

BOUNDLESS

At the Translate Iowa Project, we take the meaning of “translate” to its fullest potential. We believe it is the duty of a diverse community to provide a safe and inclusive environment for voices of all backgrounds. By reaching out to our community and maintaining linguistically and culturally inclusive platforms, we seek to bring forth the relevancy and creativity of all languages and cultures in our community and our world. Without limits, we plan to do so by translating resources and creative works, broadcasting world news and music, and collaborating with populations in our community. Our collective love and need for creativity, culture, and peace has no boundaries, and this is why we translate. Each piece that appears in this volume of Boundless was subject to an anonymous reading and voting process. All members of the editorial board were given the opportunity to express their opinions and vote on each selection, and the staff was required to abstain from voting on their own submission or work they recognized.

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Boundless

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BOUNDLESS

FROM THE PRESIDENTS

Language is an incessant buzz. It dominates a world of communication. It dominates the world within ourselves. Extending into image, feeling, memory, signs, symbols, gestures, and—of course—words, language is a vessel of understanding the complex happenings of our world. With this perspective, what then is translation? What does the act of transformation—moving from one language to another—do?

It adds another hum. It creates a swarm—

A soft buzz comes from the desert, the barren land of interpretation, imperceptible to most, except those who know to listen. Translators always listen for it: the direction, the words, the salvation in the landscape of language. In a way, translation is the constant searching for an oasis amidst desolation, a diamond in the rough. It is hearing a voice echoing past borders, having no bounds—

Translation is an act that creates polyphony, crafting voices that resonate somewhere between harmony and dissonance, as it carries one voice from a hive of language to another. There is an attempt of interaction between seemingly separate linguistic realities—a point of contact through the stable and consistent voice that exists within the lines of literature—

Away from the hive and into nature, thoughts travel. The wind blows sand and scatters ideas. Translation is a cross-pollination of cultures, languages, and creativity; a painstaking process that ensures the propagation

of seeds, so that one day those seeds may bloom. It is a delicate balance of research, artistry, and betting on one's understanding of a piece—

Translation is the passing of the baton—the monarch and moniker of an original text giving away its power and singularity to be recreated—reborn.

That is what we do here at the Translate Iowa Project; we pass the baton, and every year we are reborn with a new yet similar vision. We fly forth, our precision on creating a multiplicity of understanding and reality possible the paramount objective of our journey—

For that reason, year after year, we wander back into the desert. Annually, we are transformed by the journey of translating submissions—

We utilize the submissions from you—students, community members, international voices—humans that breathe and think and write and use language in a way that allows you to join the swarm of existence.

For a brief moment, we are going to ask you to pause. Let the constant whir slow and your mind grow silent. Let your body grow still. Let your eyes, your ears, your mind all close themselves to the hectic reality lying beyond these pages, opening instead the voices of our authors and translators lying within them—

Use these bounded pages as your oasis, so you can be boundless—

Enjoy a rest from the chaos. We hope you can take something in here with you as a souvenir. A remembrance. A translation of something inscribed on these pages and left imprinted on the grooves of your mind—something to take with you when you return to the swarm—

Sincerely,
Kyler Johnson & Sophie Perez

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Charm for a Swarm of Bees	Anonymous	13
Charm for a Swarm of Bees	Kyler Johnson	14

Ginkgo Leaves	Madalyn Lovejoy	15
	اوراق الجنكة Tony Santi	16
	银杏叶 Tessa Ramsden	17

The Unprecedented Now	Cameron Barnett	18
Le Présent Imprévu	Rain Hurst	20

Tu Me Manques	miló	22
Tu Me Manques	Abigail Kloha	23
	وحشتيني Ryann Hubbart	24
Du Fehlst Mir	Sophie Wagner	25

Is Love Enough?	Manasi Kinikar	26
	愛だけで十分? Courtney Cooke	27

things I have learned	Josephine Geiger-Lee	28
dinge, die ich gelernt habe	Sophie Wagner	29

Changement	Suzan van den Broek	30
Change	Jacqueline Wahl	31

Perfeição	Luana Santos	32
Perfection	Kendyl Green & Kyler Johnson	33

Superlative	L. A. Felleman	34
Superlativo	James Transue	36
Superlativ	Jake Boudreau	38
Es difícil sobre viver	Antonieta Carpenter-Cosand	40
Es difícil sobre viver	Jake Boudreau	42
A Free India	Manasi Kinikar	44
Un India libre	Abigail Kloha	46
sleep tight	Lolo Lasswell	48
ぐっすり	Courtney Cooke	50
The Grindstones of Life	Madalyn Lovejoy	52
حجر شحذ الحياة	Brett McCartt	53
The Odd One Out	Suzan van den Broek	54
特例独行	Tessa Ramsden	55
Pine Needles Underfoot	miló	56
Pinochas bajo el pie	Sophie Perez	57
Caixa d'água de Imbituba	Kyler Johnson	58
Caixa d'água de Imbituba	Tony Santi	60
The Only One	Zoe Friedline	62
L'unica	Elisa Torres	63

Natural Feelings	Lolo Lasswell	64
Sentimientos Innatos	Jacqueline Wahl	65
Elegy to Icarus	Josephine Geiger-Lee	66
Élégie à Icare	Autumn Mayer	68
The Edge	miló	70
El borde	Kendyl Green & Sophie Perez	72
Catullus 7	Catullus	74
Catullus 7	Shelby Darnell	75
Obsoleto	Vinicius Figueiredo	76
Obsolescence	Kyler Johnson	77
forever, I love you	Lolo Lasswell	78
pour toujours, je t'aime	Rain Hurst	80
Responding to My Odd Talking	Caleb Delos-Santos	82
Responder a Mi Habla Rara	James Transue	84
Freshmen Year	Josephine Geiger-Lee	86
La Première Année de l'École	Autumn Mayer	87
Resettle Me	Madalyn Lovejoy	88
让我重生	Tessa Ramsden	89
يرجعني	Brett McCart	90

(Des)encontro Luana Santos 91
(Mis)match Kyler Johnson 92

Here I am Caleb Delos-Santos 93
أنا هنا Ryann Hubbart 96

The Unchosen Cameron Barnett 99
Die Unauserwählten Jake Boudreau 101
L'inchoisi Rain Hurst 103

Santa Fe Springs City Library Cammie Hardouin 105
Սանտա Ֆե Սիթիի գրադարանը (1985) Ani Jilavyan 108

A Fragment of the Moon Sappho 111
A Fragment of the Moon Sophie Perez 112

CHARM FOR A SWARM OF BEES

Anonymous

Wið ymbe nim eorþan, oferweorp mid þinre swiþran
handa under þinum swiþran fet, and cwet:

Fo ic under fot, funde ic hit.
Hwæt, eorðe mæg wið ealra wihta gehwilce
and wið andan and wið æminde
and wið þa micelan mannes tungan.

And wiððon forweorp ofer greot,
þonne hi swirman, and cweð:

Sitte ge, sigewif, sigað to eorþan!
Næfre ge wilde to wuda fleogan.
Beo ge swa gemindige mines godes,
swa bið manna gehwilc metes and eþeles.

CHARM FOR A SWARM OF BEES

Kyler Johnson

Grasp hold of some earth with your right hand,
casting it beneath your right foot against a swarm, and call out:

I throw this underfoot! I declare
the earth shall prevail against all:
against malice, against ignorance,
and against the great deceit of men.

Against all of that they swarm, they lay hold on the land;
cast the earthen treasure upon their bodies, and call:

Halt swarm, you women of victory, and
descend upon the earth!
Do not flee wildly to the woods
Be mindful of my well-being,
as each man is of homestead and daily bread

GINGKO LEAVES

Madalyn Lovejoy

Ginkgo leaves are falling,
Little half-moons waning and waxing
Through the pitfalls and triumphs of humanity

Nuts and fruit smeared underfoot,
Stumbled over to watch the verdant crescents
Fall and phase through the seasons on the wind

اوراق الجنكة

Tony Santi

تتساقط أوراق الجنكة
تتصاعد وتتضاءل الأقمار الصغيرة
عبر مزالقي وانتصارات الإنسانية

تم تلطيخ تحت القدم
بالمكسرات والفواكه
ترنحت لمشاهدة الهلال الأخضر
تتساقط وتتمر عبر مواسم الريح

银杏叶

Tessa Ramsden

银杏叶在掉下，
月有圆缺变化
通过人的高低胜负

干果和水果涂抹在脚下
踉跄过去看清脆的月牙
飘落凋零在四季风中

The Unprecedented Now

Cameron Barnett

At times when I'm about to go insane
Telling a stranger that I love them
Or thinking about funerals for the very first time

It helps me to remember

That this has never been done before
Living in this instant as it comes

Every second is a new beginning, every moment
Cleans the blank slate unscathed by any future
When anything can happen, any day's perplexity
Or doubtful possibility

Or wonder

Because now has never happened before.
No one knows what anything has in store.

I take some solace in the fact
Our lives are futures from the past
And all those heroes that we read about in school

All the soldiers and the sorcerers
Who chose to dream instead of pray

Once also clenched their fists against the sun
To keep the world at bay.

Le Présent Imprévu

Rain Hurst

Parfois quand je suis au bord de la folie
En disant à un étranger que je l'aime
Ou en pensant aux funérailles pour la première fois

Cela m'aide à me souvenir

Que cela n'a jamais été fait auparavant
Vivre cet instant comme cela arrive

Chaque seconde est un nouveau départ, chaque moment
Nettoie l'ardoise vierge qui n'est pas touchée par aucun futur
Quand tout peut arriver, la perplexité d'un jour quelconque
Ou d'une possibilité douteuse

Ou bien se demander

Car, auparavant ce présent n'est jamais arrivé.
Personne ne sait ce qui nous attend.

Cela me soulage le fait
que nos vies sont des avènements du passé
Et que tous ces héros dont on lit à l'école

Tous les soldats et sorciers
Qui ont décidé de rêver au lieu de prier

Ont aussi une fois clenché leurs poings
Contre le soleil pour tenir le monde à distance.

Tu Me Manques

miro

When the beat of my heart is *I miss you, I miss you*
The weight of the world is *I miss you, I miss you*
Clouds rolling over say *I miss you, I miss you*
A crack of thunder; *I miss you, I miss you*
Sunlight illuminates *I miss you, I miss you*
And wind reveals that *I miss you, I miss you.*

Everything screams *I miss you, I miss you*
I shout back *I love you, I love you.*
I send the storm to remind you *I love you*
You are divine in the sun, I remind you *I love you*
My breath is the wind, I say *I love you*
I want the whole world to remind you *I love you.*

Tu Me Manques

Abigail Kloha

Cuando el latido de mi corazón es *te extraño, te extraño*
El peso del mundo es *te extraño, te extraño*
Las nubes dan vueltas, diciendo *te extraño, te extraño*
Un chasquido de trueno; *te extraño, te extraño*
Un rayo de luz ilumina *te extraño, te extraño*
Y el viento revela que *te extraño, te extraño*

Todo grita *te extraño, te extraño*
Contesto chillando *te amo, te amo*
Envío la tormenta para recordarte que *te amo*
Eres divino bajo el sol, te recuerdo que *te amo*
Mi aliento es el viento, digo *te amo*
Quiero que el mundo entero te recuerde que *te amo*

وحشتيني

Ryann Hubbart

لما دق قلبي وحشتيني وحشتيني
لما ثقل الدنيا وحشتيني وحشتيني
الغيوم المتماوجة تقول وحشتيني وحشتيني
هدبر الرعد، وحشتيني وحشتيني
الشمس تنور وحشتيني وحشتيني
والرياح يكشف انك وحشتيني وحشتيني

كل حاجة تصرخ وحشتيني وحشتيني
أجاوب بصرخة بحبك بحبك
أرسل العاصفة لأذكرك أني بحبك
إنت إلهية في الشمس، أذكرك أني بحبك
نفسى الريح، أقول بحبك
عايزة كل الدنيا تذكرك اني بحبك

Du Fehlst Mir

Sophia Wagner

Wenn das Klopfen meines Herzens ist *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*
Das Gewicht der Welt ist *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*
Wolken die über uns ziehen, sagen, *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*
Ein Donnerschlag; *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*
Sonnenlicht leuchtet *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*
Ein Wind, der zeigt, *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*

Alles schreit *du fehlst mir, du fehlst mir*
Ich rufe zurück *ich liebe dich, ich liebe dich*
Ich schicke den Sturm, um dich zu erinnern *ich liebe dich*
Du bist göttlich in der Sonne, ich erinnere sich *ich liebe dich*
Mein Atem ist der Wind, ich sage, *ich liebe dich*
Ich möchte, dass die ganze welt dich daran erinnert *ich liebe dich*

Is Love Enough?

Manasi Kinikar

quick peeks during rush hour
gazes slowly rolling towards each other
love bloomed between us without a single touch
shameless and innocent
doesn't it know?
can't it see?
poets cannot love fighters
so, come in my dreams and stay the night
I have built us a home inside me
a soft place to raise our shame
please,
be mine until light

愛だけで十分？

Courtney Cooke

ラッシュアワーのチラ見
お互いにそっと見つめ合う視線
触れずに二人の間に愛が咲き始めた
恥ずかしがらずに、無邪気に
わからないかな？
見えないかな？
詩人は戦士を愛せないから
夢の中でお泊まりして
私の中にうちを建てた、
恥を育てる柔らかない場所
私のものになってください
夜が明けるまで

Things I Have Learned

Josephine Geiger-Lee

my skin protects my muscles
 and my muscles protect my ribs
 and my ribs protect my heart
 and my heart bleeds and bleeds and bleeds
 and my ribs peel back, one by one
 and my muscles strain and contort
and my skin splits open
 because today is the last day
 and i do not know how to place my heart
 upon my sleeve
 so i bear this burden
 alone.
there are things i wish to unlearn.

Dinge, Die Ich Gelernt Habe

Sophia Wagner

meine Haut schützt meine Muskeln
 und meine Muskeln schützen meine Rippen
 und meine Rippen schützen mein Herz
 und mein Herz blutet und blutet und blutet
 und meine Rippen schälen sich zurück, eine nach der anderen
 und meine Muskeln spannen sich an und verzerren sich
und meine Haut spaltet sich auf
 weil heute der letzte Tag ist
 und ich weiß nicht wie ich mein Herz
 auf meinem Ärmel
 so trage ich diese Last
 allein
es gibt Dinge, die ich gerne verlernen würde

Changement

Suzan van den Broek

J'y passai toute ma vie.
Le rythme confortable de la monotonie me suivait partout.
Or, par une force intérieure, je dus partir.
Je vis, j'appris, je me mépris.
Pour finir par changer.
J'y passai toute ma vie.
Pourtant, je n'y vécus jamais.

Change

Jacqueline Wahl

I'd spend my whole life there.
The comfortable rhythm of monotony followed me everywhere.
Yet, by an internal pull, I had to leave.
I live, I learn, I despise myself.
To eventually change.
I'd spend my whole life there.
Yet, I never lived there.

Perfeição

Luana Santos

Quis ser idealização
Do que é impossível concretizar
Até matar e deixar
As fantasias impostas
De como ser e sentir

Perfection

Kendyl Green & Kyler Johnson

Desired to be the ideal
of what could never be real,
till I finally killed and set
free the imposed fantasies
of how to be and breathe

Superlative

L.A. Felleman

This Sacred Landslide
under a platinum sky
flecked with brilliant crystals
the most incredible
so spectacular

This Sacred Lute Tune
after a smart prelude
composed in two-four time
the most enticing
so amazing

This Sacred Line Dance
by ostrich-skin boot taps
shined with rhino-hide buff
the most endangered
so tremendous

This Sacred Loose Screw
in a pearlescent goop
plumped with the best palm oil
the most exotic
so terrific

Jan. 6, 2021 — After Trump complained about (despite all evidence to the contrary) the loss of his “sacred landslide” victory, a mob of his supporters attacked the U.S. Capitol to prevent Congress from certifying the Electoral College vote.

Superlativo

James Transue

Esta Victoria Aplastante Sagrada
bajo el cielo platino
moteado con brillantes
lo más increíble
tan espectacular

Esta Tonada del Laúd Sagrada
después de un preludio astuto
compuesto en tempo de dos por cuatro
lo más tentador
tan asombroso

Esta Danza en Línea Sagrada
botas de piel de avestruz zapateando
bruñido con un pellejo de rinoceronte
los más en peligro
tan tremendos

Este Tornillo Suelto Sagrado
 en un pringue nacarado
 engordado con lo mejor aceite de palma
 lo más exótico
 tan fantástico

El 6 de enero de 2021 — Después de Trump se quejó de (a pesar de toda la evidencia) la pérdida de su “sagrada victoria electoral aplastante,” una multitud de sus simpatizantes asaltó el Capitolio de los EE.UU. para evitar que el Congreso certifique el voto del Colegio Electoral.

Superlativ

Jake Boudreau

Dieser helige Durchmarsch
unter einem platingrauen Himmel,
gesprenkelt mit hellen Kristallen
das Wunderbarste
so spektakulär

Dieses helige Lautenlied
nach einem klugen Auftakt
komponiert im Zweivierteltakt
das Verlockendste
so unglaublich

Dieser helige Linientanz
mit Straußhautstiefeln mit Klapsen
mit Nashornhauttuch poliert
das Gefährdeteste
so gewaltig

Diese helige lockere Schraube
in einem perlmutterartigen Schleim
geplumpst mit dem besten Palmöl
das Exotischste
so hervorragend

Es difícil sobre vivir

Antoineta Carpenter-Cosand

Ahogada en mal salarios explotativos y entre múltiples trabajos que no bastan... Que por mas que te rompas la espalda no dan las cuentas y en vez de progresar y sentir que vas pagando todo lo debido, ¿Por qué les debes tanto? Porque existir es deuda, nada sale.

Llega un punto cada semana donde incluso entre nosotros donde hay abrazos y caricias de buenas noches colapsa y la tensión llega porque nos están comiendo vivos. Mientras crezco la vida en mí. La vitalidad es resistencia. Pero esto es un desgarrar moral, porque hay una ola acalorada de no valgo lo suficiente para vivir. Ni siquiera para sobrevivir. Y por más que te den apoyo, manos, comida, aliento, palabras, ninguna parece suficer. No tenemos tiempo para amarnos plenamente, cada mes el lujo es darnos una cena fuera, para pretender, salvar y olvidar que estamos encadenados a ser una aspiradora estilo Kirby.

Pero ya no solo es un juego y pantallas divertidas de una infancia descuidada. No se siente bien saber que dreño las fuentes de apoyo y no suficer. Y esto me ahoga tanto, me llena de impotencia y coraje, porque fueron mis elecciones, lamentable saber, que creer en la humanidad, no es digno de ser. Porque aquí somos productos y lo que yo comercio, a nadie le importa una puritita verga.

Así, porque las transacciones aplastantes tienen que venir de una mentalidad de falo. Cuidar no vale nada. Enseñar cariño, palabras, conexión y comunicación no vale nada. Embellecer la vida, entregar la voz del alma al aire. No es nada. Competir lo es todo. Ahora solo pido ante el altar de la oficina, entre mis notas amarillas, recordatorios frustrantes, al santo Biden, personificación de un lanzar migajas a los pobres, al estilo fechoroso de Marie Antoinette y los cakes, que perdone algo para poder salir de mi estado-Kirby y lloró. Sentirme Sor Juana, En perseguirme, mundo, ¿Qué intereses? Se prosigue, se olvida y se acomoda el traje de oficina.

Competir. Ser solo uno, pretender ser solo logros, enseñar todas tus estrellas del uniforme en un mal escrito CV para que te den un chance de tan siquiera poder arrastrarte en esta escala extraña y los demás viejos te dicen que así se empieza, que romperte la espalda es normal y llegar a viejo desgarrado es la pureza, recompensada en un retiro cómodo, prometen pero mientras nos están quitando todos los pisos y no se dan cuenta que probablemente nunca lleguemos a nada de eso.

Pero dentro de mí hay manotazos y patadas, exigiendo el derecho de existir y yo me lleno de esperanza, reafirmando naturaleza, pero me siguen comiendo viva, no sé qué decir. Como puedo tener cabeza para defender mis ideas, si no sé cómo dar un respiro y regresar a sus abrazos y decir que podemos. Cada semana. Cada grieta.

Es difícil sobre vivir

Jake Boudreau

Suffocated in poor, exploitative wages and between multiple jobs that aren't enough... No matter how much you break your back, you never receive compensation, and instead of improving and feeling as though you're paying your dues—why do you owe them so much? Because existing is debt, nothing comes out of it.

A point arrives each week where even when there are hugs and the sweet caresses of good nights between us, it crumbles—and tension arises because we're being eaten alive. While I grow life in me. Vitality is resistance. But this is a moral tear because there's an all-consuming, hectic wave of heat and pressure where I'm not worth enough to live. Not even to survive. And no matter how much they would give you for support, a helping hand, food, spirit in breath, sweet promises—nothing seems to suffice. We don't have the time to love ourselves to the fullest, each and every month the luxury is treating ourselves to dinner, to pretend, save and forget that we're bound to be a vacuum like Kirby.

But it's no longer just a game and fun screens from a neglected childhood. I don't feel fine knowing that I drink from the fountains of support, and the thirst can never be satiated. And this feeling chokes me so much as it fills me with helplessness and rage—for those were my only choices—lamentable to know that believing in humanity is not

worthy enough for being. Because here we are products, and nobody gives the slightest of a fuck about what I trade.

For this reason, because the crushing transactions have what comes of a phallic mentality. Care is good for nothing. Teaching care, compassion, connection, and communication is completely worthless. Embellishing life, delivering the voice of the soul to the sky. That isn't anything. Competition is all there is. Now I just plead before the altar of the office—among my little yellow notes and frustrating memories, to the saint Biden, the personification of throwing scraps to the poor in the felonious fashion of Marie Antoinette and the cakes—hoping that I might forgive something for being able to take leave of my Kirby-state and cry. Feeling like Sor Juana, In pursuit of me,

world, what interests you? It goes on, it's

forgotten and it settles into its office suit.

To compete. To be only one, to claim to be just achievements, to teach all your *estrellas del uniforme* in a poorly written résumé, to be given a chance of such ability to drag yourself up this strange ladder, and the rest of what old timers tell you—that it starts like this, that breaking your back is normal and to reach old age completely torn is purity, rewarded in a comfortable retirement—they promise these things but meanwhile they are stripping us of all our layers, and they don't realize that we'll probably never get near any of that.

But before me are slaps and kicks, demanding the right to exist, and I fill myself with hope, reaffirming nature. But they follow me, devouring life, and I don't know what to say. How can I have a head for defending my ideas if I don't know how to give a breath, and return to their hugs and say that we can. Each week. Each crack.

A Free India

Manasi Kinikar

A free India
An August to remember
Your vacant eyes look at the strange machine Fearful and questioning
A moment abducted
The sun rising in the nation
And setting on my life
I remember the oak tree I climbed
To watch you a final time
A solemn married woman
Did you forget the summer we had?
The protests and celebrations
Where we promised ourselves to love Freedom at a cost
Our laughter sacrificed to the British rain Banished to
silence
I watch your quiet again and again
Stuck in sepia tones
Trying to escape this tattered photograph
A tragedy only of two
I breathe into your stillness
Hoping you come to life

To my life

And free us once more

My dreams are frozen in August 1947

Un India libre

Abigail Kloha

Un India libre
Un agosto para recordar
Tus ojos vacíos miran la máquina extraña Miedosos y perplejos
Un momento raptado
El sol amanece en la nación
Y atardece en mi vida
Recuerdo el roble que subí
Para mirarte una última vez
Una mujer solemne y casada
¿Olvidaste el verano que pasamos juntos?
Las protestas y las celebraciones
Donde nos prometimos amar la Libertad a un coste
Sacrificamos nuestra risa a la tormenta británica,
donde fue Desterrada al silencio
Miro tu silencio una y otra vez
Atrapada en colores sepias
Intentando escaparme de esta foto andrajosa
Una desgracia de solo dos
Respiro dentro de tu quietud
Esperando que vuelvas a la vida
A mi vida

Y que nos liberes de nuevo

Mis sueños están congelados en agosto de 1947

sleep tight

Lolo Lasswell

the cheese was dripping off the side of the school bus we sat in. the brown mittens flew in a synchronized motion representing the unity i desired. i could inhale the greenery that outlined the streets. his hands wrapped around me i felt so nice i felt terrified

he disappeared

my sister and i stopped at the gas station on her road trip. she wanted alcoholic pizza. i thought that would be cool. reminds me of the cannabis cake given to me during that government program party. it was green. i wasn't supposed to have it but i did. it was a party. the pizza was just regular pizza. disappointing.

Running
for my life, everyone i had come to know.
violence was expected. familiar. ready to fight.
kill. hide. run.
the old man. old friend. old mother.
cowboy boots weighing down my steps
Empty

old friends.

i made a mistake. Not again. vague. old friend. it was an accident. where am i? here? Why? Again. I said it wouldnt happen.

again

Rise

ぐっすり

Courtney Cooke

私たちが座っていたスクールバスの横からチーズが垂れていた。茶色の手袋が願っている統一感を表すようにシンク口して飛んできた。道路の周りの緑を空気として吸い込んだ。私を抱きしめていた彼の両手。 本当に気持ちよかった 怖かった

彼、消えちゃった

私と姉はロードトリップ中にコンビニで止まった。姉は酒入りピザを欲しがった。美味しそう。政治プログラムパーティーでもらった大麻入りケーキを思い出す。緑だった。食べたらダメだったくせに食べた。パーティーだったし。ピザは普通のピザだった。残念。

走っている

命のため、知り合いになった全てのみんなのため。暴力は当たり前。いつものこと。戦う準備。殺せ。隠れろ。逃げろ。老人。旧友。年老いた母。足元を重くするカウボーイブーツ 空っぽ

旧友

悪かった。またか？ 分かりにくい。旧友。わざとじゃなかった。どこ？ ここ？ なぜ？ まだだ。繰り返さないと言った

くせに

目を覚ませ

The Grindstone of Life

Madalyn Lovejoy

A thousand, tiny deaths inconsequential
Enough to not think about
To mend the small slices and burns –
Common cuts from the grindstone of life

Living is pain, oh – how it hurts
We revel in each slight injury,
Attributing the pains of existence
To a newly-visible foe

Living is love, constant and bright
We find motivation to move on,
To handle our tiny hurts and harms until
Injuries inevitably are too great to heal

حجر شحذ الحياة

Brett McCartt

لف حالة وفاة صغيرة غير مهمة
كافية لعدم التفكير بها
لعلاج الحروق و الشرائح الصغيرة -
جروح عادية من حجر شحذ الحياة

العيش هو ألم، يا له من ألم
نستمتع بكل إصابة طفيفة،
نعزو آلام الوجود
إلى عدو مرئي حديثاً

الحياة هي الحب، ثابتة و مشرقة
نجد دافعاً للمضي قدماً،
للتعامل مع الأذى والأضرار الصغيرة لدينا حتى
تصبح الإصابات كبيرة لدرجة انها لا تُشفى

The Odd One Out

Suzan van de Broek

It is a mantra of sorts,
Spoken about me at times.
A reality that contorts,
My perception of "crimes."

I am not normal, they say,
Always something to change.
I keep the weirdness at bay,
But even then I am strange.

I accepted it but then,
I realized some things.
That common men,
get treated like kings.
I have to accept,
The pain they cause.
But when I "overstep,"
They change the laws.

特例独行

Tessa Ramsden

就是一个口头禅，
他们常常说起我。
一个扭曲的实际，我
“自觉罪孽深重”。

我与众不同，他们说，
一些事情总是需要改变。
我要保持保留古怪的部分，
即使那样我还是异乎寻常。

我接受了但是以后，
我意识到事情。
有的一般人，
像国王一样被对待
我需要接受，
他们造成的痛苦。
但是如果我“超出期望”，
他们变换规则。

Pine Needles Underfoot

miló

We cannot hear the silence here
When all is close and all is near.
When love feels like the end of summer
A way to light the woods on fire.
We, my love, walk hand in hand
Together in undying land.
Our feet will carry us to home
And night will leave us well alone.
This land is green, this land is hard
And to us cannot bring much harm.
That love like twilight in our hearts
We draw this map, part by part.
So let us linger at this door
Let me stay a moment more.

Pinochas bajo el pie

Sophie Perez

Aquí no podemos oír la silencio
Cuando todo está próximo y todo está cerca.
Cuando el amor se siento como el fin del verano
Una manera de prender fuego al bosque.
De la mano, mi amor, caminamos
En la tierra imperecedera, juntos.
Nuestros pies nos llevarón a casa
Y la noche, en paz, nos dejará.
Esta tierra es verde, esta tierra es dura
Y no puede traernos mucho daño.
Ese amor como la penumbra en nuestros corazones
Dibujamos este mapa, parte por parte.
Quedémonos en esta puerta
Déjame quedarme un momento más.

Caixa d'água de Imbituba

Kyler Johnson

Cotton swirls
 onto reservoir
 ripples
and the sun
 beats down
 drying droplets
on my skin
 in your eyes
 and fog falling from treetops
casts the illusion of perpetual storm

I'm left dizzy swimming in this pool
the water cold, your grass warm
my silhouette carved into your bed—
a ghost of dreams and nightly lament
 (when will I come home
 when will I come home)
And everyone tells me it's cold here
 because it's winter.
And everyone tells me it's hot there
 because it is.

And everyone tells me I'm here because I should be.
 (the cotton knits itself around me)
And everyone tells you I'm here and that it's painful.
 (in this fog we forget ourselves)
And everyone tells everyone dreams they've sold themselves,

forgetting
 (ignoring)
 the price they've paid
 to let the sun fall on their skin

and for the peace
 of listening to the water
 trickling down mountains
 eating at the rock
 whispering,
 waiting,

to burst

Caixa d'água de Imituba

Tony Santi

تدور القطن

على تموجات البحيرة

والشمس

تضرب على

وتجفف قطرات الماء

على بشرتي

في عيونك

والضباب تتساقط من الأشجار

وتخلق وهم العاصفة الدائمة

أشعر بالدوار عندما أصبح في هذا المسبح

الماء باردة وعشيك دافئ

صورتي ظليلة منحوتة في سريرك —

شبح الاحلام والرثاء الليلية

(متى سأعود إلى بيتي)

متى سأعود إلى بيتي)

وكل الناس يخبرونني انه بارد هون

بسبب الشتاء

وكل الناس يخبرونني انه شوب هناك

ومعهم حق

وكل الناس يخبروني انني هون لاني لازم اصير هون.
 (يحوك القطن نفسه حولي)
 وكل الناس يخبروني انني هون وهو موجه
 (في الضباب ننسى أنفسنا)
 وكل الناس يخبروا كل الناس عن الأحلام الذي باعوا أنفسهم
 نسيان
 تجاهل
 الحق الذي دفعوا
 للسماح لأشعة الشمس أن تسقط على بشرتهم
 وللسلام
 الاستماع للماء تقطر من الجبال.
 تقضم الصخرة
 تهمس
 في انتظار
 أن تنفجر

The Only One

Zoe Friedline

No thoughts of love
Crossed my mind
When at first, I saw her

Her eyes were dim
Her smile thin
Her arms hung limp beside her

If I had not been made
To spend time with her every day
We would be happy strangers

But here we are
My love and I
Somehow, she's the only one for me
Even I don't understand why

L'unica

Elisa Torres

Nessun pensiero d'amore
M'ha attraversato la mente
Quando per la prima volta, l'ho vista

I suoi occhi erano fiochi
Il suo sorriso era magro
Le sue braccia pendevano flosce ai fianchi

Se io non fossi stato costretto a
Passare il tempo con lei ogni giorno
Saremmo estranei felici

Ma eccoci qui
Il mio amore e io
In qualche modo lei è l'unica per me
Non capisco perché

natural feelings

Lolo Lasswell

it is *longed*,
as black birds fly,
the fire burns- rising with the sun,
the senses loose, setting all the same.
it is certain.
as the coffee colored roots
dig their paths
into the earth.

The maroon membranes
of the organic being
they *ooze*, they exude the treasure...
Imaginaries- such as a fairy
flying through the *willow*

Sentimientos Innatos

Jacqueline Wahl

Se desea,
como vuelan los pájaros negros,
el fuego quema, saliendo con el sol,
los sentidos francos, el sol se pone igual.
es cierto.
como las raíces color café
cavar sus caminos
en la tierra

Las membranas granate
del ser orgánico
ellos *rezuman*, ellos exudan el tesoro...
Imaginarios, como un hada.
volando a través del sauce

Elegy to Icarus

Josephine Geiger-Lee

honey high
sugar sweet
hot hot hot

to you
wings will
never melt

to me
you will
always fall

you need
you want

“it tastes like life”
hot
sweet
high
it was your death
no
good
byes

hot hot hot

sugar sweet

honey high

I'm sorry I never told on you to Daedalus.

Élégie à Icare

Autumn Mayer

le miel haut
le sucre doux
chaud chaud chaud

pour toi
les ailes
ne fondront jamais

pour moi
tu tomberas
toujours

tu as besoin de
tu as envie de

“cela a le goût de la vie”
chaud
doux
haut
c’était ta mort
pas
d’au
revoir

chaud chaud chaud

le sucre doux

le miel haut

Je suis désolé que je ne t'ai jamais rapporté à Dédale.

The edge

miro

(I reached for my pen; my hand came away bleeding)
(I dipped the tip in red; my heart spilled on the pages)
(I reached out to stop it from beating; my arms shook and were heavy)
(I let myself go; my body was breaking)
(I screamed myself hoarse; my smile was bloody)
(I reached for my pen; my hand came away bleeding)
(I made my hands write; my eyes refused to see)
(I was blind when I stumbled; my feet stuttered over glass)
(I sank to my knees; my stomach was aching)
(I threw up red flowers; my body created)
(I reached for my pen; my hand came away bleeding)
(I was writing when it happened; my mind was a crystal)
(I couldn't think without pain; my inside was raw)
(I was cut to ribbons; my own nails were the culprits)
(I cut my nails with cobwebs; my fingers were rotting)
(I reached for my pen; my hand came away bleeding)
(I found my reflection; my eyes were an abyss)
(I caught eyelashes on my fingers; my body was naked)
(I shivered in the wind; my spine was barbed-wire)
(I couldn't stand; my legs refused to support me)
(I reached for my pen; my hand came away bleeding)
(My hand came away bleeding)

(My hand came away)

(My hand)

(My)

El borde

Kendyl Green & Sophie Perez

(Tomé mi bolígrafo; mi mano salió sangrando)
(Metí la punta en rojo; mi corazón se derramó en las páginas)
(Extendí la mano para que dejara de latir; mis brazos temblaban y estaban pesados)
(Me dejó llevar; mi cuerpo se estaba rompiendo)
(Yo mismo grité hasta quedar ronco; mi sonrisa estaba ensangrentada)
(Tomé mi bolígrafo; mi mano salió sangrando)
(Hice que mis manos escribieran; mis ojos se negaron a ver)
(Estaba ciego cuando tropecé; mis pies tartamudearon sobre el vidrio)
(Caí de rodillas; me dolía el estómago)
(Yo vomité flores rojas; mi cuerpo creó)
(Tomé mi bolígrafo; mi mano salió sangrando)
(Estaba escribiendo cuando sucedió; mi mente era un cristal)
(No podía pensar sin dolor; mi interior estaba en carne viva)
(Me cortaron en pedazos; mis propias uñas fueron las culpables)
(Me corté las uñas con telarañas; mis dedos se estaban pudriendo)
(Tomé mi bolígrafo; mi mano salió sangrando)
(Encontré mi reflejo; mis ojos eran un abismo)
(Cogí pestañas en mis dedos; mi cuerpo estaba desnudo)
(Me estremecí con el viento; mi columna vertebral era alambre de púas)
(No podía pararme; mis piernas se negaban a sostenerme)
(Tomé mi bolígrafo; mi mano salió sangrando)
(Mi mano salió sangrando)

(Mi mano se apartó)

(Mi mano)

(Mi)

Catullus 7

Catullus

“Odi et amo, quare id faciam, fortasse nescio,
sed fieri sentio et excrucior”

Catullus 7

Shelby Darnell

I hate and I love. How, perhaps you ask, can that be?
I do not know, but I feel it happen and it is great torture.

Obsoleto

Vinicius Figueiredo

Minha insegurança sobre ti vai e vem, dura além do tempo que acredito te amar e que de fato te amei. Eu fico preocupado em precisar de ti, da maneira que precisei dele; preocupado por você não me conhecer de verdade e talvez nunca tentar. Eu sou alguém diferente quando sou sozinho, quando me sinto em casa, quando me sinto eu; e não sei se me sinto assim contigo. Basta amar alguém e ter a certeza de que nunca será recíproco? Não o amor, ou a paixão, mas a admiração. Fico preocupado de você não me conhecer e não tentar. Quanto da vontade de me ter vem da solidão de ser você e quanto vem de gostar de mim? Eu invadi seu mundo e ele fez sentido, mas quanto do meu você está disposto a conhecer? É lindo a ideia de ser teu, mas agora que sou fico preso me perguntando até quando vai durar. Até eu errar? Eu evito isso ao máximo; até tu cansar de me amar? E quanto tempo isso vai demorar? Até tu descobrir toda parte minha e eu não ter nada mais a oferecer. Eu mudei e mudo constantemente, mas a busca por ser algo novo chegará ao fim, como tudo chega. Quanto de mim você vai querer quando meus toques se tornarem comuns, e minha visão de mundo não passar de memórias dentro de um brinquedo vazio? Quanto de mim eu terei a oferecer depois que você me descobrir inteiro?

E quanto de você irá me amar quando a magia passar e eu voltar a ser obsoleto?

Obsolescence

Kyler Johnson

My doubts about you come and go, lasting longer than the time that I believe to have loved you and the time I actually loved you. I'm worried about needing you, like the way that I needed him; worried by the fact you don't know me truly, and perhaps never will try to. I am a different me when I'm alone, when I feel at home, when I feel my own—I don't know if I feel that way with you. Is it enough to love someone and be certain that it'll never be reciprocated? Not love, not passion, but rather, admiration. I am worried you will never know me, will never try. How much of passion comes from the solitude of being stuck in your own skin and how much of it comes from actually liking me? I invaded your world, and it made sense, but how much of mine are you willing to know? It's beautiful, the notion of being yours, but now that I am, I am trapped, asking myself how long it'll last. Until I mess up? I avoid this as best I can. Until you grow tired of loving me? But how much time will this take? Until you discover every piece of me, and I have nothing left to offer. I changed and continue to change, but the search to be something new will arrive in the end, as everything arrives eventually. How much of me will you desire when my caress becomes customary, and my vision of the world is nothing more than memories encased like an empty toy? How much of me will I have left to give once you've discovered everything?

And how much of you will love me once the magic has passed and I regress, obsolete?

forever, i love you

Lolo Lasswell

forever, i love you

oh darling,
i don't mind waiting a bit.
i'll welcome you!
i have the tea ready for you...
(chamomile, lavender, and a bit of foxglove to keep you here)
i have everything all set up for you
a chair i'll tie your limbs to with braided rope!

shhh, darling- it's okay.

i'm here to wipe your delicious tears away.
i'll feed you your favorite meal everyday.
flavors that are sure to make your brain slowly decay...
and you'll appear so delicate- so pure in your bedstead
covered with these fresh white linens i bought for you
i'll make sure to check in on you every night.
i'll smile because i know you'll forever be sleeping tight.

oh darling- i could never let you go- oh no.
i bought you this handkerchief to muffle your screams.
and how beautiful it will be

when you accept you belong
to me.
:)

you can't fight me darling, my love is far too strong.
everything will be easier if you just go along
i have red blush, suits and gowns, pearly beads too!
i'll dress you preciously, your fair hues set just right
i have a polaroid camera to keep your still
like the one you always played with in front of your windowsill...

i can't wait for the eternity you'll be-
the eternity you'll belong
to me.

pour toujours, je t'aime

Rain Hurst

pour toujours, je t'aime

oh mon cher,
ça ne me dérange pas du tout de t'attendre un peu,
tu seras le bienvenu !
j'ai du thé tout prêt pour toi
(camomille, lavande, et un peu de digitale pourpre pour te garder ici)
j'ai tout mis en place pour toi
une chaise à laquelle j'attacherai tes mains et tes pieds avec une corde tressée !

shhh, mon cher, ça va aller.

je suis là pour essuyer tes larmes délicieuses.
je te donnerai ton repas préféré tous les jours.
des saveurs qui vont faire dépérir lentement ton cerveau...
et tu sembleras si délicat- si pur dans ton lit
couvert sous ces draps blancs propres que j'ai achetés pour toi.
je serai certain de veiller sur toi tous les soirs
je sourirai car je saurai que tu dormiras bien pour toujours.

oh chéri- je ne pourrais jamais te laisser m'échapper- oh non.
j'ai acheté pour toi ce mouchoir pour étouffer tes cris.
et comment ce sera beau

quand tu accepteras que
tu es à moi.
:)

tu peux pas me résister chéri, mon amour est trop fort.
tout sera plus facile si tu te laisse aller
j'ai du rouge, des costumes et des robes rouges, des perles nacrées
aussi !
je t'habillerai précieusement, ta peau blanchâtre bien teinte
j'ai un appareil photo polaroid pour garder ton image fixe
comme celui avec qui tu jouais toujours devant la fenêtre...

je ne peux pas attendre l'éternité où tu sera-
l'éternité où tu sera
à moi.

Responding to My Odd Talking

Caleb Delos-Santos

Occasionally,
I speak loopily,
screaming nonsense things,
like “Bleebloo” or “Splings.”

Psychologically,
this insanity
answers to my feelings:
Sad = “Bromble.” Mad = “Crings!”

Now, some think these noisy mechanisms may be
ridiculous
or even dangerous.
But, I disagree.

These wacky “words” always seem
to soothe me.
“Smapple Snoople Snob” offers relief.
“Smee Smoo Deeb Doo” produces peace.
“Romble Bomble Lomble Oppolus” is just funny.

Despite their emotional
and notably “loco” variety,
each and every nutty term and phrase

strangely and amazingly
makes and keeps me
astoundingly happy.

So, please, shut up.

Or, join me.
Who knows? You might like saying,
“Smlebly,” “Brebbily,” or “Rebdizzy.”

When your daily word-registry
doesn't meet your emotionally aching needs,
try wildly shouting out whatever sound you do need.

And maybe,
hopefully,
odd talking
will eventually lead to me
and you
feeling equally
and astoundingly
happy,
lively,
and free.

Responder a Mi Habla Rara

James Transue

A veces
hablo con vueltas,
gritando tonterías
como “Biblu” o “Gandrías.”

Psicológicamente,
esta disonancia
contesta a mis sentimientos:
Triste es “Tibóm.” Enojado es “¡Dintos!”

Bueno, algunos crean que estos mecanismos ruidosos
pueden ser absurdos
o hasta peligrosos.
Pero yo discrepo.

Estas letras locas siempre me parecen
calmante.
“Saba Suba Sob” ofrece alivio.
“Dipo Dipo Du” produce paz.
“Rombel Bombel Lombel Opelus” sólo es gracioso.

A pesar de su emocional
y particularmente loca variedad,

todos y cada uno de los términos y frases chiflados
extrañamente y asombrosamente
me hacen y mantienen
extraordinariamente feliz.

Así que cállate, por favor.

O, únete conmigo.
¿Quién sabe? Quizás te gustaría decir
“Mezbly,” “Bibid,” o “Rebdice.”

Cuando tu registro-de-palabras diario
no alcanza tus necesidades emocionales dolorosas,
intenta gritar salvajemente cualquier sonido que necesites.

Y quizás,
espero que
hablar rara
finalmente nos llevará
para mí y para tí
sintiéndonos igualmente
y asombrosamente
felices,
alegres,
y libres.

Freshmen Year

Josephine Geiger-Lee

*felt like a star burning itself out
it was brilliant
it stretched ever outwards
look*

*it seemed to breathe as it chased away the shadows
this is who i was meant to be
this is who i wanted to be
this is who i am
i am finally here*

*finally finally finally
it was bright
the path ahead of me lit up
the light came from me
and i was burning
and i kept reaching*

reaching

reaching

Lights out.

La Première Année de l'École

Autumn Mayer

*sentait comme une étoile se consumant
c'était brillante
elle s'étirait à jamais vers l'extérieur
regarde*

*elle semblait respirer pendant qu'elle chassait les ombres
c'est qui j'étais censé être
c'est qui je voulais être
c'est qui je suis
je suis là, enfin*

enfin enfin enfin

*c'était éclatante
le chemin devant moi s'allumait
la lumière venait de moi
et je brûlais
et je continuais d'aspirer*

aspirer

aspirer

Fondu au noir.

Resettle Me

Madalyn Lovejoy

I want someone to lift my shell and shake it a bit
To resettle me back into my bones
Dropping me into a body more present than before,
The extra weight of me felt in the seams of my toes

I want the rumble to realign my spine,
To erase the ache, ease the pain
A collection of pins and plugs finding their slots
In the stilted, never-ending game of my frame

让我重生

Tessa Ramsden

我想要有人提升我并且震动我
为让我脱胎换骨
掉我到一身比任何时候都清醒，
我的超重量甚至意识到脚趾缝之间的分量

我想通过震动拉直我的脊柱，
消除我的疼痛，缓解我的痛苦
每个零部件都找到他们的槽位
生命轮回中，永无止境的游戏

يرجعني

Brett McCartt

أريد أن يرفع شخص ما قوقعتي و يهزها قليلاً
ليرجعني الى عظامي
و يضعني في جسد أكثر وجوداً من قبل،
اشعر بوزني الزائد في طبقات اصابع قدمي

اريد الهدير ان يعود تجليس سنسلة ظهري،
ان يمح الالم، ان يسهّل الوجع
مجموعة دبابيس و مقابس يجدون فتحاتهم
في لعبة جسدي المتكلفة التي لا تنتهي

(Des)encontro

Luana Santos

Quando duas almas
Dois corpos
Se veem
Se encontram
Se reconhecem afins
Em sua(s) luz(es)
E sombra(s)
Talvez sejam as estrelas
O céu
E universo
Que expressam, também no desencontro
A força para seguir
Daqueles que se viram reflexo, enfim

(Mis)match

Kyler Johnson

When two souls
Two bodies
Regard one another
Encounter one another
Recognize one another in
their light(s)
and shadow(s)
Perhaps it is the stars
the sky
and the universe
that voice themselves, even for those mismatched,
providing the strength to move on
from those that have turned into echos—at last

Here I am

Caleb Delos-Santos

Trying to write something breath-taking
And revolutionary.

But, that never seems to work for me.

Sometimes, while striving to cobble quality words from nothing,
I try to visualize this pretty and wild kind of Poetry I only see in my
dreams.

It is:

Clean and Form-respecting
Clever and Witty
Clear and Comprehensive
Calming and Infectious

It is NOT:

Cliché and Form-forgetting
Moronic and Shitty
Fearful and Repressive
Alarming and Pretentious

Most of all,

It takes a faithful yet incredibly compelling stance on something
And Exquisitely illustrates

the illustrious,
Troubling,
Inviting,
Terrifying,
Complex,
Depressing,
Soulful,
And Hopeful
Nature
Of All Poetry,
Humanity
And

Me.
And,
Most importantly,
It does something.

Now, you might be thinking or even screaming,
“Isn’t that a lot to ask from something so tiny?
Why not try book writing?
Most folks only connect to stories these days,
And most writers favor fiction anyways.
So, Why not do the same?”

Naturally, I wish I could reply to these ponderings
by quipping and countering snarkily.
But honestly,
Those are quality questions that I can never seem to answer properly.

All I know
Is that, on one January day,
Poetry saved me
From jumping off a building.

And, I have been struggling to detail that memory.

The:
Lazy yet Grumpy Winter fumes breezing,
Puny yet Allusive bottom-story-floor concrete creaking

My:
Once-comedy-laden eyes and face
satanically vibrating and tear-bleeding
Rhythmic and swelling suicidal thoughts
strobe-lightly brainwashingly Blinking

But, Poetry helps me remember and process slightly.

I know this poem is not life-changing
Or even relatably thought and feeling provoking
However, I hope it is foreshadowing something.
Hopefully, some qualities
Or even memories
Seen in this poetry
Will lead to something lovely
Or even
My

Dream:
The very same kind of Poetry
That Incredibly
And Exquisitely
Saved me
And still does

Daily.

أنا هنا

Ryann Hubbart

أحاولُ أن أكتبَ شيئاً يخطُفُ الأنفاسَ
وثنوياً
ولكنّها لا تحدثُ أبداً.
أحياناً، عندما أسعى إلى صنع كلماتٍ جيدةٍ من لا شيء،
أحاولُ تصوّرَ الشعرِ الجميلِ والبرّيِّ
الذي أراه في أحلامي فقط.

هو:
منظّمٌ ومحترّمٌ بالشكلِ
ذكيٌّ
واضحٌ وشاملٌ
مريحٌ ومحبوبٌ

ليس:
مبتذلاً وناسيَ الشكلِ
مغفلاً وعفناً
خائفاً وكبحياً
مزعجاً و مدّعياً

وأكثرُ من أيّ شيءٍ،
يعبّرُ معتقداتٍ مخلصّةٍ و شديدةٍ
و يمثّلُ بالتمامِ
طبيعةَ الشعرِ
البائنةِ

الصعبة
الترحيبة
المخيفة
المغمة
العاطفية
و الآملة
- الشِعْرُ من كلِّ البشرِ
و أنا.
وأهمُّ من ذلك -
الشِعْرُ يفعلُ شيئاً.

في الحال، من الممكن أن تفكر
أو حتى تصرخ:
«هل هذا ليس طلباً عظيماً من شيءٍ صغيرٍ؟
لماذا لا تحاولُ كتابةَ الكتبِ؟
لا يتَّصِلُ معظمُ الناسِ إلا بالقصصِ الخياليةِ هذه الأيامِ
ويفضلُها معظمُ الكُتّابِ
فلماذا لا تَتَّبِعُ؟»

طبعاً، أريدُ أن أُجيبَ على كلِّ الأسئلةِ
بتعليقٍ ودفاعٍ ساخرين
ولكنَّ بصدق،
تلكَ أسئلةٌ قيِّمةٌ لا أستطيعُ أن أجيبَها مناسباً أبداً

كلُّ ما أعرفُهُ أنَّ
في يومٍ من الأيامِ في شهرِ ينايرِ
أنقذني الشِعْرُ
من القفْرِ من بنايةٍ.

وما زلتُ أكافحُ أن أوسَّعَ ذلكَ الذكرى:

تدوُّرُ ريحِ الشتاءِ التي كانت كسلانةٍ ومعبصةٍ
يصرُّ الطابقي الأرضي الخرساني الصغيرُ والبعيدُ

عبوني
التي كانت مليئةً بالكوميديا سابقاً
ووجهي
يهتزُّ بشيطانيةٍ و ينزفُ دموعُ
أفكارٍ انتحاريةٍ إيقاعيةٍ متضخمةٍ تغمضُ
كغسيلِ الدماغِ

ولكنَّ يساعِدُنِي الشِعْرُ في التذكُّرِ والتعاملِ معها قليلاً.

أَعْرِفُ أَنَّ هَذِهِ الْقَصِيدَةَ لَنْ تَغَيِّرَ حَيَاتِي
وَلَنْ تُؤَثِّرَ عَلَى التَّفَكُّيرِ أَوْ الْإِحْسَاسِ بِكَثِيرٍ.
لَكِنِّي أَتَمَنَّى أَنَّهَا تُؤْذِنُ بِشَيْءٍ.
أَمَلُ أَنَّ بَعْضَ الصِّفَاتِ
أَوْ الذِّكْرِيَّاتِ
الَّتِي تَوْجَدُ فِي هَذَا الشَّعْرِ
سَيُؤَدِّي إِلَى شَيْءٍ جَمِيلٍ
أَوْ بَلْ حَلْمِي:
نَفْسُ نَوْعِ الشَّعْرِ الَّذِي
انْقَذَنِي
بِإِعْجَازِ
وَيَسْتَمِرُّ أَنْ يَنْقَذَنِي
يَوْمِيًّا

The Unchosen

Cameron Barnett

We weren't found when we were lost
By anyone with working hearts, by minds
Inclined to mind themselves, or selected
To be loved.

Buried under ugly fear
Below deep scars of snarls and shrieks and burning stomachs
Pumping gas into the atmosphere,
We weren't beautiful enough to earn compassion
Through our enduring lives.

Or live like other hearts could live
In our own fashion.

Beneath their eyes, beneath the dirt,
We slept with rats and drank from gutters
Oozing the unwanted waste
Of what everybody else's bad life sputters
From these impurer mouths.

Praying to the looming stars
We crouch by shadows in the dark, dreaming
About clocks whose spin devours
These endless days with their unstable hours
And cry until the evening overtakes us
By the night behind the moon.

Die Unausgewählten

Jake Boudreau

Wir wurden nicht gefunden als wir verloren waren
von jedem mit werktätigem Herzen, von Verstände
an sich selbst denken oder ausgewählt
geliebt sein.

Erdeverlegt unter hässlicher Angst
unterhalb der tiefen Narben von dem Knurren
und dem Gekreisch
und brennend Mägen,
pumpen das Benzin in die Atmosphäre,
wir waren nicht schön genug um das Mitgefühl
durch unsere dauerhafte Leben
zu verdienen.

Oder leben wie andere Herzen leben können
auf unsere eigene Art und Weise.

Unterhalb ihren Augen, unterhalb der Erde
wir schliefen mit den Ratten und tranken aus den Rinnsteinen,
sickern den unerwünschten Abfall
von dem, was die böse Leben von allen anderen spuckt
aus diesen unreineren Mündern.

Beten zu den vollen Sterne
wir kauern uns bei den Schatten in der Dunkelheit,
träumen von Uhren deren Zifferblattes diese unendlichen Tagen
mit ihren unstabilen Stunden verschlingen, wir weinen
bis der Abend uns überholt
durch den Nacht hinter dem Mond.

L'inchoisi

Rain Hurst

On n'a pas été trouvés quand on était perdus
Par quelqu'un avec un coeur battant, par des esprits
Incliné à s'occuper d'eux-mêmes, ou selectionné
D'être aimé.

Enterré sous une peur dégoûtante
Sous de profondes cicatrices de grognements
et de cris et d'estomacs brûlants
Pompant du gaz à l'atmosphère
On n'était pas assez beau pour mériter la compassion
À travers la durée de nos vies.

Ou pour vivre comme d'autres cœurs pourraient vivre,
Mais à notre manière.

Sous leurs yeux, sous le sol,
On a dormi avec des rats et on a bu l'eau des gouttières
Suintant les déchets non-désirés
Crachée par la mauvaise vie de tous les autres
De ces bouches encore plus impures.

Priant aux étoiles qui se profilent
On s'accroupit près des ombres dans le noirceau, en rêvant
Des horloges dont la rotation dévore
Ces jours sans fin avec leurs heures instables
Et on pleure jusqu'au moment où le soir nous attrape
Par la nuit derrière la lune.

Santa Fe Springs Library (1985)

Cammie Hardouin

I was a kid, about 10 years old, and I needed to read a novel from an award-winning list for a school assignment. I waited a few days too late and every book at our school library on the list was checked out, as well as the local public libraries. I called more distant libraries in the telephone book. I called libraries in Bellflower, Cerritos, Downey, Santa Fe Springs, Lakewood, and Cypress. Nobody had any of the books on the list. Then, a librarian at the Santa Fe Springs Branch Library said a copy of *A Wrinkle in Time* was being returned as we spoke, and she would put it on hold for me!

I begged my mother to take me. We had 30 minutes before the library closed. The night air was 70 degrees, just perfect and comfy from inside her cool Black 1974 Stingray Corvette. The air outside our condo plex smelled like strawberries from the surrounding fields. The orange California sunset crushed down behind us as we rode toward the elevated freeway. Strawberry fields, freeways on stilts. My mom looked like the Lynda Carter version of Wonder Woman in her superhero sports car as she dashed me there as safe as she could in Los Angeles evening traffic.

My mom pulled into the library parking lot, and I threw open the car's huge and heavy steel door to be kissed by the cool night air. Jasmine-scented oxygen saturated my lungs as I ran so worried and full of dread to the library

entrance. What if I was too late? Once inside the library, I slowed to a speed walk toward the reference desk.

"Hello, I need a library card and *A Wrinkle in Time*. It's on hold for Cammie with a C, like Cat." I breathed deeply, smiling. My ponytail swung like a pendulum and the end hit the backs of my knees.

The librarian quietly expedited my request. I had the library card application partially filled out and the book I needed in my hand before my mom got to the reference desk. An announcement began from other parts of the building that the library was closing.

"Mom, what's your birth year and our zip code? I know everything else," I asked, form in hand. Her dark brown hair was full and bouncy around her huge, amber, bug-eye glasses. She gracefully approached, looked over my form and added the missing information. Her natural highlights twinkled in the sun rays coming closer down the horizon. In those everyday moments, I would think about her beauty. She walked so heavenly, so gracefully. Light, thin wristed, narrow shoulders. Pretty feet. Not like me. I look like my dad if he were a girl.

Before I knew it, my mom was showing the librarian her ID and I headed to a new part of the library that I hadn't seen before. My mom watched me like a hawk, and I stared at the wood tables that all had rows of small stained-glass lamps. A few people began to switch off the lamps as they gathered their things to leave. The glass walls of the library became lit with a bright sunray. The sun was now setting and beaming in our eyes. The rays sparkled and shot from every which way, like lasers. The library at closing time smelled like the coldest oxygen.

My heart rate began to settle. "It's too bad they are closing," I said. I finally caught my break and told myself I could catch up on this assignment. Read this book! Write a report! When we got outside, I told my mom I was so grateful for the librarian who found that book for me. I thanked my mom for driving, and asked what she thought of the librarian's clothes.

"I think it's way too hot for tights, a skirt, and a turtleneck! Don't you?" I asked.

“She works in air-conditioning all day. It’s probably freezing,” my mom replied.

I thought the library was perfect with its fishbowl glass walls, wood furniture, and stained glass lamps. We saw her cross the parking lot and get into a VW Bug.

We drove home. I read half of the book that night. The next day was Monday, and I went to my dad’s house for the week after school. At his house I finished the book. I wrote out the paper but needed to type it. I didn’t know how to type, so my stepmom typed my paper on the electric typewriter we had in the office.

I got the report done, read a bunch of fucked up books, then went back to my mom’s condo for a week. After school one day, my mom got an entire flat of strawberries from the roadside stand. She made me wash them and rub off their seeds the best I could. We chopped them and mashed some. We added a little sugar. Not too much. We had to let it sit overnight in the refrigerator because we didn’t have angel food cake. On another day, we got angel food cake and whipped cream. We ate strawberry shortcakes for dessert three nights in a row, and I licked the sweet strawberry juice and little seeds off my plate when I thought mom couldn’t see me.

Սանտա Ֆե Սփրինգս քաղաքի գրադարանը (1985)

Ani Jilavyan

Ես երեխա էի, մոտավորապես 10 տարեկան և դպրոցի տնայինի համար պետք է կարդայի մրցանակակիր վեպերի ցանկից մի վեպ: Ես մի քիչ ուշ որոշեցի սկսել և պարզվեց, որ այդ ցանկից մեր գրադարանում եղած յուրաքանչյուր գիրք արդեն վերցված է, տեղի հանրային գրադարաններից նույնպես: Ես հեռախոսագրքով զանգահարեցի ավելի հեռու գրադարաններ: Ես զանգահարեցի գրադարաններ Բելլֆլաուերում, Սերրիտոսում, Դաունիում, Սանտա Ֆե Սպրինգսում, Լեյկվուդում և Սայպրեսում: Ոչ մի տեղ չկար այդ ցանկից որևէ գիրք: Հետո Սանտա Ֆե Սփրինգսի գրադարանի մասնաճյուղի գրադարանավարուհին ասաց, որ մեր խոսելու ընթացքում «Ժամանակի ճեղքում»-ի մի օրինակ վերադարձրել են ու նա ինձ համար կամրագրի այն:

Ես խնդրեցի մայրիկին, որ ինձ տանի այնտեղ: Գրադարանի փակվելուն 30 րոպե էր մնացել: Գիշերային օդը 70 աստիճան էր ըստ Ֆարենհայթի, իդեալական ու հարմարավետ նրա 1974 թվականի սև, հոյակապ Սթինգրեյ Քոլվեթթի ներսից: Մեր բնակելի համալիրից դուրս գտնվող օդը շրջապատող դաշտերից ստացել էր ելակի հոտ: Կալիֆոռնիայի նարնջագույն մայրամուտը ճմռթվում էր մեր հետևում, երբ մենք շարժվում էինք դեպի վերերկրյա մայրուղի: Ելակի դաշտեր, մայրուղիներ ոտնացուպերի վրա: Մայրս ասես «Հրաշք կ'ինը» լինե՞ր՝ Լինդա Քարթերի կատարմամբ տարբերակը: Իր սուպերհերոսի սպորտային մեքենայով նա սլանում էր՝ փորձելով լինել հնարավորինս ապահով Լոս Անջելեսյան երեկոյի խցանման մեջ:

Մայրս մտավ գրադարանի ավտոկայանատեղի և ես լայնորեն բացեցի մեքենայի հսկայական և ծանր պողպատե դուռը՝ զով գիշերվա օդի կողմից համբուրվելու։ Թոքերս հագեցավ հասմիկաբույր թթվածնով, երբ ես սիրտս փորս ընկած վազեցի դեպի գրադարանի մուտքը։ Ինչ էթե արդեն շատ եմ ուշացել։ Արդեն գրադարանի ներսում ես վազքս. փոխեցի արագ քայլի ու շարժվեցի դեպի տեղեկատու։

-Բարև Ձեզ, ինձ գրադարանի քարտ է պետք ու «Ժամանակի ճեղքում»-ը։ Այն ամրագրված է Կեմիի համար Կ-ով, ինչպես կատու բառում,- ես շնչում էի խորը, ժպտալով։ Իմ պոչիկը օրորվում էր ճոճանակի նման և դրա ներքևի հատվածը խփում էր ծնկներին հետևին։

Գրադարանավարուհին արագ ու լուռ կատարում էր իմ հարցումը։ Ես արդեն մասամբ լրացրել էի գրադարանի քարտի դիմումը և ձեռքումս բռնել ինձ անհրաժեշտ գիրքը, երբ մայրիկը հասավ տեղեկատուին։ Շենքի այլ հատվածներից հայտարարություն լսեց, որ գրադարանը փակվում է։

-Մամ, քո ծննդյան թիվը կասես ու մեր փոստային ինդեքսը։ Մնացած ամեն ինչը գիտեմ,- հարցրեցի ես դիմումը ձեռքիս։ Նրա մուգ շագանակագույն մազերը խիտ ու առաձգական էին նրա հսկայական, սաթյա, լայն շրջանակներով ակնոցների շուրջ։ Նա վայելչորեն մոտեցավ, աչքի անցկացրեց դիմումը և ավելացրեց պակաս տեղեկությունը։ Նրա երեսի բնական փայլը շողշողաց արևի ճառագայթներում, որոնք մոտենում էին հորիզոնին։ Նման առօրյա պահերին ես մտածում էի նրա գեղեցկության մասին։ Նա քայլում էր այնքան երկնային, այնքան վայելչորեն։ Թեթև, բարակ դաստակներ, նեղ ուսեր։ Գեղեցիկ ոտքեր։ Իմինի նման չէ։ Ես իմ հայրիկին եմ նման, եթե նա աղջիկ լիներ։

Մինչ ես ուշադրությունս հետ բերեցի, մայրիկս գրադարանավարուհուն ցույց էր տալիս իր նույնականացման քարտը։ Ես գնացի դեպի գրադարանի նոր հատվածը, որտեղ մինչ այդ երբևէ չէի եղել։ Մայրս հետևում էր ինձ ասես բազե և ես հայացքս հառեցի փայտե սեղաններին, որոնք բոլորն էլ փոքր վիտրաժային լամպեր ունեին։ Մի քանի հոգի անջատեցին իրենց լամպերը մինչ հավաքում էին իրենց իրերը, որ հեռանան։ Գրադարանի ապակյա պատերը վառվեցին պաշտոա արևաշողով։ Արևը հիմա մայր էր մտնում և փայլվում էր մեր աչքերում։ Ճառագայթները շողշողում և ծակծկում էին ամեն ուղղությամբ, լազերների նման։ Գրադարանը փակվելիս այնպիսի հոտ ուներ, ասես ամենասառը թթվածինը։ Իմ սրտի աշխատանքը հանդարտվեց։

-Լավ չի, որ փակվում են,- ասացի։

Իմ բախտը վերջապես բերել էր և ես ինքս ինձ ասացի, որ կհասցնեմ անել հանձնարարությունը: Կարդա՛ այս գիրքը, գրիր զեկույց: Երբ մենք դուրս եկանք, մայրիկին ասացի, որ երախտապարտ եմ այն գրադարանավարուհուն, որը գտավ գիրքն ինձ համար: Ես շնորհակալություն հայտնեցի մայրիկին ինձ մեքենայով բերելու համար և հարցրեցի, թե ինչ կարծիք ունի գրադարանավարուհու հագուստների մասին:

-Ձուգագուլպաների, կիսաշրջագգեստի և երկարավիզ բլուզի համար, չափից շատ շոգ չի՞,-հարցրեցի:

-Դե ամբողջ օրն օդորակիչի տակ աշխատելով ամենայն հավանականությամբ մրսում է,-պատասխանեց մայրիկս:

Ես մտածեցի, որ գրադարանը կատարյալ էր իր ակվարիումանման ապակյա պատերով, փայտյա կահույքով և սեղանի վիտրաժային լամպերով: Մենք տեսանք, թե ինչպես գրադարանավարուհին մտավ ավտոկայանատեղի և նստեց Ֆոլկսվագեն-Բիթլը:

Մենք ճանապարհ ընկանք տուն: Այդ զիշեր ես կարդացի գրքի կեսը: Հաջորդ օրը երկուշաբթի էր և ես գնացի հայրիկիս տուն դպրոցից հետո ազատ շաբաթն այնտեղ անցկացնելու: Նրա տանը ես վերջացրեցի գիրքը: Ես գրեցի զեկույցը, բայց այն պետք էր մեքենագրել: Ես չգիտեի ինչպես դա անել, դրա համար իմ խորթ մայրն իմ գրածը մեքենագրեց գրասենյակում մեր ունեցած էլեկտրական գրամեքենայով:

Ես ավարտեցի հանձնարարությունս, կարդացի ահագին անկապ գրքեր, հետո մի շաբաթով վերադարձա մայրիկի տուն: Մի օր, դպրոցից հետո, մայրիկը մի ամբողջ դույլ ելակ էր զնել ճանապարհի մոտ կանգնած վաճառողից: Նա ինձ ասաց, որ լվանամ ելակները և հնարավորինս հանեմ դրանց սերմերը: Մենք կտրատեցինք դրանք ու ձգմեցինք որոշները: Մի քիչ շաբար ավելացրինք: Ոչ շատ: Մենք թողեցինք այն զիշերը մնա սառնարանում, որովհետև չունեինք էնջլ քեյք բիսկվիթային տորթ: Մի այլ օր մենք զնեցինք էնջլ քեյք և հարած սերուցք: Մենք երեք զիշեր իրար հետևից կերանք ելակե տորթը որպես աղանդեր և ես ամեն անգամ լպստում էի ելակի քաղցր հյութը և փոքր սերմերը իմ ափսեի վրայից այն պահերին, երբ կարծում էի, որ մայրիկն ինձ չի տեսնում:

A Fragment of the Moon

Sappho

Δέδυκε μὲν ἄ σελάννα
καὶ Πληϊάδες, μέσαι δέ
νύκτες, πάρα δ' ἔρχετ' ὥρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.

A Fragment of the Moon

Sophie Perez

The moon has set,
and the Pleiades; it is the middle of the
night; and the hour goes by,
but I sleep alone.



OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Josephine Geiger-Lee (she/her) is a second-year student studying English and creative writing at the University of Iowa. You'll know her when you see her because she is perpetually inside the EPB, either frantically writing a novel or something that will get her to slam her laptop shut if you're peeking.

milo is a second year student at the University of Iowa. When not procrastinating on homework, she can usually be found thinking too much about fictional characters.

LA Felleman is a financial analyst at the University of Iowa. Before that, she was a seminary professor. Prior to that, she was a pastor. She credits the Free Generative Writing Workshops, the Midwest Writing Center, and workshops offered through Iowa City Poetry with her growth as a poet. To give back to the writing community, she organizes a writers open mic at the public library (or via Zoom during pandemics) and serves on the advisory council of Iowa City Poetry. She is the author of the chapbook, *The Length of a Clenched Fist*, from Finishing Line Press.

Manasi Kinikar is a senior at the University of Iowa. She hopes to use her words to bring the deepest emotions to life and express the inexpressible.

Cammie Hardouin is a Californian in Minnesota. She writes about the libraries and landscapes that occupy her day-dreams on snowy winter days.

Zoe Friedline is majoring in English and creative writing. Zoe is from Michigan and enjoys reading and going to the beach. She is very passionate about writing and enjoys traveling.

Caleb Delos-Santos is a double major in Acting for the Stage and Screen and English at Azusa Pacific University, has eight published poems and one nonfiction with West Wind Magazine, Outrageous Fortune, GoldScriptCo, Bluepepper, and Spectrum, won the APU Esselstrom Prize for writing, and dreams of successful writing and acting careers.

Lolo Lasswell is a creative writing major who loves to write poetry. Her poetry contains all sorts of themes, from nature, to daily life, to dreams, to people in her life, and whatever topic feels important to her that day. She never limits her ideas, as she feels compelled to write about every experience.

Antonieta Carpenter-Cosand nació en El Paso, Texas, Estados Unidos y creció en Ciudad Juárez, Chihuahua, México. Nómada entre sus desiertos, su linaje se traza entre el desierto de Sonora y el desierto de Chihuahua. Carpenter-Cosand obtuvo dos licenciaturas de la universidad estatal de Arizona en 2017 en artes visuales con enfoque en pintura y en literatura hispana. Completó su maestría en literatura en el 2020 y actualmente está trabajando en su doctorado en la misma institución. Sus intereses académicos incluyen arte contemporáneo latinoamericano, ecocrítica, feminismo.

Suzan van den Broek is an M.A. student in French and Francophone World Studies at the University of Iowa. Besides learning languages, Suzan hopes to create meaningful writings about life experiences that people can relate to.

Cameron Barnett is a third-year student at the University of Iowa, majoring in English and creative writing. He enjoys reading, writing, going on walks, and professionally antagonizing Antoinette Goodrich.

Madalyn Lovejoy (she/they) is a third year at the University of Iowa, double majoring in Psychology and Gender, Women's, and Sexuality Studies. When she isn't in class or her research lab, Madalyn spends time advocating for sexual assault awareness and reproductive rights on campus. They enjoy reading books that make them question humanity, writing poetry, and being out in nature.

Luana Santos is a Brazilian English & Portuguese language teacher who had the chance to visit a friend in UIowa in April 2021 as a Fulbrighter. Her interest in writing poetry came spontaneously, as she faced the isolation of the pandemic years and its consequences: a lot of reflective moments. The results are the externalization of her feelings in poems she publishes in Portuguese in her Poetizer profile: <https://poetizer.com/author/355488>.

Vinicius Figueiredo é Estudante de Cinema apaixonado por música, poemas, pintura e escrita. Morador de Florianópolis, perdido em meio a palavras sem rima para aliviar o sentimento de ser um autor de obras incompletas e amores pouco fartos de finais felizes.

OUR TRANSLATORS

Ryann Hubbart is in her fourth and final year at the University of Iowa and will graduate with degrees in economics and international studies this spring with minors in Arabic and history. She started learning Arabic her first year at Iowa and is applying her long-worked-for skills to translation for the first time with TIP this year. She loves Arabic grammar and the variety of types and registers of Arabic and has enjoyed the challenge of adding all the ʿArab to one of her translations and making the other in colloquial Arabic!

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

Courtney Cooke is a second-year studying English and creative writing. She is interested in translating to and from Japanese because it is part of her lineage and the challenges of the language are what make it beautiful. Some of Court-

ney's favorite things are dogs, the color pink, and the Baby-Star ramen snacks.

Kendyl Green is a fourth-year student at the University of Iowa. She is fluent in Spanish, and a lover of all things mythological. When she isn't writing, she can be found watching movies, hanging out with her friends, and listening to everything from Megan Thee Stallion to Meghan Markle's Archetypes podcast.

Elisa Torres is a second-year majoring in Cinema with a minor in International Studies. She recalls that her first story was The Little Headbox, story that she wrote on her father's office when she was 7. Twelve years later, she strives to write her own literary work, whether it be a novel or a poem. She loves chocolate, especially Nutella, and her lucky number is 1981.

Brett McCartt is a third-year student double majoring in Political Science and Translation and minoring in Arabic. Growing up in a small Iowa town, Brett wasn't exposed to many languages outside his own, but grew more interested in them after coming to the University Iowa. He joined Translate Iowa to get involved with some student organizations, as well as to learn more about the world of translation and language.

Sophia Wagner is a first-year at the University studying English and Creative Writing on a Publishing track, Screenwriting, and German. Sophia translates German, but she loves to read translated works from any language. When she has the time, Sophia enjoys exploring new places, rock climbing, and playing with her dogs.

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

Sophie Perez is a Screenwriting Arts major but is also minoring in Cinema, Spanish, and Translation. She mainly studies Spanish, but she was also exposed to Portuguese growing up as well. Translation is important to Sophie because she feels it unifies us and is how cultural, social, and language barriers can be addressed and crossed. She loves to write screenplays, plays, and poetry. In her writing, she is most inspired by nature, her life experiences, and music.

Rain Hurst is in their final year at the University of Iowa. They study English and Creative Writing as well as French, with a minor in Translation. She enjoys writing horror and playing with her cat, Stormy.

Jacob Boudreau is a second-year student majoring in English and Creative Writing and Linguistics. His languages of translation are German and Spanish. In his free time, he has been dipping his toes into learning Arabic and plans to start taking classes with the University in the next academic year. He can occasionally be found in the fourth floor of the Main Library reading Linguistics textbooks while procrastinating his homework, reading Dickens or Hesse on the Pentacrest, or enjoying a coffee or sunset on the Old Capitol steps.

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

Tony Santi is a second-year student studying English and Creative Writing with a minor in Translation. He is a transfer student from the Defense Language Institute where he studied Levantine Arabic. He worked as an Arabic linguist with the U.S. Army for three years and found a real passion for the Arabic language and a strong disliking of the military

industrial complex. So, when his contract was up, it was a bit of a no-brainer to hit the road. He just spent a year backpacking around the Middle East and North Africa to build a new relationship with the language.

Shelby Darnell is a freshman majoring in English and Creative Writing who enjoys reading, writing, and hanging out with friends in her free time.

Jacqueline Wahl is currently studying English with minors in cinema, philosophy, and gender, women, and sexuality studies at the University of Iowa. When she's not translating French, she's either tucked away in the library reading or at Film Scene watching a movie.

Abby Kloha is a first year student from Michigan double majoring in Spanish and English and creative writing. She believes that translation is a vital tool that helps everyone become a responsible and educated global citizen, and is also a beautiful art form to bring people happiness. She especially believes that translated stories allow people across the globe to connect, creating mutual respect for their differences and similarities. That's why she's thrilled to improve her Spanish and Japanese so she can help show that humanity's similarities run too deep to be ignored by linguistic differences.

Autumn Mayer is a first-year English and creative writing major on the publishing track. She is pursuing a minor in French and hopes to gain more experience with the language through the Translate Iowa Project, while also getting a chance to work for a campus publication.

Ani Jilavyan is a translator from Armenia. In 2020, she graduated from the American University of Armenia (AUA) with a Bachelor of Arts in English and Communications. In 2021, she graduated with the AUA's Graduate Certificate in Translation. In the scope of the program, she, with the group, translated "A Call for Lasting Peace in Nagorno-Karabakh: Western Intellectuals Begin to Speak Up" and Dr. Cornel West's "Words in Solidarity" from English to Armenian. Currently she is

pursuing her Master of Fine Arts in Literary Translation at the University of Iowa. She wants to specialize in translating the genre of comedy.

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