticides can kill a person as well as kill pests? Since when did the creation of human civilization that helps people to survive dissimulate into a brutal method to extinguish themselves? Since when did you find out that people can end their own lives? How could you forget the great slogan that everyone knows in our hometown: *Better living with struggles than dying at once!* Do you know because of your early departure, a warm world would lose a force of warmth and a cold world would become even more unbearable? Do you know your healthy body could be the home of an embryo that has the potential to become a great leader, your pure breast milk can nourish a child that could become a genius figure? Like this line from the movie: The golden, glittering silk thread could've been made into long, elaborate fabric pieces, but you cut the thin thread off at once with a knife.

What even was troubling you? You had no clue what the real troubles were like. Was your father not right? Just a couple years ago none of us had a full meal year to year end, do you not remember that? You had food to eat and finally felt full in your stomach and you still didn't feel content, what else did you want? Did someone assault you like what that shameless man did to Guo from Village S? Guo was assaulted, overwhelmed by despair and anger, used a hemp rope, and broke her neck. She was twenty-five, gone ten months earlier than you did.

Was it the idea of depressing marriages, like Chen who was forced to marry a man in Village C with his head permanently stuck facing left just so her limp brother can have a wife? To protest this unfair marriage, Chen dived straight into an abandoned well, head down feet up for half a month before being found, when they got her up, her eyeballs had fallen out. Before she was incredibly beautiful, now no one could even take a look at her. She was twenty-seven, and left the world eight months before you.

Did you drink poison because you were sick of mundane days running by like wheels and the hard days we work like cows and horses in the farm lands? Twin sisters of Wu in Village D saw the beautiful life in the movies, troubled by the unfairness in destiny and injustice around the world, each drank a bottle of

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\* Young Pioneers: A mass youth organization for children aged six to fourteen. Run by the Communist Youth League.



帝论理去了。她们的年龄加起来三十四岁，死于去年元旦。

你是因为受了几句忆苦思甜的教育而死吗？你是因为吃饱喝足了而被福气烧死的吗？你是因为那可怕的自尊心受到伤害而死的吗？你是因为精神生活的贫困而死的吗？你是因为爱但是难得到爱而死的吗？……啊，表妹，你多么聪明啊，你用了两秒钟就把自己与这个世界的关系推卸得干干净净，你使十几个人为你瞠目结舌，你飞扬着彩蝶一样的衣袂加入了那些先你而去的仙女们的行列，你们使活着的人在你们的生满野草的坟茔前、在对你们的鲜活面容的回忆里，发出永无休止的叹息。

你像先哲一样睨着我，不愿意听我的胡言乱语。表妹，我在想，在这个地球上，每天都有人在结束自己的生命，不论是在我们的优越的社会主义制度下还是在腐朽的资本主义制度下。人应该研究自己。人应该关心和研究自杀问题。人应该尽量消除造成的自杀的客观条件，矫正灵魂深处的偏差。活的更好一点，活的更像人一点。毫无疑问，自杀曾经使一些人英名盖世，自杀也使一些人遗臭万年。光荣的自杀，勇敢的自杀，怯懦的自杀，有意义的自杀，毫无价值的自杀……希望能有人来研究自杀，希望能有人来研究近年来农村姑娘的自杀，不但到贫困的地区去调查，也要到富裕起来的地区去调查。救活一个姑娘，比炸掉一个暗堡更加功德无量。表妹，我不知道应该如何来评价你这次最后的行动。一个平凡的人死了，让所有平凡的人都难过。你在乙丑年七月初七夜半时分，喝了250CC剧毒有机磷农药，十分钟后药力发作。你爹听到你临倒前长叹了一口气。送到医院时，你已经停止了呼吸。医生给你打了几针，但除了让化学物质更快地腐蚀你的肌体，除了给你爹增添一点债务，已无任何意义。你生于1963年3月5日，作为一个人，你在这个地球上，生活了二十二年多五个月。

为了防止苍蝇往你的脸上吐唾沫，我拉过了一条肮脏的白床单把你的脸和你的身体遮盖起来。就像一层发黑的雪，遮没了朦胧的丘陵和山峰。

“Drop Dead”，embracing each other, like when they were in the uterus at one point, went to the heaven above to reason with the God. Their ages added up were thirty-four years old, died last lunar New Year.

Did you die because you had to deal with the “Be content because we used to have nothing” talk? Was it because you had food to eat and water to drink and happiness smothered you to death? Was it the frustrated ego that did it? Did the barren spiritual life starve you dead? Was it because there is love but it is too hard to have? ...Agh cousin sis, you were so clever, it took you two seconds to detach from all responsibilities you had in the world, you have a dozen people having trouble wrapping their heads around it, your clothes like a cruising butterfly joined the fairies that left before you did, you made all the living ones standing in front of your tomb that is surrounded by weeds, engaging in the memories of the most lively times of your faces, sigh over and over again.

You are squinting at me like a prophet, unwilling to listen to me going on and on. Cousin sis, I am thinking, on this planet, someone ends their life every day, regardless if it's under our superior socialist system or under a corrupted capitalist society. People should study themselves. People should pay attention to and research suicides. People should try to eradicate subjective conditions that could encourage a suicide, recalibrate the differences deep inside the soul. Live a little better, live a little more like a person. Undoubtedly, suicide has glorified the heroes and it also has let dirty names stain the history. Sacrificial suicides, suicides from bravery, suicides of the weak, meaningful suicides, meaningless suicides... I hope someone researches on suicides, I hope someone research on the suicides of the farm girls in the past years, not only in the areas of poverty, but also the places that have gotten richer. To save a girl's life is better karma than blowing up an enemy bunker in war. Cousin sis, I don't know how to comment on your last mission. A normal life dies, leaves all the normal lives in despair. Midnight of lunar seventh of July, 1985, you drank 250cc of poisonous organophosphorus pesticide, ten minutes later the chemicals kicked in. Your dad heard your long sigh before you dropped to the ground. You had stopped breathing before arriving at the hospital. Doctors gave you a couple shots, but they had no meaning besides corrupting your flesh faster with more chemicals and giving your father a little more debt to pay. You were born on March 5th, 1964, as a person, you lived twenty-two years and five months on this planet.

To prevent flies spitting on your face, I dragged a dirty white sheet over to cover your face and your body. Like a layer of snow turning black, it hid the hills and peaks of a hazy mountain.

## PHRASES II

ARTHUR RIMBAUD

Une matinée couverte, en Juillet. Un goût de  
cendres vole dans l'air ; — une odeur de bois  
suant dans l'âtre, — les fleurs rouies, — le saccage  
des promenades, — la bruine des canaux par  
les champs — pourquoi pas déjà les joujoux et  
l'encens ?

\*\*\*

J'ai tendu des cordes de clocher  
à clocher ; des guirlandes de fenêtre à  
fenêtre ; des chaînes d'or d'étoile à étoile, et je  
danse.

\*\*\*

Le haut étang fume continuellement. Quelle  
sorcière va se dresser sur le couchant blanc ?  
Quelles violettes frondaisons vont descendre ?

\*\*\*

Pendant que les fonds publics s'écoulent en fêtes  
de fraternité, il sonne une cloche de feu rose dans  
les nuages.

\*\*\*

Avivant un agréable goût d'encre de Chine, une  
poudre noire pleut doucement sur ma veillée, —  
je baisse les feux du lustre, je me jette sur le lit, et  
tourné du côté de l'ombre je vous vois, mes filles  
! mes reines !

## PHRASES II

GABRIEL EGSET

A cloudy morning, in July. An ashen taste wafts  
into the air; —A smell of wood perspiring in the  
chimney, — the wetted flowers — the pillage of  
walks — the drizzling of canals by the fields — why  
not already toys and incense?

\*\*\*

I stretched ropes from bell tower to bell tower;  
tinsel from window to window, gold chains from  
star to star, and I dance.

\*\*\*

The high pond is continually fuming. Which sor-  
ceress will stand on white sunset? What violet  
foliage will fall?

\*\*\*

While public funds are depleted in celebration  
of fraternity, there rings a bell of pink fire in the  
clouds.

\*\*\*

Bringing to life an agreeable taste of Chinese ink a  
black powder rains slowly on my watch, — I lower  
the fires of the chandelier, I throw myself on the  
bed, and turned to the side of shadow I see you,  
my girls! my queens!

## TRISTAN ET ISEULT

BÉROUL

Le jor devant, Tristran, el bois,  
 En la janbe nafrez estoit  
 D'un grant sengler, molt se doloit.  
 La plaie molt avoit saigné;  
 Desliëz ert, par son pechié.  
 Tristran ne dormoit pas, ce quit;  
 Et li rois live a mie nuit,  
 Fors de la chanbre en est issuz;  
 O lui ala li nain boçuz.  
 Dedenz la chanbre n'out clartez,  
 Cirge ne lanpë alumez.  
 Tristran se fu sus piez levez.  
 Dex! Porqoi fist? Or escoutez!  
 Les piez a joinz, esme, si saut,  
 El lit le roi chaï de haut.  
 Sa plaie escrive, forment saine;  
 Le sanc qui'en ist les dras ensaigne.  
 La plaie saigne; ne la sent,  
 Qar trop a son delit entent.  
 En plusors leus li sanc aüne.  
 Li nains defors est. A la lune  
 Bien vit josté erent ensamble  
 Li dui amant. De joie en trenble,  
 Et dist au roi: «Se nes puez prendre  
 Ensamble, va, si me fai pendre.»  
 Iluec furent li troi felon  
 Par qui fu ceste traïson  
 Propensee priveement.  
 Li rois s'en vient. Tristran l'entent,  
 Live du lit, tot esfroïz,  
 Errant s'en rest molt tost salliz.  
 Au tresallir que Tristran fait,  
 Li sans decent, malement vait!

## TRISTAN AND ISEULT

VIVECA LAWRIE

*This excerpt is from Béroul's version of Tristan and Iseult. Prior to this passage, the evil dwarf and the three barons try to expose Tristan and Iseult to King Mark, Iseult's husband. Tristan sleeps in the king's bedchamber, so the barons and the dwarf know that Tristan and Iseult will be together when the king leaves. The dwarf spreads flour on the floor of the king's bedchamber so that if either Tristan or Iseult walk over to the other's bed, their footprints will be visible in the flour.*

The day before, Tristan, in the woods,  
 Had been wounded in the knee  
 By a huge wild boar; he suffered terribly.  
 The wound had bled a great deal;  
 It remained unbound, to his misfortune.  
 Tristan did not sleep, as it seemed he did;  
 And the king left at midnight,  
 Out of the bedchamber he went;  
 With him went the hunchbacked dwarf.  
 In the bedchamber there was no light,  
 Neither candle nor lamp was lit.  
 Tristan makes himself rise to his feet.  
 God! Why does he do it? Now listen!  
 He joins his feet, estimates, and jumps,  
 In the bed of the king he lands.  
 His wound opens, bleeds profusely;  
 The blood which is from it stains the sheets.  
 The wound bleeds; he does not feel it,  
 Because he takes such pleasure in his delight.  
 In many places the blood collects.  
 The dwarf is outside. In the moon  
 He saw clearly they were joined together,  
 The two lovers. He trembles with joy,  
 And says to the king: "If you cannot take them  
 Together, go, and hang me."  
 The three traitors were there  
 By whom this treachery had been  
 Privately planned.  
 The king is approaching. Tristan hears him,  
 Rises from the bed, completely frightened,  
 All at once he makes a great leap.  
 In the movement that Tristan makes,

De la plaie sor la farine.  
 Ha! Dex, qel duel que la roïne  
 N'avot les dras du lit ostez!  
 Ne fust la nuit nus d'eus provez.  
 Se ele s'en fust apensee,  
 Molt eüst bien s'anor tensee.

Molt grant miracle Deus i out,  
 Quis garanti, si con li plot.  
 Li ros a sa chanbre revient;  
 Li nain, que la chandele tient,  
 Vient avoc lui. Tristran faisoit  
 Senblant conme se il dormoit,  
 Quar il ronfloit forment du nes.  
 Seus en la chanbre fu remés,  
 Fors tant que a ses piés gesoit  
 Pirinis, qui ne s'esmovoit,  
 Et la roïne a son lit jut.  
 Sor la flor, chاوز, li sanc parut.  
 Li rois choisi el lit le sanc:  
 Vermel en furent li drap blanc,  
 Et sor la flor en pert la trace,  
 Du saut. Li rois Tristran menace.  
 Li troi baron sont en la chanbre,  
 Tristan par ire an son lit prenent  
 Cuelli l'orent cil en haïne  
 Por sa prooise, et la roïne;  
 Laidisent la, molt la menacent,  
 Ne lairont justise n'en facent.  
 Voient la janbe qui li saine.  
 «Trop par a ci veraie enseigne;  
 Provez estes, ce dist li rois.  
 Vostre escondit n'i vaut un pois.  
 Certes, Tristran, demain, ce quit,  
 Soiez certains d'estre destruit.»

The blood falls, unluckily done!  
 From the wound onto the flour.  
 Ah! God, what grief that the queen  
 Did not have the sheets removed from the bed!  
 Neither of them would have been exposed that  
 night.

If she had thought of it,  
 She could have well upheld her honor.  
 Such a great miracle God had there,  
 Who he protects, as it pleases him.  
 The king returns to his bedchamber;  
 The dwarf, who holds the candle,  
 Comes with him. Tristan made it  
 Seem as though he were asleep,  
 Because he was snoring loudly through the nose.  
 He was alone in the bedchamber,  
 Except such that lay at his feet  
 Pirinis, who was not moving,  
 And the queen lying in her bed.  
 On the floor, hot, the blood appeared.  
 The king notices on the bed the blood:  
 The white sheets are turning scarlet from it,  
 And on the floor he sees the trace of it,  
 From the leap. The king turns on Tristan.  
 The three barons are in the bedchamber,  
 They seize Tristan in anger in his bed  
 This one whom they have held in hatred  
 For his prowess, and the queen;  
 They insult her, threaten her greatly,  
 They will not leave until they do justice.  
 They see the knee which bleeds.  
 "This is indeed a true sign;  
 It is proved, so said the king.  
 Your denial is worth no more than a pea.  
 Undoubtedly, Tristan, tomorrow, as it seems,  
 Be certain to be destroyed."

## SANS TITRE

MARGUERITE DURAS

Mon frère était beau, d'une beauté qui n'a rien à voir avec la grâce, qui même dans sa toute jeunesse était parfaitement accomplie.

Non pas cette simple promesse de beauté mais déjà une sorte [de] perfection, harmonieuse dans tous ses termes. Il en est ainsi de ce jeune saint Jean de Donatello, si noble d'allure que l'on ne peut le regarder pour un simple d'enfant; on se dit : il est trop cruel, trop fou dans son triomphe pour ne pas en être un. Cependant des caresses et des baisers ne lui suffisaient pas.

[Ainsi] mon frère si beau que jamais je crois n'avoir vu telle beauté plus [...] des yeux verts fauves et ineffables, perdus qui rendaient des traits d'une finesse et distinction telles qu'aucune expression ne pouvait en troubler la ligne.

Il fut beau longtemps et l'est encore sans doute. Mais un voile est venu déposer sa tristesse derrière lequel son premier visage vit toujours [d'une] vie plus secrète.

## UNTITLED

HENRIETTA WEINRAUB

My brother was beautiful, a kind of beautiful that has nothing to do with grace, that even in its earliest moments was perfectly formed.

Not just that simple promise of beauty but already a kind of perfection, harmonious in all its terms. Such is the case of Donatello's young Saint John, too dignified in appearance to be taken for a mere child; you'd think to yourself: he is much too cruel, too crazy, too taken by triumph to not be one. Yet kisses and caresses were never enough for him.

My brother, so beautiful that never do I believe to have seen any beauty greater; tawny green eyes, ineffable and lost, rendered traits with enough delicate distinction to keep any expression from ruining their shape.

He was beautiful for a long time and still is, no doubt. But a veil, behind which his face still leads a more secret life, came and dropped off its sadness.

## WESTERLAND, ODER THE WASTE LAND

YOKO TAWADA

Humane Hormone  
 fließen als Fußgängerzone  
 zwischen Knochenhäusern  
 Fischfrikadellen  
 Matjesbrötchen  
 Urlaubsromane mit verschwitzten Busen auf dem  
 Titelbild

Eine einheitliche Augenfarbe ultraviolett  
 Deine Ebbe und Flut  
 synchronisieren sich mit der Schaumwirtschaft  
 Eine Brise streut Salz  
 ins Gesicht  
 Hast du gesehen  
 Der Koch liegt tot  
 neben ihm seine drei Arme  
 abgeschnitten und hingeworfen  
 eine Schürze, faltig  
 wie die Nordsee, die er  
 täglich auf den Teller brachte  
 Nahrhaftes, Bunt, Gemischtes  
 Die Servietten sind beschmutzt von Hagebutten  
 und dem Himmel

Als Nationalfahne nicht definierbar  
 Auch die Bettlaken mit ihren Traumspuren  
 lassen sich nicht waschen mitten in  
 verblassten Ordnungsresten ein Wachstum  
 oder industrielle Milchzähne als Säulen  
 ohne Dach

## WESTERLAND, OR THE WASTE LAND

AMBER FOWLIE

Human hormones  
 flowing, a pedestrian zone,  
 between houses of bone  
 Fish patties,  
 Herring, on a bun  
 Beach-reads: sweaty busts on the cover  
 Ultraviolet, a universal eye color  
 Your ebb and flow  
 synchronized with economics of foam  
 A breeze scatters salt  
 on your face  
 Did you see  
 The cook is dead  
 Lying next to his three arms,  
 chopped off and dropped to the ground  
 an apron, wrinkly  
 as the North Sea, which he  
 brought a plate every day,  
 a nutritious, colorful medley  
 The napkins stained from rosehip and sky  
 A poorly defined national flag  
 Not even the bedsheets, with traces of dreams,  
 could be washed clean amid the  
 fading, tidy, residue, progression  
 or industrial milk teeth: columns  
 without a roof

# TSCHICK: KAPITEL I

WOLFGANG HERRNDORF

Als Erstes ist da der Geruch von Blut und Kaffee. Die Kaffeemaschine steht drüben auf dem Tisch, und das Blut ist in meinen Schuhen. Um ehrlich zu sein, es ist nicht nur Blut. Als der Ältere «vierzehn» gesagt hat, hab ich mir in die Hose gepisst. Ich habe die ganze Zeit schräg auf dem Hocker gehangen und mich nicht gerührt. Mir war schwindlig. Ich hab versucht auszusehen, wie ich gedacht hab, dass Tschick wahrscheinlich aussieht, wenn einer «vierzehn» zu ihm sagt, und dann hab ich mir vor Angst in die Hose gepisst. Maik Klingenberg, der Held. Dabei weiß ich gar nicht, warum jetzt die Aufregung. War doch die ganze Zeit klar, dass es so endet. Tschick hat sich mit Sicherheit nicht in die Hose gepisst.

Wo ist Tschick überhaupt? Auf der Autobahn hab ich ihn noch gesehen, wie er auf einem Bein ins Gebüsch gehüpft ist, aber ich schätze mal, sie haben ihn auch gekriegt. Mit einem Bein kommt man nicht weit. Fragen kann ich die Polizisten natürlich nicht. Weil, wenn sie ihn nicht gesehen haben, ist es logisch besser, gar nicht damit anzufangen. Vielleicht haben sie ihn ja nicht gesehen. Und vor mir erfahren sie's mit Sicherheit nicht. Da können sie mich foltern. Obwohl die deutsche Polizei, glaube ich, niemanden foltern darf. Das dürfen die nur im Fernsehen und in der Türkei.

Aber vollgeschifft und blutig auf der Station der Autobahnpolizei sitzen und Fragen nach den Eltern beantworten ist auch nicht gerade der große Bringer. Vielleicht wäre Foltern sogar ganz angenehm, dann hätte ich wenigstens einen Grund für meine Aufregung.

Das Beste ist jetzt Klappe halten, hat Tschick gesagt. Und das seh ich genauso. Jetzt, wo eh alles egal ist. Und mir ist alles egal. Na ja, fast alles. Tatjana Cosic zum Beispiel ist mir natürlich nicht egal. Obwohl ich jetzt schon ziemlich lange nicht mehr an sie gedacht habe. Aber wo ich auf diesem Hocker hier sitze und draußen die Autobahn vorbeirauscht und der ältere Polizist steht seit fünf Minuten an der Kaffeemaschine dahinten und füllt Wasser ein und kippt es wieder aus, drückt auf den Schalter und schaut das Gerät von unten an, während jeder Depp sehen kann dass der Stecker vom Verlängerungskabel nicht drin ist, da muss ich wieder an Tatjana denken. Denn genau genommen wäre ich nicht hier, wenn es Tatjana nicht gäbe. Obwohl sie mit der ganzen Sache nichts zu tun hat. Ist das unklar, was ich da rede? Ja, tut mir leid. Ich versuch's später nochmal. Tatjana kommt in der ganzen Geschichte überhaupt nicht vor. Das schönste Mädchen der Welt kommt nicht vor. Auf der ganzen Reise hab ich mir immer vorgestellt, dass sie uns sehen kann. Wie wir oben aus dem Kornfeld rausgucken. Wie wir mit dem Bündel Schläuche auf dem Müllberg stehen wie die letzten Trottel... Ich hab mir immer vorgestellt, Tatjana steht hinter uns und sieht, was wir sehen, und freut sich, wie wir uns freuen. Aber jetzt bin ich froh, dass ich mir das nur vorgestellt hab.

# TSCHICK: CHAPTER I

DAVID BÁNÓCZI-RUOF

First, there is the smell of blood and coffee. The coffee machine sits over there on the table, and the blood is in my shoes. To be honest, it's not only blood. When the older policeman said "fourteen," I pissed myself. The whole time, I hung onto the stool, without moving. I shivered. I tried to look how I thought Tschick would look if someone said "fourteen" to him, and then I pissed my pants out of fear. Maik Klingenberg, the hero, the pants pisser. Still, I don't know why everyone is making such a big deal. It was clear the whole time that it would end this way. Tschick definitely would not piss his pants.

Where even is Tschick? I last saw him on the highway, when he hopped into the bushes on one leg, but I guess they probably also got him. You can't get far with one leg. I obviously can't ask the police, because if they did not see him, it wouldn't make sense to start asking about it. Maybe they didn't even see him. And they definitely won't find out from me. They could try torturing me, though I think the German police aren't allowed to torture anyone. They can only do that on TV and in Turkey.

But sitting at the police station, bloody and covered by piss, and answering questions about your parents, is also not really the most exciting thing. Maybe torture would be more comfortable, because then at least I would have a reason for my agitation.

The best thing to do, said Tschick, is to keep your mouth shut, and I agree. Now, when nothing matters. And I don't matter. Well, almost nothing matters. Tatjana Cosic, for example, does matter, even though I haven't thought about her for quite a while. But now that I sit on this stool and the highway rushes by outside and the older policeman has stood for five minutes now by the coffee machine and poured water in and tipped it out again, and pushed on the button and looked at the machine from underneath, while every dork can see that the plug is not connected to the extension cord, now I need to think about Tatjana again. Because, technically speaking, I wouldn't be here if it weren't for Tatjana, even though she had absolutely nothing to do with the whole situation. Is it unclear what I'm saying? Yeah, I'm sorry. I'll try again later. Tatjana doesn't even play a part in the whole story. The most beautiful girl in the world doesn't even play a part. During the whole adventure, I always imagined that she could see us. How we looked out from the corn field, how we stood on the garbage pile with a bundle of hoses, like idiots... I always imagined that Tatjana stood behind us, and saw what we saw, and was happy the same way we were happy. But now I'm glad that I only imagined it.

The policeman pulls a green paper towel out of the dispenser and gives it to me. What should I do with it, wash the floor? He holds his nose with two fingers and looks at me. Okay. I should blow my nose. I blow it, and he smiles kindly. I can get that stuff about torture out of my head. But now where should



Der Polizist zieht ein grünes Papierhandtuch aus einem Handtuchspender und gibt es mir. Was soll ich damit? Den Boden aufwischen? Er fasst mit zwei Fingern an seine Nase und sieht mich an. Ach so. Nase schnäuzen. Ich schnäuze mir die Nase, er lächelt freundlich. Das mit der Folter kann ich mir wohl abschminken. Aber wohin jetzt mit dem Taschentuch? Ich schaue suchend auf dem Boden herum. Die ganze Station ist mit grauem Linoleum ausgelegt, genau das gleiche wie in den Gängen zu unserer Turnhalle. Es riecht auch ein bisschen so. Pisse, Schweiß, und Linoleum. Ich sehe Wolkow, unseren Sportlehrer, im Trainingsanzug durch die Gänge federn, siebzig Jahre, durchtrainiert: Auf geht's, Jungs! Hopp, hopp! Das Geräusch seiner schmatzenden Schritte auf dem Boden, fernes Gekicher aus der Mädchenumkleide und Wolkows Blick dorthin. Ich sehe die hohen Fenster, die Bänke, die Ringe an der Decke, an denen nie geturnt wurde. Ich sehe Natalie und Lena und Kimberley durch den Seiteneingang der Halle kommen. Und Tatjana in ihrem grünen Trainingsanzug. Ich sehe ihr verschwommenes Spiegelbild auf dem Hallenboden, die Glitzerhosen, die die Mädchen jetzt immer tragen, die Oberteile. Und dass neuerdings der Hälfte von ihnen in dicken Wollpullovern turnt, und mindestens drei haben immer ein Attest vom Arzt. Hagecius-Gymnasium Berlin, achte Klasse.

«Ich dachte, fünfzehn?», sage ich, und der Polizist schüttelt den Kopf.

«Nee, vierzehn. Vierzehn. Was ist mit dem Kaffee, Horst?»

«Kaffee ist kaputt», sagt Horst.

Ich möchte meinen Anwalt sprechen.

Das wäre der Satz, den ich jetzt wahrscheinlich sagen müsste. Das ist der richtige Satz in der richtigen Situation, wie jeder aus dem Fernsehen weiß. Aber das sagt sich so leicht: Ich möchte meinen Anwalt sprechen. Würden die sich wahrscheinlich totlachen. Das Problem ist: Ich habe keine Ahnung, was dieser Satz bedeutet. Wenn ich sage, ich möchte meinen Anwalt sprechen, und sie fragen: «Wen möchtest du sprechen? Deinen Anwalt?» — was soll ich dann antworten? Ich hab in meinem Leben noch keinen Anwalt gesehen, und ich weiß auch nicht, wozu ich einen brauche. Ich weiß nicht mal, ob Rechtsanwalt dasselbe ist wie Anwalt. Oder Staatsanwalt. So was Ähnliches wie ein Richter, nehme ich an, nur dass er auf meiner Seite steht und mehr Ahnung von Gesetzen hat als ich. Aber mehr Ahnung von Gesetzen als ich hat hier praktisch jeder, der im Raum ist. Jeder Polizist vor allem. Und die könnte ich natürlich fragen. Aber ich wette, wenn ich den Jüngeren frage, ob ich jetzt so eine Art Anwalt brauchen könnte, dann dreht er sich zu seinem Kollegen um und ruft: «Hey, Horst! Horscht! Komm mal her! Unser Held hier will wissen, ob er einen Anwalt braucht! Guck dir das an. Blutet den ganzen Boden voll, pisst sich in die Hosen wie ein Weltmeister und — will seinen Anwalt sprechen!» Hahaha. Da lachen die sich natürlich kaputt. Und ich finde, es geht mir schlecht genug, ich muss mich nicht auch noch zum Obst machen. Was passiert ist, ist passiert. Mehr kommt jetzt nicht. Da kann auch der Anwalt nichts mehr ändern. Weil, dass wir Mist gebaut haben, könnte nur ein Geisteskranker abzustreiten versuchen. Was soll ich sagen? Dass ich die ganze Woche zu Hause am Pool gelegen hab, fragen Sie

I put the tissue? I look all over the floor. The whole station is tiled with grey linoleum, exactly the same as in the halls of our gym. It also smells similar. Piss, sweat, and linoleum. I see Wolkow, our gym teacher, seventy years old, well-toned, bouncing through the halls in training gear: Let's go, boys! Chop, chop! The sound of his steps on the floor, faraway giggles from the girls' locker rooms, and Wolkow's gaze in that direction. I see the high windows, the benches, the rings on the ceiling, which are never used. I see Natalie and Lena and Kimberley through the side entrance to the gym. And Tatjana in her green training gear. I see her blurry image on the gym floor, the sparkling pants that the girls always wear, the top. For half of them, that's a thick woolen sweater, and at least three always have a note from the doctor. Hagecius High School Berlin, eighth grade.

"I thought fifteen?" I say, and the policeman shakes his head.

"No, fourteen. Fourteen. What's with the coffee, Horst?"

"Coffee is broken," says Horst.

I want to speak to my lawyer.

That's the sentence that I should probably say now. That's the right sentence in the right situation, as everyone knows from TV. But it's so easy to say: I want to speak to my lawyer. They would probably die of laughter if I said it. The problem is, I have no idea what this sentence means. When I say I want to speak to my lawyer, and they ask, "Who do you want to speak to? Your lawyer?" — then what should I say? I have never seen a lawyer in my whole life, and I don't know why I need one, either. I don't even know if an attorney is the same as a lawyer. Something similar to a judge, I assume, only that he is on my side and has more of an idea of the law than I. But practically everyone here in this room has more of an idea of the law than I. Every policeman, at least. And I could ask them, of course. But I bet that when I ask the younger one if I need a lawyer now, he will turn around to his colleague and yell, "Hey, Horst! Horsti! Come here! Our hero wants to know if he needs a lawyer! Look at that! Bleeds all over the floor, pisses his pants like a world champion, and wants to speak to *his lawyer!*" Hahaha. Then they die of laughter. But I think I'm in bad enough shape that I don't need to make more of an ass of myself. What happened, happened. More won't happen. The lawyer can't change any of that. Only a crazy person can try to dispute that we fucked up. What can I say? That the whole week I lay at home at the pool, and you can ask the cleaning lady? That pork chops fell from the sky like rain? I really can't do a lot anymore. I could pray towards Mecca and shit myself, but other than that there aren't many options left.

The younger policeman, who actually looks quite friendly, shakes his head and repeats, "Fifteen is nonsense. Fourteen. You're prosecutable at fourteen."

I probably should feel guilty and remorse and everything, but, to be honest, I feel absolutely nothing. I'm just shivering a lot. I scratch myself under my calf. Where my calf used to be. A crimson stripe of slime sticks to my hand. That's not my blood, I said earlier when they were questioning me. Enough other slime lies on the street to worry about, and I really thought that it wasn't my blood. But if it wasn't my blood, then where is my calf? I wonder.

die Putzfrau? Dass die Schweinehälften wie Regen vom Himmel gefallen sind? Viel kann ich jetzt wirklich nicht tun. Ich könnte noch gen Mekka beten und mir in die Hosen kacken, sonst sind nicht mehr viele Optionen offen.

Der Jüngere, der eigentlich ganz nett aussieht, schüttelt den Kopf und wiederholt: «Fünfzehn ist Quatsch. Vierzehn. Mit vierzehn bist du strafmündig.

Wahrscheinlich sollte ich jetzt Schuldgefühle haben und Reue und alles, aber ehrlich gesagt, ich fühle überhaupt nichts. Mir ist einfach nur wahnsinnig schwindlig. Ich kratze mich unten an meiner Wade. Nur da, wo früher meine Wade war, ist jetzt nichts mehr. Ein violetter Streifen Schleim bleibt an meiner Hand kleben. Das ist nicht *mein* Blut, hatte ich vorhin gesagt, als sie mich gefragt hatten. Lag ja genug anderer Schleim auf der Straße, um den man sich kümmern konnte, und ich dachte wirklich, dass das nicht mein Blut ist. Aber wenn das nicht mein Blut ist, wo ist denn jetzt meine Wade, frage ich mich?

Ich ziehe das Hosenbein hoch und guck drunter. Dann habe ich noch genau eine Sekunde, um mich zu wundern. Wenn ich das im Film sehen müsste, würde mir mit Sicherheit übel, denke ich, und tatsächlich wird mir jetzt übel, auf dieser Station der Autobahnpolizei, was ja auch irgendwie beruhigend ist. Für einen kurzen Moment sehe ich noch mein Spiegelbild auf dem Linoleum auf mich zukommen, und dann knallt es, und ich bin weg.

I pull my pant legs up and look down. Then I have exactly a second to wonder. If I had to see it in the movies, I think I definitely would have become queasy, and indeed I become queasy now, in this police station on the highway, which is somehow calming. For a short moment, I see my reflection on the linoleum coming towards me, and then there is a thud, and I am unconscious.

# וְאוּלִּי לֹא הָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים מֵעוֹלָם ...

רחל המשוררת [RACHEL BLUWSTEIN]

וְאוּלִּי לֹא הָיוּ הַדְּבָרִים מֵעוֹלָם.  
וְאוּלִּי  
מֵעוֹלָם לֹא הָיָה שֶׁכֶּמֶתִּי עִם שְׂחַר לֶגֶן,  
לֵךְ בְּדוֹן בֵּז עֵת אֶפֶי;  
מֵעוֹלָם בִּי מִים אֶרֶץ כִּים וְיֵן קָדִים  
שֶׁל קִצִּיר,  
בְּמִרְוֵה מִי עֲגֵלָה עֲמוֹן סֵת אֶלְמוֹת  
לֹא נָתַתִּי קוֹלִי בְּשִׁיר;  
מֵעוֹלָם לֹא טָהַרְתִּי בְּתִקְלַת שֵׁן קֶטֶה  
וְבִתָּם  
שֶׁל כְּנֶרֶת שְׁלִי ... הִיוּ כְּנֶרֶת שְׁלִי,  
הֵם הָיוּ, אֲנִי חָלַמְתִּי חֲלוֹם ?

# AND PERHAPS IT WAS NEVER SO...

ARTHUR KILONGO

And perhaps it was never so.  
And perhaps  
I never woke early and went to the fields,  
To labor in the sweat of my brow;  
Never in the long blazing days  
Of harvest,  
On top of the wagon laden with sheaves  
Made my voice ring with a song;  
Never bathed myself in the calm blue water  
And at the end  
Of my Kinneret... O, my Kinneret,  
Were you there or did I only dream?

# MI SEI SCOPPIATO DENTRO IL CUORE

MINA

Era  
 Solamente ieri sera  
 Io parlavo con gli amici  
 Scherzavamo fra di noi  
 E tu, e tu, e tu  
 Tu sei arrivato  
 M'hai guardato  
 E allora tutto è cambiato per me  
 Mi sei scoppiato dentro il cuore  
 All'improvviso  
 All'improvviso  
 Non so perché  
 Non lo so perché  
 All'improvviso  
 All'improvviso  
 Sarà  
 Perché mi hai guardato  
 Come nessuno mi ha guardato mai  
 Mi sento viva  
 All'improvviso per te  
 Ora, io non ho capito ancora  
 Non so come può finire  
 Quello che succederà  
 Ma tu, ma tu, ma tu  
 Tu l'hai capito  
 L'hai capito  
 Visto che eri cambiato anche tu  
 Mi sei scoppiato dentro il cuore  
 All'improvviso, all'improvviso  
 Non so perché  
 Non lo so perché  
 All'improvviso  
 All'improvviso

# YOU EXPLODED IN MY HEART

STELLA SEGANTI

It was  
 Only last night  
 Talking to my friends  
 Joking with each other  
 And you, and you, and you  
 You arrived  
 You looked at me  
 And then everything changed for me  
 You exploded in my heart  
 Suddenly  
 Suddenly  
 Don't know why  
 I don't know why  
 Suddenly  
 Suddenly  
 It must be  
 Because you looked at me  
 Like nobody has ever looked at me before  
 I feel alive  
 Suddenly for you  
 Now, I haven't figured it out yet  
 I don't know how it will end  
 What will happen  
 But you, but you, but you  
 You understand it  
 You understand  
 Since you were changed too  
 You exploded into my heart  
 Suddenly, suddenly  
 Don't know why  
 I don't know why  
 Suddenly  
 Suddenly

Sarà perché mi hai guardato  
Come nessuno mi ha guardato mai  
Mi sento viva all'improvviso per te  
Mi sei scoppiato dentro al cuore all'improvviso  
All'improvviso non so perché  
Non lo so perché  
All'improvviso  
All'improvviso  
Sarà perché mi hai guardato  
come nessuno m'ha guardato mai  
Mi sento viva  
All'improvviso per te

Maybe it's because you looked at me  
Like nobody has ever looked at me before  
I suddenly feel alive because of you  
You suddenly exploded into my heart  
Suddenly I don't know why  
I do not know why  
Suddenly  
Suddenly  
Maybe it's because you looked at me  
like no one has ever looked at me before  
I feel alive  
Suddenly because of you

# IO SONO QUEL CHE SONO

MINA

Io sono quel che sono  
 E valgo quel che valgo  
 Però io ti amo  
 Come nessuno t' ha mai amato  
 Come nessuno mai t'amerà mai più t'amerà  
 Io sono quel che sono e valgo quel che valgo  
 Ti offro umilmente quel che rimane della mia vita  
 Che non ha senso che non è vita senza di te  
 Senza di te  
 Ti offro umilmente quel che rimane della mia vita  
 Che non ha senso che non è vita senza di te  
 Senza di te.

# I AM WHAT I AM

STELLA SEGANTI

I am what I am  
 And I'm worth what I'm worth  
 But I love you  
 Like no one has ever loved you  
 As no one will ever love you,  
 He will never love you again  
 I am what I am and I am worth what I am worth  
 I offer you, humbly what remains of my life  
 It doesn't make sense, it's not life without you  
 Without you  
 I offer you, humbly what remains of my life  
 It doesn't make sense that it's not life without you  
 Without you.

# UNO COME TE

MINA

Uno come te  
 Io non lo troverò mai più  
 Uno come te  
 No, non posso più  
 Chiederti tempo per cambiar  
 Perché  
 Sarebbe inutile  
 Sarebbe solo per pietà  
 Ed io non voglio più pretendere le cose che non  
 merito  
 Da te  
 E perderò così  
 Anche quest'ultima occasione che mi dai  
 E sarà tardi quando  
 Cercherò di te  
 Ma non posso più  
 Chiederti tempo per cambiar  
 Perché  
 Sarebbe inutile  
 Sarebbe solo per pietà  
 Ed io non voglio più pretendere le cose che non  
 merito  
 Da te  
 E perderò così  
 Anche quest'ultima occasione che mi dai  
 E sarà tardi quando  
 Cercherò di te  
 Di te

# SOMEONE LIKE YOU

STELLA SEGANTI

Someone like you  
 I will never find it again  
 Someone like you  
 No, I can't anymore  
 Ask you for time, to change  
 Because  
 It would be pointless  
 It would only be out of pity  
 And I don't want to demand for things I don't deserve anymore  
 From you  
 And I will lose  
 like this  
 Even this last chance given to me  
 It will be too late when  
 I look for you  
 But I can't anymore  
 Ask you for time to change  
 Because  
 It would be useless  
 It would only be out of pity  
 And I don't want to demand the things I don't deserve anymore  
 From you  
 And I lose  
 Like this  
 Even this last chance given to me  
 It will be late when  
 I look for you  
 For you



## ハナミズキ

一青窈 [YO HITOTO]

空を押し上げて  
手を伸ばす君 五月のこと  
どうか来てほしい  
水際まで来てほしい  
つばみをあげよう  
庭のハナミズキ

薄紅色の可愛い君のね  
果てない夢がちゃんと  
終わりますように  
君と好きな人が  
百年続きますように

夏は暑過ぎて  
僕から気持ちは重すぎて  
一緒にわたるには  
きっと船が沈んじゃう  
どうぞゆきなさい  
お先にゆきなさい

僕の我慢がいつか実を結び  
果てない波がちゃんと  
止まりますように  
君とすきな人が  
百年続きますように

ひらり蝶々を  
追いかけて白い帆を揚げて  
母の日になれば  
ミズキの葉、贈って下さい  
待たなくてもいいよ  
知らなくてもいいよ

## Dogwood

MIKIKO YAMANAKA

To the sky you reached your hand up in our garden  
It was May  
Please come  
Please come to the edge of the river shore where  
I wait

I will give you a flower bud  
A bud of dogwood in the garden

My sweetheart  
I hope your dream will come true  
I pray for you that your life will be completed with-  
out misfortune

May you and your beloved be together  
Until a hundred years from now

That summer was scorching hot  
I had a very heavy heart  
If we crossed the river by this boat together  
It would probably sink  
Please go on ahead of me  
Please row the boat toward the future

I hope my pain will be rewarded someday  
May endless tragedy be end  
May you and your beloved be together  
Until a hundred years from now

Chasing a fluttering butterfly  
By rowing the boat with a white sail hoisted  
When it comes to Mother's Day  
Please send her a leaf of dogwood  
You don't need to wait for me  
You don't need to find me

薄紅色の可愛い君のね  
果てない夢がちゃんと  
終わりますように  
君と好きな人が  
百年続きますように

僕の我慢がいつか実を結び  
果てない波がちゃんと  
止まりますように  
君と好きな人が  
百年続きますように

君と好きな人が  
百年続きますように

My sweetheart  
I hope your dream will come true  
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out misfortune  
May you and your beloved be together  
Until a hundred years from now

I hope my pain will be rewarded someday  
May endless tragedy end  
May you and your beloved be together  
Until a hundred years from now

May you and your beloved be together  
Until a hundred years from now

# 私と小鳥と鈴と

金子 みすゞ [MISUZU KANEKO]

私が両手をひろげても、  
お空はちっとも飛べないが、  
飛べる小鳥は私のように、  
地面を速くは走れない。

私が体をゆすっても、  
きれいな音は出ないけど、  
あの鳴る鈴は私のやうに、  
たくさんな唄は知らないよ。

鈴と、小鳥と、それから私、  
みんな違って、みんないい

# A SMALL BIRD, A SMALL BELL, AND MYSELF

ANDREA OTEY

Even if I spread my arms wide,  
I cannot soar to the heavens,  
And yet the small bird that is able to soar  
Cannot swiftly run the earth as I can

Even if I shake my body,  
No beautiful sound can emerge,  
And yet the small bell that makes music  
Cannot know as many songs as I do

A small bell, a small bird, and finally myself  
We are all different We are all divine

## 斜陽 第4章 手紙

太宰治 [OSAMU DAZAI]

三十。女には、二十九までは乙女の匂いが残っている。しかし、三十の女のからだには、もう、どこにも、乙女の匂いが無い、というむかし読んだフランスの小説の中の言葉がふっと思い出されて、やりきれない淋しさに襲われ、外を見ると、真昼の光を浴びて海が、ガラスの破片のようにどぎつく光っていました。あの小説を読んだ時には、そりゃそうだろうと軽く肯定して澄ましていた。三十歳までで、女の生活は、おしまい完了になると平気でそう思っていたあの頃がなつかしい。

腕輪、頸飾り、ドレス、帯、ひとつひとつ私のからだの周囲から消えて無くなって行くに従って、私のからだの乙女の匂いも次第に淡くうすれて行ったのでしょう。まずしい、中年の女。おお、いやだ。でも、中年の女の生活にも、女の生活が、やっぱり、あるんですね。このごろ、それがわかって来ました。英人の女教師が、イギリスにお帰りの時、十九の私にこうおっしゃったのを覚えています。

「あなたは、恋をなさっては、いけません。あなたは、恋をしたら、不幸になります。恋を、なさるなら、もっと、大きくなってからになさい。三十になってからになさい」 けれども、そう言われても私は、きょとんとしていました。三十になってからの事など、その頃の私には、想像も何も出来ないことでした。

## THE SETTING SUN. CHAPTER 4, LETTERS

YIMENG SUN

“Thirty years old, as a woman, she still has the maiden’s odor until she is twenty-nine years old. While for a thirty-year-old woman, no where can you find such odor around her body.”— At the moment when the words from a French novel that I read long time ago suddenly occurred to me, I was immediately assailed by the infinite loneliness. I looked outside. The ocean, soaking in the midday sunlight, was glittering like broken glasses. When I read that novel, I lightly agreed, thinking this might just be the truth. I felt quite nostalgic for that moment when I could think with a peaceful and quiet mind that my days as a woman have ended.

I wondered if the maiden’s odor in my body fades along with the gradual disappearance of my every bracelet, necklace, dress suit, belt, bit by bit. What a wretched mid-aged woman I am. Ah, I hate to reconcile this. But indeed, a mid-aged woman’s life still contains the life of a woman. Not until this time do I realize it. When I was nineteen years old, my teacher, who was an Englishwoman, said this to me when she was returning to Britain. “Oh you, you should never fall in love. Once you love, unhappiness will come to you. If you must be in love, you shall wait until you grow up, after you’re thirty. Even when she said this to me, I was numbed and fell into silence. I could not imagine my days after thirty at that time.

## DE RERUM NATURA

LUCRETIUS

Praeterea si nulla fuit genitalis origo  
 terrarum et caeli semperque aeterna fuere,  
 cur supera bellum Thebanum et funera Troiae  
 non alias alii quoque res cecinere poëtae?  
 quo tot facta virum totiens cecidere neque usquam  
 aeternis famae monumentis insita florent?  
 verum, ut opinor, habet novitatem summa recensque  
 naturast mundi neque pridem exordia cepit.  
 quare etiam quaedam nunc artes expoliuntur,  
 nunc etiam augescunt; nunc addita navigiis sunt  
 multa, modo organici melicos peperere sonores,  
 denique natura haec rerum ratioque repertast  
 nuper, et hanc primus cum primis ipse repertus  
 nunc ego sum in patrias qui possim vertere voces.

Quod si forte fuisse ante hac eadem omnia credis,  
 sed periisse hominum torrenti saecla vapore,  
 aut cecidisse urbis magno vexamine mundi,  
 aut ex imbribus adsiduis exisse rapaces  
 per terras amnes atque oppida coperuisse.  
 tanto quique magis victus fateare necessest  
 exitium quoque terrarum caelique futurum;  
 nam cum res tantis morbis tantisque periculis  
 temptarentur, ibi si tristior incubuisset  
 causa, darent late cladem magnasque ruinas.  
 nec ratione alia mortales esse videmur,  
 inter nos nisi quod morbis aegrescimus isdem  
 atque illi quos a vita natura removit.

Praeterea quaecumque manent aeterna necessust  
 aut, quia sunt solido cum corpore, respuere ictus  
 nec penetrare pati sibi quicquam quod quead artas  
 dissociare intus partis, ut materialia  
 corpora sunt, quorum naturam ostendimus ante,  
 aut ideo durare aetatem posse per omnem,  
 plagarum quia sunt expertia, sicut inane est,  
 quod manet intactum neque ab ictu fungitur hilum,  
 aut etiam quia nulla loci sit copia circum,

## DE RERUM NATURA

KAITLIN KARMEN

*In Book 5 of his didactic epic, Lucretius sets out to prove that everything has a beginning and thus an end. The earth was created and will be destroyed again. (Book V, lines 324-379)*

Moreover, if there was no generative origin  
 of the earth and the sky, but they have always existed,  
 why, before the Theban war and ruin of Troy,  
 have other poets not sung of other matters as well?  
 Why have so many deeds of men so many times disappeared,  
 and nowhere flourished, grafted in eternal monuments of fame?  
 In fact, I believe the whole world possesses newness and recently  
 has come into existence, having its beginnings not long ago.  
 Some arts are being refined still; other arts only now  
 are beginning to grow: to sea-faring have many things  
 been added; just now musicians created lyric sounds.  
 This explanation of the nature of the world has been discovered  
 recently, and now I myself, the very first, am found, I  
 who am able to put this account into our paternal tongue.

But if perhaps you think that all these things existed before,  
 that humankind died in scorching fire,  
 or that cities fell in a great quaking of the earth,  
 or because of unremitting rain the rushing rivers  
 flooded the earth and overwhelmed the towns,  
 then so much more necessary is it for you to acknowledge  
 that there will also be a destruction of the earth and sky.  
 For when things of such great distress and danger  
 assailed the world, then if some harsher cause had attacked,  
 they would have caused widespread disaster and great ruins.  
 And we are seen to be mortal by no other reason  
 than that we fall ill of the same sicknesses  
 as those whom nature has taken away from life.

Moreover, whatever things remain eternally must  
 either repel blows, since they are of a solid body,  
 and not endure anything to pierce them that could split  
 the dense parts within (as the bodies  
 of matter, whose nature we have shown before);  
 or otherwise they must be able to remain through all time  
 through being free from blows (just as void is,  
 which remains untouched and suffers not at all from a blow),  
 or else because there is no abundance of space around,



quo quasi res possint discedere dissoluique,  
 sicut summarum summa est aeterna, neque extra  
 qui locus est quo dissiliant neque corpora sunt quae  
 possint incidere et valida dissolvere plaga.  
 at neque, uti docui, solido cum corpore mundi  
 naturast, quoniam admixtumst in rebus inane,  
 nec tamen est ut inane, neque autem corpora desunt,  
 ex infinito quae possint forte coorta  
 corruere hanc rerum violento turbine summam  
 aut aliam quamvis cladem importare pericli,  
 nec porro natura loci spatiumque profundi  
 deficit, exspargi quo possint moenia mundi,  
 aut alia quavis possunt vi pulsa perire.  
 haut igitur leti praeclusa est ianua caelo  
 nec soli terraeque neque altis aequoris undis,  
 sed patet immani et vasto respectat hiatu.  
 quare etiam nativa necessumst confiteare  
 haec eadem; neque enim, mortali corpore quae sunt,  
 ex infinito iam tempore adhuc potuissent  
 immensi validas aevi contemnere vires.

where things might part or be dispersed—  
 even as the sum of sums is eternal—nor outside is there  
 a place into which they might leap apart, nor are there bodies  
 which might fall upon them and disperse them with a strong blow.  
 But, as I've taught, neither is the nature of the world  
 of solid body, since there is void mixed in with things;  
 but yet nor is the nature like void; bodies are not lacking,  
 which, rising out from boundless space, might  
 overpower this sum of things with a violent storm  
 or bring some other devastation or peril.  
 Nor, in turn, is the nature of space and the expanse  
 of the deep wanting, where the walls of the world might  
 be broken up; or they may perish, struck by another force.  
 The door of death, then, is not closed to the sky  
 or to the sun, to the earth, to the deep waves of the sea.  
 It's open, waiting with open mouth—fierce and vast.  
 So you must admit: these things have been born.  
 What is of mortal body could not, from infinite time until now,  
 have defied the powerful forces of boundless eternity.

## ЗАБЛУДИВШИЙСЯ ТРАМВА́Й 1919?

НИКОЛАЙ ГУМИЛЕВ [NIKOLAY GUMILEV]

Шёл я по улице незнако́мой  
И вдруг услышал воро́ний гай,  
И зво́ны лю́тни, и да́льные гро́мы,  
Пе́редо мно́ю летёл трамва́й.

Как я вскочу́л на его́ подно́жку,  
Было зага́дкою для меня,  
В во́здухе о́гненную доро́жку  
Он оставлял и при све́те дня.

Мча́лся он бу́рей те́мной, крыла́той,  
Он заблуду́лся в бе́здне вре́мен...  
Остано́вите, вагоновожа́тый,  
Остано́вите сейча́с ваго́н!

По́здно. Уж мы обогну́ли сте́ну,  
Мы проскочу́ли сквозь ро́щу пальм,  
Че́рез Неву́, че́рез Нил и Се́ну  
Мы прогреме́ли по тре́м моста́м.

И, промелькну́в у око́нной ра́мы,  
Бро́сил нам всле́д пытлу́вый взгляд  
Ну́щий стару́к, — коне́чно тот са́мый,  
Что у́мер в Беи́руте год наза́д.

Где я? Так то́мно и так трево́жно  
Се́рдце моё стучи́т в отве́т:  
«Ви́дишь вокза́л, на кото́ром мо́жно  
В Индию Ду́ха купи́ть биле́т?»

Вывеска... кро́вью налу́тые бу́квы  
Гласят — зеленная, — зна́ю, тут  
Вме́сто капу́сты и вме́сто брюквы  
Ме́ртвые го́ловы прода́ют.

## LOST STREETCAR 1919?

RUSSIAN 102

*Translated by the students in the Beginning Russian II class: Lukina Andreyev, Rose Battista, Natasha Cameron, Abigail Crosby, Gabriella Goldberg, Finlay MacKenzie, Raphael Pierson-Sante, Jonah Roth, and Will Warren. Edited by: Oleg and Denise Minin.*

Walking along an unfamiliar street,  
I suddenly heard a raven cry,  
A ringing lute, and distant thunders,  
When before me flew a streetcar.

How I jumped up to its running board  
Was a mystery to me,  
In the daylight,  
It was leaving flaming tracks behind.

It swept along, like a dark winged storm  
Losing its way in the abyss of time...  
Stop it, conductor,  
Stop that streetcar now!

It's too late. Already we've rounded the wall,  
And slipped through the grove of palm trees,  
Over the Neva, over the Nile and the Seine,  
We thundered across three bridges.

And, flashing by the window frame,  
Goes the inquisitive glance of a forsaken,  
Penniless old man, — certainly the very one,  
Who died in Beirut a year ago.

Where am I? So feebly and so anxiously  
Does my heart beat in response:  
"You see the station, where it is possible  
To buy a ticket to India divine?"

Street sign... blood-soaked letters  
Saying: "Green," — I know that here,  
Instead of cabbage and rutabaga,  
Severed heads are sold.

In a red shirt, with a face like an udder,

В красной рубашке, с лицом, как вымя,  
Голову срезал палач и мне,  
Она лежала вместе с другими  
Здесь, в ящике скользком, на самом дне.

А в переулке забор дощатый,  
Дом в три окна и серый газон...  
Остановите, вагоновожатый,  
Остановите сейчас вагон!

Машенька, ты здесь жила и пела,  
Мне, жениху, ковёр ткала,  
Где же теперь твой голос и тело,  
Может ли быть, что ты умерла?

Как ты стонала в своей светлице,  
Я же с напудренною косой  
Шёл представляться Императрице  
И не увиделся вновь с тобой.

Понял теперь я: наша свобода  
Только оттуда бьющий свет,  
Люди и тени стоят у входа  
В зоологический сад планет.

И сразу ветер знакомый и сладкий,  
И за мостом летит на меня  
Всадника длань в железной перчатке  
И два копыта его коня.

Верной твердынею православья  
Врезан Исакий в вышине,  
Там отслужу молебен о здравье  
Машеньки и панихиду по мне.

И всё ж навеки сердце угрюмо,  
И трудно дышать, и больно жить...  
Машенька, я никогда не думал,  
Что можно так любить и грустить!

The executioner cut off my head as well,  
It lay together with the others  
Here, at the very bottom of a slippery box.

And in the lane there is a wooden fence,  
A house with three windows and a gray lawn...  
Stop it, conductor,  
Stop that streetcar now!

Mashenka, here you lived and sang,  
For me, the bridegroom, you wove a carpet,  
Where is your voice and flesh now,  
Could it be that you died?

How you moaned in your sun-filled room\*  
While I, with my powdered braid,  
Went to introduce myself to the Empress  
And did not get to see you again.

Now I have realized: our freedom  
Comes only from where the light beats down,  
People and shadows stand at the entrance  
To the zoological garden of planets.

And all at once, the wind becomes so familiar and  
so sweet,  
And the Rider's hand clad in an iron gauntlet,  
And two hooves of his horse  
Come flying at me from across the bridge.

Faithful stronghold of Orthodoxy,  
St. Isaac's, embedded in the sky,  
There I will pray for Mashenka's well-being  
And hold a funeral for myself.

And my heart goes on forever in gloom,  
And it is hard to breathe, and painful to live...  
Mashenka, I never thought it possible  
For such loving and such sorrow to exist!

\* The "sun-filled room" refers to "svetlitsa" (светлица), a brightly lit front room in the traditional homes of eastern Slavs.

## СТЛАНИК

ВАРЛАМ ШАЛАМОВ [VARLAM SHALAMOV]

На Крайнем Севере, на стыке тайги и тундры, среди карликовых берез, низкорослых кустов рябины с неожиданно крупными светло-желтыми водянистыми ягодами, среди шестисотлетних лиственниц, что достигают зрелости в триста лет, живет особенное дерево – стланик. Это дальний родственник кедра, кедрач, – вечнозеленые хвойные кусты со стволами потолще человеческой руки и длиной в два-три метра. Он неприхотлив и растет, уцепившись корнями за щели в камнях горного склона. Он мужествен и упрям, как все северные деревья. Чувствительность его необычайна.

Поздняя осень, давно пора быть снегу, зиме. По краю белого небосвода много дней ходят низкие, синеватые, будто в кровоподтеках, тучи. А сегодня осенний пронизывающий ветер с утра стал угрожающе тихим. Пахнет снегом? Нет. Не будет снега. Стланик еще не ложился. И дни проходят за днями, снега нет, тучи бродят где-то за сопками, и на высокое небо вышло бледное маленькое солнце, и все по-осеннему...

А стланик гнется. Гнется все ниже, как бы под безмерной, все растущей тяжестью. Он царапает своей вершиной камень и прижимается к земле, растягивая свои изумрудные лапы. Он стелется. Он похож на спрута, одетого в зеленые перья. Лежа, он ждет день, другой, и вот уже с белого неба сыплется, как порошок, снег, и стланик погружается в зимнюю спячку, как медведь. На белой горе взбухают огромные снежные волдыри – это кусты стланика легли зимовать.

А в конце зимы, когда снег еще покрывает землю трехметровым слоем, когда в ущельях метели утрамбовали плотный, поддающийся только железу снег, люди тщетно ищут признаков весны в природе, хотя по календарю весне пора уж прийти. Но день неотличим от зимнего – воздух разрежен и сух и ничем не отличен от январского воздуха. К счастью, ощущения человека слишком грубы, восприятия слишком просты, да и чувств у него немного, всего пять – этого недостаточно для предсказаний и угадываний.

Природа тоньше человека в своих ощущениях. Кое-что мы об этом знаем. Помните рыб лососевых пород, приходящих метать икру только в ту реку, где была выметана икринка, из которой развилась эта рыба? Помните таинственные трассы птичьих перелетов? Растений-барометров, цветов-барометров известно нам немало.

И вот среди снежной бескрайней белизны, среди полной безнадежности вдруг встает стланик. Он стряхивает снег, распрямляется во весь рост, поднимает к небу свою зеленую, обледенелую, чуть рыжеватую хвою. Он слышит неуловимый нами зов весны и, веря в нее, встает раньше всех на Севере. Зима кончилась.

Бывает и другое: костер. Стланик слишком легковверен. Он так не любит

## THE SIBERIAN PINE

ANDREW MERAZ

In the Far North, where the taiga meets the tundra, amid the dwarf birch trees and the low-growing bushes of mountain ash, with their surprisingly big, pale-yellow, juicy berries; amid the six-hundred-years-old larch trees, which reach maturity in their three-hundredth year, lives a special tree—the Siberian pine. This distant relative of the cedar is an evergreen, coniferous bush with a trunk just thicker than a man's arm and a height of two to three meters. It is modest and grows, clinging with its roots to a break in the stones of the mountain side. Like all the trees of the north, it is fearless and willful. It is a curiously sensitive being.

It is late autumn and has long been the time for snow, nearly for winter. For many days now, thin clouds, blue like bruises, have been making their way along the firmament's edge. Yet today, the piercing fall wind has become threateningly quiet. Smells of snow? No, there won't be snow. The Siberian Pine still stands. The days go by, one after the other, and yet there is no snow. The clouds roam in the high sky, somewhere beyond the hills. The small, pale sun rises, and everything moves according to the rules of autumn...

The pine bends. It bends lower and lower, as if it were beneath an immense, ever growing weight. It scratches at the stone with its limbs; it presses itself to the earth, stretching its emerald claws. The Siberian pine creeps. It resembles an octopus cloaked in verdant feathers. Lying, it waits a day, and then another. Now, from the white sky, snow falls like powder, and the tree slips into hibernation as if it were a bear. On the pallid mountain, large snowy blisters bulge out. These are the bushes of the Siberian pine. This is how they will spend the winter.

But at the end of winter, when snow still covers the earth with a thick layer of snow, three-meters high; when, in the canyons, blizzards still pack down thick snow that could only succumb to iron, people hopelessly search for signs of spring in nature—though, according to the calendar, spring has long since arrived. Yet, these days are indistinguishable from those of winter. The air is thin and dry and does not differ at all from the January air. Fortunately, man's feelings are too crude, his perceptions too simple, and indeed his senses too few, only five. These are insufficient to enable him to make predictions.

Nature, on the other hand, is more precise than man in its feelings. Do you recall the salmon, coming to spawn only in the river in which it itself was spawned? Do you recall the secret migration routes of birds? Little is known to us of plant-barometers and flower-barometers.

And still, among the snowy, limitless whiteness, among the utter hopelessness, there suddenly rises up the Siberian pine. It shakes off the snow, raises itself to its full height, lifts up to the sky its green, slightly auburn, ice-covered needles. It listens to spring's call—imperceptible to us—and, trusting in it, rises

зиму, что готов верить теплу костра. Если зимой, рядом с согнувшимся, скрюченным по-зимнему кустом стланика развести костер – стланик встанет. Костер погаснет – и разочарованный кедр, плача от обиды, снова согнется и ляжет на старое место. И его занесет снегом.

Нет, он не только предсказатель погоды. Стланик – дерево надежда, единственное на Крайнем Севере вечнозеленое дерево. Среди белого блеска снега матово-зеленые хвойные его лапы говорят о юге, о тепле, о жизни. Летом он скромно и незаметно – все кругом торопливо цветет, стараясь процвести в короткое северное лето. Цветы весенние, летние, осенние перегоняют друг друга в безудержном бурном цветении. Но осень близка, и вот уже сыплется желтая мелкая хвоя, оголяя лиственницы, палева трава свертывается и сохнет, лес пустеет, и тогда далеко видно, как среди бледно-желтой травы и серого мха горят среди леса огромные зеленые факелы стланика.

Мне стланик представлялся всегда наиболее поэтичным русским деревом, получше, чем прославленные плакучая ива, чинара, кипарис. И дрова из стланика жарче.

before anything else in the North. Winter has ended.

But it happens another way, too. By fire. The Siberian Pine is too gullible. It so dislikes winter that it is ready to trust in a fire's warmth. If, in the winter, one builds a fire next to its bent bushes, twisted by the cold, the Siberian pine will rise. And when the fire goes out, the disappointed tree, crying from the injury, again will bend and return to its former place. Again, it will be cloaked in snow.

No, it is not only a foreteller of the weather. The Siberian pine is the tree of hope; it is the only evergreen tree in the Far North. Amid the snow's blinding shimmer, its mint-green needles bespeak the South, warmth, life. In the summer, while all around it everything hastens to bloom, trying to flower in the short summer of the North, the Siberian pine is modest and goes by unnoticed. Spring, summer, and autumn flowers overtake one another in unrestrainable, wild blossoming. But fall is near, and already fine, yellow needles are strewn about, exposing the larch trees; the straw-colored grass is furling up and drying out; the forest is becoming empty. And visible in the distance, among the pale-yellow grass and gray moss, are the huge green torches of the Siberian pine burning amid the forest.

The Siberian pine always seemed to me the most poetic of the Russian trees; more so than the celebrated weeping willow, the sycamore, or the cypress. And its wood burns warmer.



## ЧЕСТНОЕ СЛОВО

ЛЕОНИДА ПАНТЕЛЕЕВА [LEONID PANTELEYEV]

Мне очень жаль, что я не могу вам сказать, как зовут этого маленького человека, и где он живет, и кто его папа и мама. В потемках я даже не успел как следует разглядеть его лицо. Я только помню, что нос у него был в веснушках и что штанишки у него были коротенькое и держались не на ремешке, а на таких лямочках, которое перекидываются через плечи и застегиваются где-то на животе.

Как-то летом я зашел в садик, — я не знаю, как он называется, на Васильевском острове, около белой церкви. Была у меня с собой интересная книга, я засиделся, зачитался и не заметил, как наступил вечер.

Когда в глазах у меня зарябило и читать стало совсем трудно, я захлопнул книгу, поднялся и пошел к выходу.

Сад уже опустел, на улицах мелькали огоньки, и где-то за деревьями звенел колокольчик сторожа.

Я боялся, что сад закроется, и шел очень быстро. Вдруг я остановился. Мне послышалось, что где-то в стороне, за кустами, кто-то плачет.

Я свернул на боковую дорожку — там белел в темноте небольшой каменный домик, какие бывают во всех городских садах; какая-то будка или сторожка. А около ее стены стоял маленький мальчик лет семи или восьми и, опустив голову, громко и безутешно плакал.

Я подошел и окликнул его:

— Эй, что с тобой, мальчик?

Он сразу, как по команде, перестал плакать, поднял голову, посмотрел на меня и сказал:

— Ничего.

— Как это ничего? Тебя кто обидел?

— Никто.

— Так чего ж ты плачешь?

Ему еще трудно было говорить, он еще не проглотил всех слез, еще всхлипывал, икал, шмыгал носом.

— Давай пошли, — сказал я ему. — Смотри, уже поздно, уже сад закрывается.

И я хотел взять мальчика за руку. Но мальчик поспешно отдернул руку и сказал:

— Не могу.

— Что не можешь?

— Идти не могу.

— Как? Почему? Что с тобой?

— Ничего, — сказал мальчик.

— Ты что — нездоров?

— Нет, — сказал он, — здоров.

## WORD OF HONOR

SILVIE LUNDGREN

*This is a story by the prominent Soviet children's author Leonid Panteleyev (Alexei Ivanovich Yermeyev). It remains very popular in Russia today and has been widely anthologized, serving as an important text included in readers for generations of Russian children. The first version of this story was published in 1941, the year Nazi Germany invaded the Soviet Union, and serves to instill in Soviet children a patriotic spirit and loyalty to the state. In the story, the title "commander" is used in place of "officer" because "officer" had been abandoned at the time for having tsarist connotations. Incidentally, Lenin and Stalin were known for wearing plain gray caps.*

I truly regret that I cannot tell you the name of this little man, or where he lives, or who his mama and papa are. In the darkness I could not even properly make out his face. I just remember that he had a freckled nose and that his britches were short and held up not by a belt, but by the type of straps that cross over the shoulders and fasten somewhere at the stomach.

One summer I happened into a little garden—I do not remember which—on Vasil'evskii Island, near the white church. I had an interesting book with me and lingered there engrossed in my reading, not noticing how the evening came on. When my eyes began to strain and reading became quite difficult, I clapped shut my book, got up, and set off toward the exit.

The garden had already emptied, lights were flickering in the streets, and somewhere beyond the trees a gatekeeper's bell was ringing.

Fearing that the garden would closing, I walked very quickly. Suddenly I stopped. I thought I heard someone crying beyond the bushes.

I turned onto the side path where a small stone building shone white in the dark. There are little buildings like this in all the city gardens; some type of shed or a guardhouse. By its wall stood a small boy of seven or eight. His head hung low and he was crying loudly and inconsolably.

I went up and called to him,

"What's wrong, boy?"

As if on command, he ceased crying at once and raised his head to look at me.

"Nothing."

"Are you sure? Has someone hurt you?"

"No, nobody."

"So why are you crying?"

He was still having a hard time speaking (he had not finished swallowing back his tears), still sobbed, hiccupped, and sniffled.

"Come along, let's go," I told him. "Look, it's late already, the garden is about to close."

I wanted to take the boy by the hand, but he snatched his hand away.

- Так почему ж ты идти не можешь?
- Я – часовой, – сказал он.
- Как часовой? Какой часовой?
- Ну, что вы – не понимаете? Мы играем.
- Да с кем же ты играешь?
- Мальчик помолчал, вздохнул и сказал:
- Не знаю.

Тут я, признаться, подумал, что, наверно, мальчик все-таки болен и что у него голова не в порядке.

– Послушай, – сказал я ему. – Что ты говоришь? Как же это так? Играешь и не знаешь – с кем?

– Да, – сказал мальчик. – Не знаю. Я на скамейке сидел, а тут какие-то большие ребята подходят и говорят: «Хочешь играть в войну?» Я говорю: «Хочу». Стали играть, мне говорят: «Ты сержант». Один большой мальчик... он маршал был... он привел меня сюда и говорит: «Тут у нас пороховой склад – в этой будке. А ты будешь часовой... Стой здесь, пока я тебя не сменю». Я говорю: «Хорошо». А он говорит: «Дай честное слово, что не уйдешь».

- Ну?
- Ну, я и сказал: «Честное слово – не уйду».
- Ну и что?
- Ну и вот. Стою-стою, а они не идут.
- Так, – улыбнулся я. – А давно они тебя сюда поставили?
- Еще светло было.
- Так где же они?

Мальчик опять тяжело вздохнул и сказал:

- Я думаю, – они ушли.
- Как ушли?
- Забыли.
- Так чего ж ты тогда стоишь?
- Я честное слово сказал...

Я уже хотел засмеяться, но потом спохватился и подумал, что смешного тут ничего нет и что мальчик совершенно прав. Если дал честное слово, так надо стоять, что бы ни случилось – хоть лопни. А игра это или не игра – все равно.

– Вот так история получилась! – сказал я ему. – Что же ты будешь делать?

- Не знаю, – сказал мальчик и опять заплакал.

Мне очень хотелось ему как-нибудь помочь. Но что я мог сделать? Идти искать этих глупых мальчишек, которые поставили его на караул взяли с него честное слово, а сами убежали домой? Да где ж их сейчас найдешь, этих мальчишек?..

Они уже небось поужинали и спать легли, и десятки сны видят.

А человек на часах стоит. В темноте. И голодный небось...

- Ты, наверно, есть хочешь? – спросил я у него.

- “I can’t.”
- “You can’t what?”
- “I can’t go.”
- “How’s that? What’s the matter?”
- “Nothing is the matter,” replied the boy.
- “Are you feeling unwell?”
- “No,” he said, “I am fine.”
- “So why can’t you?”
- “I am a sentry,” he said.
- “A sentry? What do you mean?”
- “But why don’t you understand? We’re playing.”
- “And... who are you playing with?”
- The boy was quiet for a while. He sighed,
- “I don’t know.”

I confess that, at the time, I thought the boy must be ill after all and not quite right in the head.

“Wait,” I said to him. “How’s that? You mean to say you are playing with someone and you don’t know who you are playing with?”

“Yes,” said the boy. “I don’t know. I was sitting on the bench. Some big boys come up and say, ‘Want to play war?’ I say, ‘Sure.’ So we start playing and they tell me, ‘You will be sergeant.’ One bigger boy—he was the marshal—he brings me here and says, ‘In this shed we have a gunpowder storehouse. You will be a sentry ... Stay here until I come back to relieve you.’ I say, ‘All right.’ And he says, ‘Give me your word of honor, that you will not leave.’”

“Well?”

“Well, and I say, ‘I give my word of honor, I will not leave.’”

“Then what?”

“Then... this. I stand here keeping watch, and they don’t come.”

“I see,” I smiled. “Has it been long since they posted you here?”

“It was still light.”

“So where are they then?”

The boy heaved another sigh.

“I think... they left.”

“How could they do that?”

“They forgot.”

“Then what are you standing here for?”

“I gave my word of honor...”

I felt like laughing but caught myself and thought, there is really nothing funny about this. The boy is completely right. If he gave his word, then he needs to stay no matter what happens—whatever may befall. Whether this a game or not a game, it doesn’t matter.

“I see what a tight spot you are in,” I said to him. “What are you going to do?”

“I don’t know,” said the boy and started to cry again.

I really wanted to help him somehow. But what could I do? Go searching for

– Да, – сказал он, – хочу.

– Ну, вот что, – сказал я, подумав. – Ты беги домой, поужинай, а я пока за тебя постою тут.

– Да, – сказал мальчик. – А это можно разве?

– Почему же нельзя?

– Вы же не военный.

Я почесал затылок и сказал:

– Правильно. Ничего не выйдет. Я даже не могу тебя снять с караула. Это может сделать только военный, только начальник...

И тут мне вдруг в голову пришла счастливая мысль. Я подумал, что если освободить мальчика от честного слова, снять его с караула может только военный, так в чем же дело? Надо, значит, идти искать военного.

Я ничего не сказал мальчику, только сказал: «Подожди минутку», – а сам, не теряя времени, побежал к выходу...

Ворота еще не были закрыты, еще сторож ходил где-то в самых дальних уголках сада и дозванивал там в свой колокольчик.

Я стал у ворот и долго поджидал, не пройдет ли мимо какой-нибудь лейтенант или хотя бы рядовой красноармеец. Но, как назло, ни один военный не показывался на улице.

Вот было мелькнули на другой стороне улицы какие-то черные шинели, я обрадовался, подумал, что это военные моряки, перебежал улицу и увидел, что это не моряки, а мальчишки-ремесленники. Прошел высокий железнодорожник в очень красивой шинели с зелеными нашивками. Но и железнодорожник с его замечательной шинелью мне тоже был в эту минуту ни к чему.

Я уже хотел несолоно хлебавши возвращаться в сад, как вдруг увидел – за углом, на трамвайной остановке – защитную командирскую фуражку с синим кавалерийским околышем. Кажется, еще никогда в жизни я так не радовался, как обрадовался в эту минуту. Сломая голову я побежал к остановке. И вдруг, не успев добежать, вижу – к остановке подходит трамвай, и командир, молодой кавалерийский майор, вместе с остальной публикой собирается протискиваться в вагон.

Запахавшись, я подбежал к нему, схватил за руку и закричал:

– Товарищ майор! Минуточку! Подождите! Товарищ майор!

Он оглянувшись, с удивлением на меня посмотрел и сказал:

– В чем дело?

– Видите ли, в чем дело, – сказал я. – Тут, в саду, около каменной будки, на часах стоит мальчик... Он не может уйти, он дал честное слово... Он очень маленький... Он плачет...

Командир захлопал глазами и посмотрел на меня с испугом. Наверное, он тоже подумал, что я болен и что у меня голова не в порядке.

– При чем же тут я? – сказал он.

Трамвай его ушел, и он смотрел на меня очень сердито.

Но когда я немножко подробнее объяснил ему, в чем дело, он не стал раздумывать, а сразу сказал:

those thoughtless boys who posted him on guard, insisted he give his word of honor, and then ran away home? And where will I find them now, those boys...?

They have probably eaten their dinners and are already in their beds, lost in dreams.

And this little man stands keeping watch. In the dark. And he is likely hungry.

“You haven’t had anything to eat, have you?” I asked him.

“I haven’t.”

“Well now, then,” I said, after giving it some thought. “You run home and eat dinner, and in the meantime I will stand here in your place.”

“Okay,” said the boy. “But is that allowed?”

“Why wouldn’t it be?”

“You are not in the military, are you?”

I scratched my head and replied,

“You’re right. That won’t do. I certainly cannot relieve you from your post. Only a military man can do that, only a higher-up...”

And then suddenly a happy thought occurred to me. If only someone from the military can release the boy from his word of honor, ordering him to leave his post, then why not? All I need to do is go look for such a man. I explained none of this to the boy. I only said, “Wait here a minute,” and, wasting no time, I ran off toward the exit ... The gate had not yet been shut; the gatekeeper was still making his way through the garden’s furthest reaches, ringing along his bell.

I positioned myself near the gate and stood there for quite a long while, hoping some kind of lieutenant or at least a Red Army private would pass by. But, as luck would have it, not even one military man appeared on the street. When some black overcoats flashed by on the other side of the street, I brightened up and ran across. I had thought it was men from the navy, but up close I saw that they were not sailors, but rather tradeschool students. Then a tall railway worker clad in a handsome overcoat with green service stripes went by. But the railway worker and his marvelous overcoat were of no use to me at that moment either.

I had almost given up hope and gone back to the garden when, all of a sudden, at the tram stop just around the corner, I saw the khaki cap and blue band of a commander in the cavalry. I think I have never been so unspeakably happy as I was in that instant. I ran off toward the stop at breakneck speed. But then, as I was on my way, a tram drew up to the stop! The commander, a young cavalry major, was about to squeeze inside with the rest of the crowd.

Breathless, I rushed at him and caught ahold of his hand, yelling,

“Comrade Major! One moment! Wait! Comrade Major!”

He turned around in surprise.

“What is the matter?”

“You see, over there, in the garden, next to the stone shed, a boy is standing watch... He cannot leave, he gave his word of honor... He is very young and he’s crying...”

The commander blinked at me with alarm. He might have thought that I

– Идемте, идемте. Конечно. Что же вы мне сразу не сказали?

Когда мы подошли к саду, сторож как раз вешал на воротах замок. Я попросил его несколько минут подождать, сказал, что в саду у меня остался мальчик, и мы с майором побежали в глубину сада.

В темноте мы с трудом отыскивали белый домик. Мальчик стоял на том же месте, где я его оставил, и опять – но на этот раз очень тихо – плакал. Я окликнул его. Он обрадовался, даже вскрикнул от радости, а я сказал:

– Ну, вот, я привел начальника.

Увидев командира, мальчик как-то весь выпрямился, вытянулся и стал на несколько сантиметров выше.

– Товарищ караульный, – сказал командира – Какое вы носите звание?

– Я – сержант, – сказал мальчик.

– Товарищ сержант, приказываю оставить вверенный вам пост.

Мальчик помолчал, пошепел носом и сказал:

– А у вас какое звание? Я не вижу, сколько у вас звездочек...

– Я – майор, – сказал командир.

И тогда мальчик приложил руку к широкому козырьку своей серенькой кепки и сказал:

– Есть, товарищ майор. Приказано оставить пост.

И сказал это он так звонко и так ловко, что мы оба не выдержали и расхохотались.

И мальчик тоже весело и с облегчением засмеялся.

Не успели мы втроем выйти из сада, как за нами хлопнули ворота и сторож несколько раз повернул в скважине ключ.

Майор протянул мальчику руку.

– Молодец, товарищ сержант, – сказал он. – Из тебя выйдет настоящий воин. До свидания.

Мальчик что-то пробормотал и сказал: «До свиданья».

А майор отдал нам обоим честь и, увидев, что опять подходит его трамвай, побежал к остановке.

Я тоже попрощался с мальчиком и пожал ему руку.

– Может быть, тебя проводить? – спросил я у него.

– Нет, я близко живу. Я не боюсь, – сказал мальчик.

Я посмотрел на его маленький веснушчатый нос и подумал, что ему, действительно, нечего бояться. Мальчик, у которого такая сильная воля и такое крепкое слово, не испугается темноты, не испугается хулиганов, не испугается и более страшных вещей. А когда он вырастет... Еще не известно, кем он будет, когда вырастет, но кем бы он ни был, можно ручаться, что это будет настоящий человек.

Я подумал так, и мне стало очень приятно, что я познакомился с этим мальчиком.

И я еще раз крепко и с удовольствием пожал ему руку.

was unwell too, that I was not quite right in my head.

“What have I to do with this?” he said.

His tram had left, and he was looking at me very crossly.

But when I explained the situation further to him, he did not hesitate.

“Let’s go, then. Of course. Why didn’t you tell me at once?”

We neared the garden just as the gatekeeper was hanging the lock on the gate. I asked him to wait a few minutes and told him that my boy was left behind. The major and I ran deep into the garden.

In the dark we could hardly find the white guardhouse. The boy stood on the very spot where I had left him and was crying again, but this time very quietly. I called out to him. He perked up, even yelped with joy, and I told him,

“There, there. I’ve brought you a higher-up.”

The boy saw the commander and straightened up, stretching himself somehow to become several centimeters taller.

“Comrade Sentry,” said the commander, “what is your rank?”

“I am a sergeant,” the boy said.

“Comrade Sergeant, I order you to stand down from the post entrusted to you.”

The boy kept silent and frowned with concentration.

“What is your rank? I can’t see how many stars you have ...”

“I am a major,” the commander answered.

Only then did the boy raise his hand to the broad brim of his gray cap and respond,

“Understood, Comrade Major, I am standing down from my post as ordered.”

He said this so resoundingly and smartly that we both could not help but burst out laughing, and the boy began to laugh too with relief.

Barely had we made it out of the garden when the gates slammed shut behind the three of us and the gatekeeper turned the key several times in the lock.

The major held out his hand to the boy,

“Well done, Comrade Sergeant. You will make a real soldier one day. Good-bye.”

The boy murmured something in response and said, “Good-bye.”

Meanwhile, the major saluted us both and, seeing that another tram was approaching, ran off to the stop.

I also bade the boy farewell and shook his hand.

“Shall I walk you home?” I asked him.

“No, I live nearby. I am not afraid,” said the boy.

I looked at his little freckled nose and thought, he surely has nothing to be afraid of. A boy who has such a mighty will and firm word will fear neither the dark, nor hooligans, nor even more frightful things.

And when he grows up ... Though it remains to be seen who he will be when he grows up, I can guarantee that he will be a true man.

Thinking this, I became more and more pleased that I had met this boy.

And, once more, I firmly and with pleasure shook his hand.

# LA AURORA

FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA

La aurora de Nueva York tiene  
cuatro columnas de cieno  
y un huracán de negras palomas  
que chapotean las aguas podridas.

La aurora de Nueva York gime  
por las inmensas escaleras  
buscando entre las aristas  
nardos de angustia dibujada.

La aurora llega y nadie la recibe en su boca  
porque allí no hay mañana ni esperanza posible.  
A veces las monedas en enjambres furiosos  
taladran y devoran abandonados niños.

Los primeros que salen comprenden con sus huesos  
que no habrá paraíso ni amores deshojados;  
saben que van al cieno de números y leyes,  
a los juegos sin arte, a sudores sin fruto.

La luz es sepultada por cadenas y ruidos  
en impúdico reto de ciencia sin raíces.  
Por los barrios hay gentes que vacilan insomnes  
como recién salidas de un naufragio de sangre.

# THE DAWN

MAGGIE HOLLOWAY

The New York dawn has  
four columns of mud  
and a hurricane of black doves  
that splash in cloudy waters.

The New York dawn wails  
over the immense stairways  
and searches among the cracks  
for spikenards of embodied anguish.

The dawn comes and nobody opens his mouth  
for it, because morning and hope are impossible.  
At times, suddenly, furious swarms of coins  
strike down abandoned children.

The first to come out understand with their bones  
that there will be no paradise, no lovers like unfurled blossoms;  
they know that they are going to the mud of numbers and laws,  
to artless games, to fruitless labor.

The light is buried beneath chains and noises  
in shameless challenge of rootless science.  
The people stagger sleeplessly through the boroughs  
as if recently returned from a shipwreck of blood.

Línea de montaña, sacó la leche de mi alma.  
 Cuerpos permanecen más allá de sus venas  
 El fondo de la mente. Llegaste al río.  
 Hablaste la lengua que podías. Me entendiste bien.  
 En los rincones de mi mente, nos deslizamos a  
 través de los céspedes altos

Las noches eran los días, y te añoro ahora.  
Por lo que viaja sobre las estribaciones  
Un pájaro carpintero golpea por un minuto.  
Golpea un nombre silencioso sin  
La lengua que perfora las letras en el fresno.  
Si vienes que a mi tumba, espera allí.  
Aquí, me has dejado.  
Hace tiempo en graneros oscuros.  
Soy el vidrio agrietado, lleno.  
Soy el rojo derramando del hueso.  
Como terciopelo que se desliza de una mesa.

La gente hablaba español desde lejos.  
Cambiaron su tono. *Mira. Ve.*  
Atados en nudos. Los jarrones se vertieron.  
Sabía lo que contenían.  
Lo que quedó, se derramó. *Mira. Ve.*

## FULL

Mountain line, you drew the milk from my soul.  
Bodies remain beyond their veins.  
Back of the mind. You arrived at the river.  
Spoke what language you could. Learned me well.  
In the corners of my mind, we crept through the  
tall grasses

Nights were the days, and I long for you now.  
For what travels over the foothills.  
A woodpecker bangs on for a minute.  
Knocks out a silent name without the  
Tongue to drill the letters into Ash.  
If you come to my grave, wait there.  
Here you have left me,  
Long gone in dark barns.  
I am the cracked glass, full.  
I am red spilling out from the bone.  
Like velvet flows off a table.

People spoke Spanish from a distance.  
They changed their tone. *Look. See.*  
Tied in knots. The vases poured out.  
They knew what they were holding.  
What was left, spilled. *Look. See.*

**Nocturno Preso**

XAVIER VILLAURRUTIA

Prisionero de mi frente  
 el sueño quiere escapar  
 y fuera de mí probar  
 a todos que es inocente.  
 Oigo su voz impaciente,  
 miro su gesto y su estado  
 amenazador y airado.  
 No sabe que soy el sueño  
 de otro: si fuera su dueño  
 ya lo habría liberado.

**IMPRISONED NOCTURNE: NIGHT PRISONER**

CALEB SABATKA

Prisoner of my forehead  
 the dream wants to escape  
 and outside of me prove  
 to everyone that he is innocent.  
 I hear his impatient voice  
 I see his expression and his irate  
 and menacing state.  
 He doesn't know I am the dream  
 of another: if I were his owner  
 I would have already freed him.



## A LOS QUE DESEAN IRSE\*

JUAN TOMÁS ÁVILA LAUREL

A vos, que de penas  
 y malas fortunas  
 de este mundo queréis salir,  
 si os dicen de regalo  
 que la otra vida es como aquesta,\*\*  
 ¿qué salto, mortal salto,  
 daréis para caer  
 en la tercera?  
 ¿Conformarse con dos muertes  
 sucesivas?  
 ¿Cambiar de aire en la segunda  
 y ser resignado por sufrido?  
 Si el cielo abierto  
 con un sol no convence nada,  
 ¿cuánto vencerá  
 un descelado\*\*\* mundo  
 sin estrellas?  
 Comprad, si queréis, gato en saco.

---

\* *irse* is a pronominal verb that carries the meaning of both “to leave” and “to die.”

\*\* *aquesta* is a word that comes from Catalan meaning “this.”

\*\*\* *descelado* is an uncommon Catalan word that roughly means “un-hidden” or “uncovered.”

## TO THOSE WHO WISH TO DEPART

CALEB SABATKA

To thee, that between sorrow  
 and bad fortune  
 from this world you wish to depart,  
 if they tell you for free  
 that the other life is like this,  
 what leap, what mortal leap,  
 will you take  
 to fall into the next?  
 Will you settle for two  
 successive deaths?  
 Or a change of air in the second  
 and be resigned to suffering?  
 If the open sky  
 with its sun  
 doesn't satisfy anyone,  
 how could an unmasked world  
 without stars  
 satisfy anyone?  
 Just go buy a pig in a poke.

## FELICES LOS NORMALES

ROBERTO FERNÁNDEZ RETAMAR

*A Antonia Eiriz*

Felices los normales, esos seres extraños,  
 los que no tuvieron una madre loca, un padre borracho, un hijo delincuente,  
 una casa en ninguna parte, una enfermedad desconocida.  
 Los que no han sido calcinados por un amor devorante,  
 los que vivieron los diecisiete rostros de la sonrisa y un poco más,  
 los llenos de zapatos, los arcángeles con sombreros,  
 los satisfechos, los gordos, los lindos,  
 los rintintín y sus secuaces, los que cómo no, por aquí,  
 los que ganan, los que son queridos hasta la empuñadura,  
 los flautistas acompañados por ratones,  
 los vendedores y sus compradores,  
 los caballeros ligeramente sobrehumanos,  
 los hombres vestidos de truenos y las mujeres de relámpagos.  
 Los delicados, los sensatos, los finos,  
 los amables, los dulces, los comestibles y los bebestibles.  
 Felices las aves, el estiércol, las piedras.

Pero que den paso a los que hacen los mundos y los sueños,  
 Las ilusiones, las sinfonías, las palabras que nos desbaratan  
 Y nos construyen, los más locos que sus madres, los más borrachos  
 Que sus padres y más delincuentes que sus hijos  
 Y más devorados por amores calcinantes.  
 Que les dejen su sitio en el infierno, y basta.

## HAPPY ARE THE NORMAL ONES

CALEB SABATKA

*To Antonia Eiriz*

Happy are the normal ones, those strange beings,  
 those who didn't have a crazy mother, a drunk father, a  
 delinquent son,  
 a house anywhere, an unknown disease.  
 Those who haven't been burned by devouring love,  
 those who lived through the seventeen faces of a smile and  
 a little more,  
 those full of shoes,\* the archangels with hats,  
 those satisfied ones, the fat, the beautiful,  
 the two-faced ones and their minions, the "why not, over here,"  
 those who win, those who are loved to the hilt,  
 the flautists accompanied by rats,  
 the sellers and their buyers,  
 the somewhat superhuman gentlemen,  
 the men dressed in thunder, the women in lightning.  
 The delicate ones, the sensible, the fine, the sharp,  
 the kind, the sweet, the edible and the drinkable.  
 Happy are the birds, the dung, the rocks.

But that they give way to those who make worlds and dreams,  
 The illusions, the symphonies, the words that mess us up  
 And put us together, those crazier than their mothers, those more drunk  
 Than their father and more delinquent than their sons  
 And more devoured by burning love.  
 I hope they leave them their place in hell, and that's enough!

---

\* This appears to be a reference to famous Cuban poet and essayist Jose Martí's poem for children "Los zapaticos de rosa."

# QUÉ PRECIO TIENE EL CIELO

ALFREDO MATHEUS-DIEZ

Cómo es que te amo así con todo el pensamiento  
 Cómo lograste entrar  
 Así sin preguntar robándote el momento

Cómo es que te amo así sin tanto sufrimiento  
 Cómo es que es natural que cada amanecer quiero parar el tiempo  
 Y es que te he dado todo y nada es suficiente  
 No porque me lo pidas sino porque faltan frenos al quererte

Qué precio tiene el cielo que alguien me lo diga  
 Qué más que darte amor yo quiero regalarte el azul de los días  
 Qué precio tiene el cielo que alguien me lo diga  
 Si yo con esta historia siento que la gloria ha llegado a mi vida  
 Qué precio tiene el cielo que alguien me lo diga  
 Yo pago con mi alma sin temor a nada  
 Yo te doy mi vida

Esta noche te doy de todo cuanto tengo  
 Y no me doy a basto intento imaginar que mundo yo te invento  
 Y desde aquí se ven las nubes y los vientos  
 Por eso aquí te traje porque por lo pronto es todo lo que tengo  
 Y es que te he dado todo y nada es suficiente  
 No porque me lo pides sino porque faltan frenos al quererte

Qué precio tiene el cielo que alguien me lo diga  
 Qué más que darte amor yo quiero regalarte el azul de los días  
 Qué precio tiene el cielo que alguien me lo diga  
 Si yo con esta historia siento que la gloria ha llegado a mi vida  
 Qué precio tiene el cielo que alguien me lo diga  
 Yo pago con mi alma sin temor a nada  
 Yo te doy mi vida

Eternamente yo te inventaría como esta tantas otras melodías  
 Para no faltarte si te faltó un día

# WHAT IS THE PRICE OF HEAVEN

ARTHUR KILONGO

How come I love you like this with all my mind  
 How did you manage to get in like this  
 Without asking stealing the moment

How come I love you like this without much suffering  
 How come it is natural that every morning I want to stop time  
 And I have given you everything but nothing is enough  
 Not because you asked me to but because there is no limit to loving you

What is the price of heaven  
 Someone tell me  
 Because besides giving you love I want to give you the blue of the day  
 What is the price of heaven  
 Someone tell me  
 If with this story I feel that glory came into my life  
 What is the price of heaven  
 Someone tell me  
 I pay with my soul without fear of anything  
 I give you my life

Tonight I give you everything I have  
 And still I am not enough I try to imagine what world I can invent for you  
 And from here can be seen  
 The clouds and the winds  
 That is why I brought you here because for the moment it is everything I have  
 And I have given you everything but nothing is enough  
 Not because you asked me to but because there is no limit to loving you

What is the price of heaven  
 Someone tell me  
 Because besides giving you love I want to give you the blue of the day  
 What is the price of heaven  
 Someone tell me  
 If with this story I feel that glory came into my life  
 What is the price of the heaven  
 Someone tell me  
 I pay with my soul without fear of anything  
 I give you my life

For always I would invent for you  
 So many other songs like this one  
 So you won't miss me if I am gone someday

# PIEDRA NEGRA SOBRE UNA PIEDRA BLANCA

CÉSAR VALLEJO

Me moriré en París con aguacero,  
un día del cual tengo ya el recuerdo.  
Me moriré en París ¿y no me corro?  
tal vez un jueves, como es hoy, de otoño.

Jueves será, porque hoy, jueves, que proso  
estos versos, los húmeros me he puesto  
a la mala y, jamás como hoy, me he vuelto,  
con todo mi camino, a verme solo.

César Vallejo ha muerto, le pegaban  
todos sin que él les haga nada;  
le daban duro con un palo y duro

también con una sogá; son testigos  
los días jueves y los huesos húmeros,  
la soledad, la lluvia, los caminos...

# BLACK STONE ON A WHITE STONE

BRIAN ARAQUE

I will die in Paris, on a rainy day,  
a day I already remember.  
I will die in Paris— And I don't step away—  
Maybe on a Thursday, like today, an autumn day.

It will be a Thursday, because today, Thursday, as  
I prose  
these verses, I put my shoulder bones on  
wrong and, never on a day like today, I've turned  
back,  
to see myself alone, on all of my road.

César Vallejo has died, they all beat him,  
even though he never bothers them;  
they hit him hard with a stick

and with a rope also. These are the witnesses:  
the Thursdays, the shoulder bones,  
the solitude, the rain, the roads...

संजय उवाच ।

एवमुक्त्वा ततो राजन्महायोगेश्वरो हररिः ।  
दर्शयामास पार्श्वे परमं रूपमैश्वरम् ॥ ११-९ ॥

अनेकवक्त्रनयनमनेकाद्भुतदर्शनम् ।  
अनेकददव्याभरणं ददव्यानेकोद्यतायुधम् ॥ ११-१० ॥

ददव्यमाल्याम्बरधरं ददव्यगन्धानुलेपनम् ।  
सवाशश्चयशमयं देवमनन्तं ववश्वतोमुखम् ॥ ११-११ ॥

ददववसूयशसहस्रस्य भवेद्युगपदतूता ।  
यददभाः सदृशी सा स्याद्भासस्तस्य महामनिः ॥ ११-१२ ॥

तरैकस्रजं गङ्गकूस्नं प्रववभक्तमनेकधा ।  
अपश्यद्देवदेवस्य रुरीरे पाण्डवस्तदा ॥ ११-१३ ॥

ततः स ववस्मयाववष्टो हृष्टरोमा धनञ्जयः ।  
प्रणम्य शरसा देवं कृताञ्जलरभाषत ॥ ११-१४ ॥

अजुशन उवाच ।

पश्याशम देवास्तव देव देहे  
सर्वास्तत्र भूतववरेषसङ्घान् ।  
ब्रह्माणमीरं कमलासनस्र-  
मर्षीश्च सवाशनुरगाश्च ददव्यान् ॥ ११-१५ ॥

अनेकबाहूदुरवक्त्रनेरं  
पश्याशमर्वां सवशतोऽनन्तरूपम् ।  
नान्तं न मध्यं न पुनस्तवाददं  
पश्याशमववश्वेश्वरववश्वरूप ॥ ११-१६ ॥

## BHAGAVAD-GITA

KAITLIN KARMEN

*Setting: Before the outbreak of war, as the two armies face one another on the battlefield, Arjuna tells his charioteer Krishna about his hesitation to fight. Krishna tells Arjuna his true identity: he is the god Vishnu. While explaining to Arjuna why he must engage in battle, Krishna reveals his supreme divine form. Sanjaya, who has been given the gift of divine sight, describes the scene to the blind king Dhritarashtra.*

Sanjaya said:

O King, after Krishna had spoken thus, he  
revealed to Arjuna his supreme lordly form:

comprised of many mouths and eyes, with manifold wonderous as-  
pects;  
bearing much celestial ornamentation and many upraised weapons;

wearing divine garlands and garments; anointed with unguent and  
perfume;  
made of all wonders, the infinite god, face turned in every direction.

If a thousand suns should rise at once in the sky,  
such brilliance would be like the brilliance of this great being.

Arjuna saw there in the body of the god of gods  
the whole universe assembled and divided in many ways.

Then Arjuna, astonished and with hair on end,  
bowing his head to the god with hands joined, spoke.

Arjuna said:

In your body, O Lord, I see the gods,  
all species of beings gathered together,  
lord Brahma sitting on his lotus-seat,  
and all the seers and heavenly serpents.

I see you everywhere, an infinite form  
with many arms, bellies, faces, and eyes.  
I see neither end, nor middle, nor beginning of you,  
Lord of All, whose form is the universe.

ककरीदनिं गददनं चकणिं च  
तेजोराशर् सवशतो दीप्तमिन्तम्।  
पश्याशम्वां दप्तुनशरीक्ष्यं समन्ताद्  
दीप्तिनलाकशद्युप्ततमप्रमेयम् ॥ ११-१७॥

त्वमक्षरं परमं वेददत्तव्यं  
त्वमस्य ववश्वस्य परं पतनधानम् ।  
त्वमव्ययः राश्वतधमशगोपि  
सनातनस्त्वं पुरुषो मतो मे ॥ ११-१८॥

अनाददमध्यान्तमनन्तवीयश-  
मनन्तबाहुं रशरसूयशनेरम्।  
पश्याशम्वां दीप्तितावक्तरं  
स्वतेजसा ववश्वशमदं तपन्तम् ॥ ११-१९॥

द्यावापथूर्वयोररदमन्तरं दह  
व्याव्ययैके न ददरश्च सवाशिः ।  
दृष्ट्वाद्भुतं रूपमुग्रं तवेदं  
लोकस्य प्रव्यथरतं महाम् ॥ ११-२०॥

Crowned, armed with a club and discus,  
mass of splendor, everywhere brilliant,  
with the immeasurable radiance of the blazing fire and sun,  
I see you, though you are hard to behold entirely.

You are the indestructible, supreme object of knowledge,  
the ultimate resting-place of all,  
the imperishable protector of eternal law,  
the ancient spirit—I understand.

I see you, without beginning, middle, or end,  
of infinite power, with innumerable arms;  
the moon and sun are your eyes, and your mouth is  
blazing fire, burning all the universe with splendor.

You alone occupy the distance between heaven and earth  
and all directions.  
Seeing your marvelous, terrible form  
the three worlds tremble, O great one.

# *IMMIGRANT VOICES*

## A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

CLIO GOUREVITCH, LEILA WANG GAQUETTE, & RAMEEN GONDAL

Every immigrant story is vastly unique and all deserve to be heard. Immigrants are integral to our country and working on building connections rather than borders is deeply fundamental to honoring the idea of America. Immigrant Voices enables immigrants to share their stories, and allows readers to relate to the stories of each other. Stories like these offer different perspectives, and different perspectives inspire change. Founded at Bard High School Early College Queens in 2017, our purpose is to connect people and provide a bridge between the multitude of identities that some of us wrestle with. Through curating and editing this magazine, we are reminded that we are not only surrounded by immigrants, but also by intellectuals, mathematicians, artists, and so many more.

The following pieces have all been composed, translated, and submitted by Bard students.



## UNTITLED - 12/28/2019

ANONYMOUS, '22 (BHSEC QUEENS)

Tengo ocho años.  
 Tengo un osito de peluche.  
 Tengo esperanzas y sueños.  
 Vivo en México con mis padres.  
 Me gusta la escuela y me gustan mis amigos.  
 Pero mis padres saben que nuestro país no es seguro.  
 Vamos a cruzar la frontera.

Tengo ocho años.  
 Tengo un osito de peluche. Tengo esperanzas y sueños. No tengo una casa.  
 Tengo miedo.  
 Tengo mucho mucho miedo.  
 Estoy cruzando la frontera.

Tengo ocho años.  
 Tengo un osito de peluche.  
 Tengo esperanzas y sueños.  
 Vivo en los Estados Unidos con mis padres. Me gusta la escuela y me llevo bien  
 con mis amigos.

Mis padres saben que este país es seguro.

Crucé la frontera.

## UNTITLED - 12/28/2019

SOPHIE GREGORY

I am eight years old.  
 I have a teddy bear.  
 I have hopes and dreams.  
 I live in Mexico with my parents.  
 I like school and I like my friends.  
 But my parents know that our country is not safe.  
 We are going to cross the border.

I am eight years old.  
 I have a teddy bear. I have hopes and dreams. I have no house.  
 I have fear. I am very afraid.  
 I am crossing the border.

I am eight years old.  
 I have a teddy bear.  
 I have hopes and dreams.  
 I live in the United States with my parents. I like school and I like my friends.  
 My parents know that this country is safe.

I crossed the border.

# UNTITLED - 12/28/2019

ANONYMOUS, '22 (BHSEC QUEENS)

Mis padres son inmigrantes. Recuerdo que cuando tenía un año, la policía llamó a nuestra puerta. Fue tres años después de 9/11 y la policía estaba llamando a las puertas de todas las personas por seguridad. Mi papá estaba indocumentado en ese momento y cuando mi mamá miró a la puerta, ella empezó a llorar. Recuerdo que estaba en la cocina y yo vi a mi mamá caminando de un lado a otro del pasillo. Mi tío habló con la policía. Después de que se fueron, ella quedó muy aliviada. Siempre me imagino lo que hubiera pasado ese día y que haría sin mi padre.

# UNTITLED - 12/28/2019

SAM ABATE

My parents are immigrants. I remember when I was one year old, the police came to our door. It was three years after 9/11 and the police were going to all of the houses for security purposes. My dad was undocumented at the moment and when my mom looked at the door, she began to cry. I remember that I was in the kitchen and I saw my mom pacing back and forth. My uncle spoke with the police. After they left, she was very relieved. I always imagine what could have happened this day and what there would be without my dad.

## সাবরিয়া - 12/1/2019

ANONYMOUS, '22 (BHSEC QUEENS)

Mi mamá dijo ayer, “Cuando me hablas inglés, siento que tú no eres mi hija. Debes hablar más en bengalí.” Cuando tenía cuatro años, hablaba bengalí todos los días, con fluidez, pero después de asistir a la escuela, hablaba más en inglés. Comencé a olvidar el idioma de mi gente, el idioma que mis parientes pelearon por tener. Es un poco triste que la única palabra que puedo escribir en mi propio idioma sea mi nombre, pero puedo escribir un párrafo en una lengua que no es mía. Sí, yo estudio español en la escuela pero en Bangladés es donde mi corazón está. Mis padres emigraron a EEUU por una buena vida para mi hermano y para mí. Viví en Nueva York toda mi vida, pero no soy completamente americana. Mis padres son de Bangladés, pero no soy completamente bengalí. Estoy en el medio, y siempre voy a estar en el medio. No deseo borrar mi cultura.

## সাবরিয়া - 12/1/2019

SOPHIE GREGORY

My mother said yesterday, “When you speak to me in English, I feel that you are not my daughter. You should talk more in Bengali.” When I was four years old, I spoke Bengali every day fluently, but after attending school, I spoke more in English. I began to forget the language of my people, the language that my parents fought to have. It’s a little sad that the only word that I can write in my own language is my name, but I can write a paragraph in a language that is not my own. Yes, I study Spanish at the Bengali school, but Bengali is where my heart is. My parents immigrated to the United States for a good life for my brother and me. I lived in New York all my life, but I am not completely American. My parents are from Bangladesh, but I am not completely Bengali. I am in the middle and I am always going to be in the middle. I don’t wish to erase my culture.

## CUANDO LLEGÓ EL DÍA - 1/7/2020

ANONYMOUS, '22 (BHSEC QUEENS)

Y el viento soplaba en su cara  
 Es una vida nueva que no podría ser amada. ¿Por qué deberían estar separados?  
 Los gritos de sus hermanos  
 Los gritos de sus padres  
 Las amenazas de los oficiales que asustaban a todos ¿Cómo pueden hacer esto?  
 Años de su vida sintiéndose solo  
 Constantemente detrás de una puerta cerrada  
 Nunca puedes saber toda tu historia  
 Cuando llegó el día  
 Y el viento ya no estaba allí.  
 ¿Podemos ser un mundo con piezas rotas?

## WHEN THE DAY CAME - 1/7/2020

BRIAN ARAQUE

And the wind was blowing in your face  
 It's a new life that couldn't be loved. Why should we be separated?  
 The screams of your brothers  
 The screams of your fathers  
 The threats of the officials that frightened all. How could they do this?  
 The years of your life feeling lonesome  
 Constantly behind a closed (shut) door  
 You can never know your whole history (the entirety of your history)  
 When the day came  
 And the wind wasn't there.  
 Can we be a world with broken pieces?

