

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 misrepresented 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 The Translate Iowa Project was subject to an anonymous reading and voting process. All members of the editorial board were given the opportunity to express their opinions and vote on each selection, and the staff was required to abstain from voting on their own submission or work they recognized. The views and opinions expressed herein are those of the authors and are not representative of *Boundless*, the Magid Center of Writing, the University of Iowa, or its affiliates.

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Boundless

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BOUNDLESS

FROM THE PRESIDENTS

A songbird flies gently onto a tree branch. What song does it sing? Maybe a song we have heard before, a song that wakens us even in our deepest sleep, a song that feels like home. Perhaps an unfamiliar song, one unknown to our ears, yet we appreciate the melody anyway—

Reading is traveling—whether to spaceships, nightmares, or peaceful lakes, reading lets us live a life that's not ours, feel what our hands have not touched, see what light has not touched. Reading extends ourselves, and writing cements that journey into us—

Translation is building a nest and immersing yourself into a place: its culture, its language, and into its ideas. Whether near or a long migration away, translation makes a destination seem closer, within reach—

The mind can soar with feet grounded on the sidewalks of this city. Our nests are woven with twigs and leaves from across the world—run your fingers across them and they will sing and flutter through the tales of their migration. Come, walk to the rhythm of dozens of languages, whisper gratitude to the writers and translators who allowed us to hatch so safely here—

This home that we have built with the leadership and membership of past and present is one that will surely last through the changing of seasons. It's inviting, it's warm, and there is a place for everyone. We are a group of creatives, writers, artists and thinkers. In this flight formation, we couldn't remain who we are without so many people—

Thank you to our fellow executive team members—Valerie, Annie, and Kiernan. We don't know (and are not at all curious to find out) what this project would look like without your patience and support. Thank you to our translators—we are birds of many feathers, but we always flock together—

When taking a bird's-eye view of the Translate Iowa Project and all of its accomplishments, we would be remiss to not thank our advisors, our professors, our TAs, and all those who have taught us the beauty of language and the art of translation—

And thank you, dear reader—for picking up a book which

contains words you may not understand, but can certainly take flight with.

The songbird flies away. The melody fades until it is but a distant memory, something we remember when we try to avoid pure silence. In this silence, experience the poetry, verse, lyricism, and prose from languages familiar and unfamiliar. Hear the music. Hear the song.

Sincerely,

Sophie Perez and *Abigail Kloha*

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CONTENT WARNINGS

“Prayer Fragments”- school shootings

“Ashtray”- cigarette burns on skin

LOVE AS A REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

Jenna Mather

Recommend me a lover
in softcover, so their body
might show the world
how I've opened them.
Give me someone with a
thick spine and pages I
will never tire of folding
myself into. Show me a
love who I can lose myself
with, who tells a funny story,
who I can check out again
and again, who I can reread
into the earliest hours of the
morning. Give me a lover who
lets me hang up their dust jacket
when they come home to me—
but please, more than anything,
recommend me a lover who can
be my nonfiction and my fairytale.

EL AMOR COMO UN BIBLIOTECARIO REFERENCISTA

Abigail Kloha

Recomiéndame un amante
de tapa blanda, para que su
cuerpo muestre al mundo
como lo he abierto.
Dame alguien con un
lomo fuerte y páginas de
las que nunca me voy a
cansar. Muéstrame un
amor con que me puedo
perder, que cuenta un relato cómico,
que puedo mirar una
y otra vez, que puedo releer
hasta la madrugada.
Dame un amante que
me deja arreglar su forro
cuando llega a casa—
pero por favor, más que nada,
recomiéndame un amante quien puede
ser mi no ficción y mi cuento de hadas.

L'AMOUR COMME UN BIBLIOTHÉCAIRE DE RÉFÉRENCE

Autumn Mayer

Recommande-moi un amant
à couverture souple, ainsi son corps
pourrait montrer au monde
comment je l'ai ouvert.
Donne-moi quelqu'un avec un
dos épais et des pages que je
ne me lasserai jamais de
me plier dedans. Montre-moi un
amant avec qui je peux me perdre,
qui raconte une histoire drôle,
que je peux emprunter à nouveau encore
et encore, que je peux relire
jusqu'aux premières heures du
matin. Donne-moi un amant qui
me laisse accrocher leur jaquette
quand il rentre chez moi—
mais s'il vous plaît, plus que tout,
recommande-moi un amant qui peut
être mes ouvrages non romanesques
et mes contes de fées.

PRAYER FRAGMENTS

Amritha Selvarajaguru

from robb elementary school, may 24th 2022

dear god / please let this day be a good day / thank you for keeping me safe on this morning's walk to school especially when i had to cross the street all by myself / dear god / please help my sister win her spelling bee today / i hope i get a good grade on my math test so mommy and daddy will be proud of me / hail mary full of grace the lord is with thee / dear god / help me get through this day even though i am tired and ready to go home and curl up with my dog on the rug and take a nap / please let this day be a good day / give me the strength to deal with the boy who sits behind me kicking my chair again even though he is annoying me / dear god / dear god / dear god / blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb jesus / please let this be a drill / dear god / please keep me safe again / dear god / this morning my daddy made me scrambled eggs and i told him i didn't want them because i don't like eggs and his face shrank into itself all sad and i left with a full plate on the table and that can't be the last thing i say to him so please let me go home today so i can hug my daddy and tell him i love him and his scrambled eggs even though they're runny and a little gross and not my favorite breakfast food please let me say i'm sorry please please / please let this be a drill / please let this day be a good day / i'm so scared / holy mary mother of god / let me see my tenth birthday tomorrow / please let everyone know i love them / dear god / pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death / please don't let us die / don't abandon us like you did those poor kids all over the news and in the seminars they give to us every year and the lists and lists of names and the words that blur together all virginiatechcolumbinesandyhook what did we ever do to deserve this instead of long division and little league games and crayon wrappers on the floor and when will it end when will it end when will it end / dear god / please let

this be a drill / dear god / why do they want us to die / dear god
/ please let this day be a good day / please tell my mommy i love
her / please tell me when will they save us from this fate / dear
god

PRAYER FRAGMENTS

Madeline Waltz



<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1bfL-VWKqRWi0o2jE6reN3kNaOUqevMj0/view?usp=sharing>

FRAGMENTOS DE REZOS

Abigail Kloha

desde robb elementary school, el 24 de mayo de 2022

querido dios / por favor deja que este día sea un día bueno /
gracias por protegerme por el camino a la escuela esta mañana
especialmente cuando tenía que cruzar la calle solito / querido
dios / por favor ayude a mi hermana a ganar la competencia de
ortografía hoy / ojalá que reciba una nota buena en mi prueba
de mates para que mami y papi estén orgullosos de mi / dios
te salve maría llena eres de gracia el señor es contigo / querido
dios / ayúdame a superar este día aunque estoy cansada y quiero
volver a casa y accurrucarme con mi perro en la alfombra y
tomar una siesta / por favor deja que este día sea un día bueno
/ dame la fuerza para aguantar al chico que está sentado detrás
de mi pateando la silla otra vez aunque me está molestando /
querido dios / querido dios / querido dios / bendita tú eres entre
todas las mujeres y bendito es el fruto de tu vientre Jesús / por
favor deja que esto sea un simulacro / querido dios / por favor
protégeme otra vez / querido dios / esta mañana mi papi me hizo
huevos revueltos y le dije que no los quería porque no me gustan
los huevos y su cara se encogió todo triste y salí dejando el plato
lleno en la mesa y eso no puede ser la última cosa que le digo así
que por favor déjame volver a casa hoy para que pueda abrazar
a mi papi y decirle que lo amo y que amo sus huevos revueltos
aunque son medio líquidos y un poco feos y no son mi desayuno
favorito por favor déjame decir que lo siento por favor por favor /
por favor deja que esto sea un simulacro / por favor deja que este
día sea un día bueno / tengo tanto miedo / santa maría madre de
dios / déjame llegar a ver mi cumpleaños de diez años mañana /
por favor deja que todos sepan que los amo / querido dios / ruega
por nosotros pecadores ahora y en la hora de nuestra muerte /
por favor no nos dejes morir / no nos abandones como hiciste
con esos pobres chicos en las noticias y en los seminarios que
nos dan cada año y las listas y listas de nombres y palabras que

confunden todo virginiatechcolumbinesandyhook qué hicimos
nosotros para merecer esto en lugar de la división larga y las
pequeñas ligas y los envoltorios de ceras en el piso y cuándo
terminará cuándo terminará cuándo terminará / querido dios /
por favor deja que esto sea un simulacro / querido dios / por qué
quieren que nos muramos / querido dios / por favor deja que este
día sea un día bueno / por favor dile a mi mami que la amo / por
favor dime cuando nos salvarán de este destino / querido dios

THE HEART OF TREES

Morgan Fisher

i lie in the chambers of the groves
wood arteries and veins trace along the skyline
wrapping me in their shade
protecting me
the rush of wind flows through the leaves
echoing a heartbeat
a feeling
cocooned in trees heart
i find my peace, feeling them beat for me

나무의 심장

Diana Zhang

나는 숲 속 방에 누워있다
스카이라인을 따라 나무 동맥과 정맥이 흔적을 남깁니다
그들의 그늘에서 나를 감싸고 있다
나를 보호하고 있다
불어오는 바람이 나뭇잎 사이로 흐릅니다
심장 박동을 울리고 있다
이 느낌
나무 속에 고여 있다
나는 평화를 찾았다
그들은 나를 위해 뛰고 있다

ENTANGLEMENT

Jake Boudreau

I stood on the banks of a river
hands trembling in fear

of what has slipped my mind completely
for its strength made it all the same:

I may always be
losing something.

A setting sun was able to find its path through some buildings
to glisten on the water, to blind my face—
but just for a moment
a breeze blew a leaf from its perch
the first one autumn would leave for us

and it hung in the air
before settling on the water
for a moment
a spider spinning its silent silk
reflecting the sun's signature light

and when it found respite in those quiet currents
it drifted towards me.
for a moment
and stopped,
and stood,

before floating away—
leaving me, becoming blurred.

Forever,
dead.

I realize
how brief that moment was,

that it's just what happens
when perception takes place—

before we leave our fields of view—
before we cease to be or have been at all.

It's tragic, isn't it?
that the unfathomable majority will never see that wind-

swept time, but within these moments
an event takes place:

forever.

And hidden in the event of that leaf
is three:

a falling
a settling, and
a leaving.

every moment holds more
and more beneath it, time.

Inside forever—
origami swans tumbling
 through an hourglass of
 dunes...

And the trembling stops—
where forever resides,

witnessing a happening—
that is enough to unfold eternal yearning.

And between these moments
—these simple eventualities—
is an infinity that got entangled.

DIE VERWICKLUNG

Jake Boudreau

Ich stand am Ufer,
meine Hände zitterten aus Angst

wovor ist mir entfallen,
weil die Stärke davon es mir egal machte:

Es mag sein,
dass mir immer etwas verloren geht.

Ein Sonnenstrahl fand seinen Weg durch die Gebäude
ans Wasser, glimmerte und blendete mich—
einen kurzen Moment
es blies ein Lüftchen ein Blatt vom Ast—
das erste Blatt, das der Herbst uns bescherte

und es schwebte in der Luft,
bevor es sich an die Wasseroberfläche legte,
einen Moment
eine Spinne webte still ihren Spinnenfaden
und er glänzte im einmaligen Sonnenlicht

das Blatt trieb zu mir, bis es eine ruhige Stelle
in der stillen Strömung fand.

Es kam zu Ruhe
und blieb,
einen Moment
bevor es weg schwam, mich
verließ, verschwand.

Ewig,
tot.

Ich verstehe,
wie kurz der Moment war,

das es nur das ist, was passiert
wenn Erkenntnis kommt—

bevor wir unsere Blickfelder verlassen—
vor dem Ende, vor dem Anfang.

Es ist ein tragischer Vorfall, nicht wahr?
dass die unfassbare Mehrheit nie diesen vom Wind gepeitschten

Zeitpunkt erleben wird—trotzdem ereignet sich etwas
in diesem Augenblick:

die Ewigkeit.

Und in dem Fall des Blattes
sind drei:

ein Sturz
ein stiller Moment und
ein Abschied.

jeder Augenblick hält immer
mehr in sich, die Zeit.

In der Ewigkeit—
die Origami Schwäne
sind durcheinander,
fallen in einer
Sanduhr der Dünen...

Und das Zittern hört auf—
wo die Ewigkeit lebt,

Zeuge eines Ereignisses—
das ist genug, eine ewige Sehnsucht zu entfalten.

Und es gibt zwischen diesen Momenten
—diesen einfachen Eventualitäten—
eine Unendlichkeit, die sich verwickelte.

LE MONDE À TRAVERS MA FENÊTRE

Suzan van den Broek

Il m'arrive de m'asseoir
Devant une fenêtre ouverte,
À regarder le monde.
Le vent froid effleure ma peau,
Mais il ne me fait rien
Dans la chaleur de chez moi.
Je regarde et vois le monde
Dans leur vie quotidienne de mouvement,
Tandis que la mienne est, pour l'instant, immobile.
Observateur d'une bizarrerie si familière,
Je deviens l'Autre.
C'est comme si je regarde une peinture
Qui a été dessinée
Et qui se redessine chaque seconde.
Une peinture qui commence derrière la vitre
Et dont je ne fais pas partie
En regardant à travers ma fenêtre.

THE WORLD THROUGH MY WINDOW

Autumn Mayer

Sometimes I sit
In front of an open window,
To look at the world.
The cold wind brushes my skin,
But it does nothing to me
In the heat of my home.
I watch and see everyone
In their daily lives of movement,
While mine is, for the moment, immobile.
Observer of an oddity so familiar,
I become the Other.
It's as if I am watching a painting
That was drawn
And is redrawn each second.
A painting that begins behind the windowpane
And that I am not part of
While watching through my window.

CATALAN WAY

Madeline Riske

I've never drank before and so the wine is feeling good and I am
most likely
sitting at the table where Picasso
talked shit about women
before he painted them. Els Quatre
Gats is the name of the restaurant
but I don't see any. Craning
to peer under white cloth,

I spill rose petals
of juice on my blouse, but I laugh
instead of blot, say I am the bouquet—
that doesn't happen a lot. And the music stops

to play "Happy Birthday" accidentally
for my parents' 25th wedding anniversary —
I laugh until a red sea
ripples on my chest,
I dive in and am warm, Mediterranean,
the cupbearer no longer the drink: I say your name

and don't shatter like crystal
the waiter chips
on a pole painted with flowers. I don't step on the shards for
something to feel —

is this what carelessness tastes like:
syrupy and easing, children's grape-flavored medicine, I guzzle down
my wine-stained fears,
cava in a sugar-sculptured flute.

*They are out of Picasso's
dessert. How can you be out of
Picasso's dessert at his favorite restaurant?*

I raise a toast to Mom and Dad
and to the empty chairs on an upper level.

CATALAN WAY

James Transue

Nunca he tomado antes y el vino me hace sentir bien y probablemente estoy
sentada en la mesa dónde Picasso
hablaba mierda de las mujeres
antes de pintarlas. Els Quatre
Gats es el nombre del restaurante
pero no veo ninguno. Estirando
para mirar debajo del mantel blanco,

derramo pétalos de rosa
de jugo en mi blusa, pero me río
en vez de borrar, y digo yo soy el buqué—
eso no pasa mucho. Y la música deja

para tocar “Feliz Cumpleaños” sin querer
para el aniversario 25.º de mis padres—me río hasta un mar rojo
me ondea en el pecho,
me sumerjo y estoy calentita, mediterranea
el copero ya no la bebida: digo tu nombre

y no me hago añicos como cristal
el camarero pica
en un poste pintado con flores. No piso en los añicos para algo
para hacerme sentir algo—

Es esto el sabor del descuido:
meloso y cómodo, la medicina infantil de sabor a uva, engullo
mis miedos manchados de vino,
cava en una flauta esculpida de azúcar.

Se acabó el postre
favorito de Picasso. ¿Cómo qué no tienen
el postre favorito de Picasso en su restaurante favorito?

Hago un brindis a mamá y papá
y a las sillas vacías en el piso más alto.

TUS LABIOS PARTIDOS

Jan Burns

Tus labios partidos
Con anhelos, a la espera de un beso
Que satisfaga, emborrache los sentidos.
Pero no, no se avecina.
No llega a tu boca,
Dejándolos solos, abiertos.
Te incomodan, tus labios
Te insegura; los desprecias.
Tus manos los consuelan; los ocultan.
Le hacen compañía; los cierran.
Callas el llamado, olvidas el deseo.
Impides la posibilidad de su saceo.

No desesperes por un beso perdido.
Pues un día inesperado,
Tus labios partidos,
Serán por fin cerrados.
No por tus manos para ocultar
E inseguridades consolar,
Sino por aquel beso anhelado,
Saciante.
Aquel que será inolvidable.

YOUR PARTED LIPS

Miya Swenson

Your parted lips
with longing, hoping for a kiss
that satisfies, intoxicating the feelings.
But no, it doesn't come close.
The kiss doesn't come to your mouth,
leaving your lips alone, open.
They make you uncomfortable, your lips
they make you insecure; you despise them.
Your hands console them; they hide them.
They give your lips company; they close them.
You quiet the call, you forget the desire.
You impede the possibility of your contentment.

Don't despair for a lost kiss.
Because one unexpected day,
your parted lips,
will finally be closed.
Not by your hands to hide
and insecurities to console,
if not for that kiss longed for,
satisfied.
The one that will be unforgettable.

BREATH BEYOND EXISTING

Kathryn Schultz

My life seems tied
to the wooden paneling of my sister and I's old bedroom.
If I never come back to my roots, can I continue to exist?
I examine the faucet for a resemblance to eyes while you
tug weeds from the cracked earth,
fingernails lined with dirt.
Does the worth of water outweigh the worth
of harvest?
I watched a family align their toes their souls
in the sand,
then I asked you why my eyelid has a hole.
Am I damaged? Am I fixable?
Building tacos of leaf and flame of stick,
I wonder if I could make it.
How can we breathe if we're always drowning?

RESPIRO MÁS ALLÁ DE LA EXISTENCIA

Daniel Gonzalez

Mi vida parece atada

Al revestimiento de madera del antiguo cuarto de mi hermana y yo

Si nunca regreso a mis raíces, puedo continuar existiendo?

Examino el grifo buscando la semblanza de una mirada mientras tú

Arrancas la hierba de la tierra agrietada,

uñas cubiertas de barro.

¿Acaso tiene más valor el agua que la cosecha?

Vi a una familia alinear sus dedos con sus almas

en la arena,

Luego te pregunté por qué mi párpado tiene un hoyo.

¿Acaso estoy dañado? ¿Acaso tengo arreglo?

Haciendo tacos de hojas y fuego de palo

Me pregunto si podría lograrlo

¿Cómo poder respirar si estamos siempre ahogándonos?

RECONSTRUÇÃO

Mariana Ruiz

Para onde vão nossas fantasias
quando elas deixam de ser criações?
Onde posso enterrar os frutos
da minha imaginação?

Eles fluem, sem rumo
Sem destino, sem direção
Tornam-se destroços inúteis
sem devolução

São produtos que passaram
de sua data de expiração

Sigo em reforma
Em reconstrução

Apreciando a calma
que só aparece depois
de estar no olho do furacão

RECONSTRUCTION

Sophie Perez

Where do our fantasies go
when they stop being creations?
Where can I bury the fruits
of my imagination?

They flow, aimlessly
Without destination, without direction
They become useless wreckage
Without devolution

These are products that have passed
their date of expiration

I'm still undergoing renovation
Under reconstruction

Enjoying the calm
which only appears after
being in the eye of a hurricane

TINTED WINDOWS

Jenna Mather

Loving you is driving without
directions: my hands shake
from the fear of wanting you
and knowing all roads end. If
my heart had a wheel, I would
grip it like your body in my
hands. We are headlights after
dark, hearts beating with a
blinker metronome. We are
no dead ends, never reflecting
in the rearview, no stop signs.
We are charting a course to
our private parking lot so we
can hold each other between
the seats and navigate to every
destination. But even through
our tinted windows, I am unable
to forget this: every love story
leaves roadkill on the shoulder.

VITRES TEINTÉES

Daniel Gonzalez

T'aimer est conduire sans
directions: mes mains tremblent
à cause du crainte de te désirer
et savoir que toutes les routes finissent. Si
mon cœur avait une roue, Je
le saisisrait comme ton corps dans mes
mains. Nous sommes phares une fois la nuit
tombée, cœurs battant avec
des feux clignotants comme métronome. Nous ne sommes
pas des impasses, jamais reflétant
dans le rétroviseur, pas des panneaux d'arrêt.
Nous sommes traçants la voie vers
notre parking privé pour que nous
puissions nous tenir
entre les sièges et naviguer vers chaque
destination. Mais même à travers
nos vitres teintées, Je suis incapable
d'oublier ceci: chaque histoire d'amour
Laisse des animaux écrasés sur l'épaule

THE WOMAN SITTING NEXT TO ME ON THE BUS BACK HOME

Amritha Selvarajaguru

wears a cadmium yellow sweater
smells like newspaper
carries age spots on the backs of her hands, all creamwater skin
tells me to keep reading my book, which she's heard is very good
wishes me good luck in school
tells me about her past
plays solitaire hunched forwards like she really cares about the
game, wins seven times against herself
was the principal at my current school a long, long time ago
wears red shoes and a black hairband on her wrist
asks me for help finding her umbrella, which has rolled too far
beneath the seat for either of us to reach
tucks her glasses into her sweater collar to nap
calls me 'honey'
gives me hope that there is true kindness in the world, because
while the most human thing is to love, the most beautiful thing is to love those we do not already know
tells me her name, which i forget immediately
reminds me of october sun, turning everything gold

LA MUJER SENTADA JUNTO A MI EN EL AUTOBÚS CAMINO A CASA

Eleanor MacKellar

usa un swéter amarillo cadmio
huele a periódico
lleva manchas de vejez en la piel de los reversos de sus manos, la
piel toda aguacrema
me dice que siga leyendo mi libro, que ha oído es muy bueno
me desea suerte en escuela
me cuenta sobre su pasado
juega solitario jorobada hacia adelante como que le importa
muchísimo el juego, gana siete veces contra sí misma
fue la directora de mi escuela actual hace mucho, mucho tiempo
usa zapatos rojos y un coletero negro en su muñeca
me pide ayuda para encontrar su paraguas, que ha rodado de
masiado lejos debajo del asiento para que cualquiera de
las dos lo pueda alcanzar
mete sus gafas en el cuello de su suéter para tomar una siesta
me llama «cariño»
me da esperanza que hay amabilidad auténtica en el mundo,
porque aunque lo más humano es amar, lo más precioso
es amar a quienes no conocemos aún
me dice su nombre, el cual olvido inmediatamente
me recuerda el sol de octubre, que vuelve todo dorado

返程公车上坐在我身旁的那个女人

Diana Zhang

她穿着一件镉黄色毛衣
闻起来像泛黄的报纸
她的手背曾如此水润，如今却布满了斑痕
她告诉我要好好念书，因为她曾听说读书有益
她祝我在学校好运
并向我讲述起她的过往

玩单人纸牌时要弓着背，像她真正想赢这场游戏一样
不过，她倒是曾七次破了自己的记录
很久很久前，她曾是我们学校的校长

她穿着红色小皮鞋，手腕上系着黑色发带
请我帮她找她那把已经滚得太远的雨伞
她小憩时会把眼镜别在毛衣领子上
她称呼我为“亲爱的”
给了我这世上充满真正善意的希望
因为人性之本是爱，
而世上最动人的，是爱那些与我们素不相识的人们
她同我讲了她的名字，我却一转头就忘了
只记得她使我想起十月的太阳，将一切变得金光灿灿

زني که در اتوبوس کنار من نشست

SayedeH Irvani

ژاکت زرد رنگ کادمیوم پوشیده است

بوي روزنامه ميده

چروک هاي سالمندي را روي پشت دستاش را با کرم حمل ميکند

به من ميگويد به خواندن کتابم ادامه بدم چون خودش قبلا خوانده

است

براي من در مدرسه آرزوي موفقيت مي کند

از گذشته اش برام تعريف مي کند

طوري با خودش بازي مي کند که انگار واقعا بُرد و بافت برایش مهم

است

هفت بار مقابل خودش پيروز ميشود

قبلا مدير مدرسه فعلي من بود

کفش قرمز مي پوشيد و هميشه کش سر دور مچ دستش

از من خواست تا چترش رو برایش پيدا کنم که لاي صندلي جفتمون

گير کرده

عينکش را در يقه پوليورش فرو مي کند

مرا «عزيزم» صدا ميکنه

«به من اميدواري ميدي که مهرباني هنوز تو اين دنيا وجود داره»

انساني ترين چيز عشق ورزیدن است. زيباترين چيز دوست داشتن

«کساني است که نمي شناسيم

اسمش را بهم گفت ولي سريع يادم رفت

ياد خورشيد آبان ماه ميفتم که همه چيز رو طلاني مي کند

GREEK TRAGEDY

Morgan Fisher

atlas kneels,
macerated by his burden.
shifts and readjustments equal
transient relief,
fleeting away on the wings of a bird.
sudden fury at the weight
yields to floods of rejuvenation in the
bones, muscles, sinew.
a piercing wail into a scream,
the globe thrown up,
cast aside.
but the load always comes back down.
and atlas falls to the ground,
yet again.

DIE GRIECHISCHE TRAGIK

Jinx Buehring

Atlas kneit,
durch seine Last ausgelaugt.
nur durch die Bewegungen und kleine Bewegungskorrekturen
erhält er vorübergehende Erleichterung,
auf den Flügeln eines Vogels flüchtig.
plötzliche Wut auf das Gewicht
führt zu einer Erholung
in den Knochen, Muskeln, Sehnen.
ein durchdringend Wehklagen wird zu einem Schrei,
den Globus noch geworfen
beiseite geworfen.
aber die Last kommt immer zurück.
und Atlas fällt wieder einmal
auf den Boden.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Maya Hernandez

My Abuelo is in the hospital. They don't know what's wrong with him, but he fell and did something to his hip, and there's something wrong with his circulation. He can't move his left side without screaming in pain. This reminds me of how my Abuela died. My Dad said it was an unknown blood disease and that she died in her 'war against the roaches'. (She lived in the Bronx in a roach infested apartment). I never met her - she died 5 years before I was born.

Supposedly I look just like her, but I've never seen a picture.

I walk in the door and there is my Aunt, sitting at the kitchen table with my Parents, on a conference call discussing logistics and hospital care. Depressing stuff. But there is my Aunt, and I love my Aunt. We smile at each other, but how can either of us be truly happy that she's here when the reason is so sad?

One day you will have to take care of your parents like this, my Aunt says. It's the circle of life.

Children are a pain in the ass to the Parents, and then when we get old, Parents are a pain in the ass to the Children. She laughs her big laugh.

More like the circle of death, I say. But okay.

How was your day? my Mom asks.

It was shit, my Dad sighs. Literally - the theme of shit followed us all day. We went to my father's house to pick up the mail and stepped in cat shit. Well, maybe it wasn't cat shit; it was kind of... smeary. It was gross.

That doesn't sound like cat poop, my Mom says. Cat poop is small and hard. Must be some other wild animal.

Yeah. Anyway, we both stepped in it.

I hope you cleaned it off with a hose or something, my Mom interjects.

Of course we did. But the stench still followed us all day. I can smell it in my nostrils now, he says, looking at me with a tired smile. So we were both like, 'hmm what could the universe be telling us?' he laughs. "That today's gonna be shit?" And even worse, he wheezes, when we get to the hospital, the first words out of my

father's mouth are I just ate lunch, and boy am I ready to take a dump!

My Aunt is talking about her Family, and childhood back in the Dominican Republic.

Abuelo, ¡la bendición! Dios te bendiga. My Dad never met that Grandfather my Aunt is talking about. We both listen in rapt silence. It's odd to see this familiar look of curiosity on my Dad's face. I see him now as the younger brother.

We need euthanasia, I say. My Dad looks at me, eyes red rimmed and glazed over. *He was ready to accept that, actually. He begged for a gun.*

He was crying, my Aunt added quietly.

This man, who had been a symbol of strength and resilience all their lives, was crying.

Asking his children for the tool to end his life. Imagine that.

My other set of Grandparents, my Parents, my Aunt, and I are circled up on the couch and in folding chairs.

As we get older, my Aunt says, *we value the memories of those gone more.*

There are so many gone, my Grandpa nods.

So many gone... my Grandma concurs. Their eyes are far away. I wonder who they're thinking about.

Everybody suffers before they die. Even if you die a quick death there is still that split second of Fear. Fear of leaving those you love and all that's familiar. Fear of moving on to what's next. Fear of pain. And that Fear is pain. Even if you are the lucky one who dies in your sleep from old age or a heart attack, I still believe you suffer that Fear in your dreams. But for those who live their last years of life with some set back - a broken hip, circulation issues, fading memory, cancer - the Fear lasts past that split second. The Fear is their life.

They want to send him to a nursing home, my Aunt says. *And you know what they do at nursing homes. They go-* she pops an imaginary pill in her mouth, and falls limp against the couch with her tongue lolling, eyes unfocused. *And the place they want to send him actually got fined for that, for drugging the people so they don't have to work.*

I've seen it happen, my Grandpa nods.

What does it feel like to know it could be you next? How is that more humane than letting someone die peacefully and on their own terms?

I think this is the period between life and death. He can't live his life, but he's not dead yet. And we are all suffering trying to withstand this... interlude, waiting for it to be over. It is Living Grief, grief for the living that will morph as they transition to the dead. It is the Beginning of the End.

EL PRINCIPIO DEL FIN

Angelica Toro Torres

Mi abuelo está en el hospital. No saben qué le pasa, pero se cayó y se hizo algo en la cadera, y tiene mala circulación. No puede mover el lado izquierdo sin gritar de dolor. Me recuerda a cómo murió mi abuela. Mi papá dijo que fue una enfermedad sanguínea desconocida y que murió en su 'batalla contra las cucarachas'. (Ella vivía en el Bronx, en un apartamento infestado de cucarachas). Yo nunca la conocí, murió cinco años antes de que yo naciera.

Supuestamente me parezco a ella, pero nunca he visto una foto.

Cruzo la puerta y ahí está mi tía, sentada en la mesa de la cocina con mis padres, en una llamada de conferencia discutiendo cuestiones logísticas y cuidado hospitalario. Cosas deprimentes. Pero ahí está mi tía y yo amo a mi tía. Nos sonreímos, pero ¿cómo podemos estar verdaderamente felices de que ella esté aquí cuando la razón es tan triste?

Un día tendrás que cuidar a tus padres, me dice mi tía. Es el ciclo de la vida. Los niños son un dolor de cabeza para los padres y luego, cuando envejecemos, los padres somos un dolor de cabeza para los hijos. Ella ríe con su gran risa.

Más bien es el ciclo de la muerte, digo. Pero bueno.

¿Cómo estuvo su día? pregunta mi mamá.

Fue una mierda, mi papá suspira. Literalmente. El tema de la mierda nos persiguió todo el día. Fuimos a casa de mi padre a recoger el correo y pisamos una mierda de gato. Bueno, quizás no era mierda de gato; era una especie de... mancha. Era asqueroso.

Eso no suena como caca de gato, dice mi mamá. La caca de gato es pequeña y dura. Debe ser de algún otro animal salvaje.

Sí. De todos modos, ambos lo pisamos.

Espero que lo hayan limpiado con una manguera o algo, comenta mi madre.

Por supuesto que sí. Pero el olor nos siguió todo el día. Todavía puedo olerlo en mis fosas nasales, dice, mirándome con una sonrisa cansada. Así que los dos estábamos como, 'hum ¿qué podría estar diciéndonos el universo?' se ríe. '¿Que hoy va a ser una mierda?' Y lo que es peor, él jadea, cuando llegamos al hospital, las

primeras palabras de la boca de mi padre son: ‘¡Acabo de comer y estoy listo para cagar!’

Mi tía está hablando de su familia y de su infancia en la República Dominicana.

Abuelo, ¡la bendición! Dios te bendiga. Mi papá nunca conoció a ese abuelo del que mi tía está hablando. Ambos escuchamos en completo silencio. Es extraño ver esta mirada familiar de curiosidad en la cara de mi papá. Ahora lo veo como el hermano menor.

Necesitamos eutanasia, digo. Mi papá me mira, ojos rojos y vidriosos. *Estaba listo para aceptar eso, en realidad. Rogó por una pistola.*

Estaba llorando, añadió mi tía en voz baja.

Este hombre, que había sido un símbolo de fuerza y resistencia toda su vida, estaba llorando.

Pidiendo a sus hijos la herramienta para acabar con su vida.

Imagínate eso.

Mis otros abuelos, mis padres, mi tía y yo estamos sentados, haciendo un círculo en el sofá y en sillas plegables.

A medida que envejecemos, dice mi tía, valoramos más los recuerdos de los que han desaparecido.

Hay tantos muertos, asiente mi abuelo.

Muchos... concuerda mi abuela. Sus ojos están lejos. Me pregunto en quién están pensando.

Todo el mundo sufre antes de morir. Incluso si mueres de una muerte rápida todavía hay una fracción de segundo de miedo. Miedo de dejar a los que amas y todo lo que es familiar. Miedo de pasar a lo que sigue.

Miedo al dolor. Y ese miedo es dolor. Incluso si eres el afortunado que muere en la cama de la vejez o de un ataque al corazón, aun así creo que sufrirías ese miedo en sueños. Pero para aquellos que viven sus últimos años de vida con algún impedimento -una cadera rota, problemas de circulación, problemas de memoria, cáncer- el miedo dura más allá de esa fracción de segundo. El miedo es su vida.

Quieren enviarlo a un hogar de ancianos, dice mi tía. *Y ya saben lo que hacen en los hogares de ancianos.* Ella se mete una pastilla imaginaria en la boca, y se cae cojeando contra el sofá, con la lengua fuera, los ojos desenfocados. *Y el lugar al que quieren*

enviarlo fue realmente multado por eso, por drogar a la gente para no tener que trabajar.

Lo he visto pasar, asiente mi abuelo.

¿Qué se siente al saber que podrías ser tú el siguiente? ¿Cómo es eso más humano que dejar que alguien muera pacíficamente y en sus propios términos?

Creo que este es el período entre la vida y la muerte. No puede vivir su vida, pero aún no está muerto. Y todos estamos sufriendo, tratando de soportar este... interludio, esperando que termine.

Es el dolor viviente, el dolor por los vivos que se transformará a medida que se transita hacia los muertos. Es el principio del fin.

THE PERPETUITY OF HER SUN

Madalyn R. Lovejoy

A ruin of a body
Enlightened
Encompassed
By a tender light
The warmth of another

A planetary body
Circling
Drawn ever closer to
The epitome of creation
The perpetuity of her sun

LA PERPETUIDAD DE SU SOL

Valerie Burke

Una ruina de un cuerpo
Ilustrado
Rodeado
Por una tierna luz
La calidez de otro

Un cuerpo planetario
Dando vueltas
Cada vez más cerca de
El epítome de la creación
La perpetuidad de su sol

L' ETERNITÀ DEL SUO SOLE

Angelica Toro Torres

La rovina di un corpo
Illuminata
Circondata
Da una luce soffusa
Dal calore di un altro

Il corpo celeste
Circola
Sempre più vicino
All'epitome della creazione
All' eternità del suo sole

ALL THE RIVERS

Zoe Friedline

All the rivers lead back here

Icy cold water hits the back of my knees
Choking on waves come from endless seas
Break down my wall and set me free
Look through my eyes and see what I see

The waves fold over and crash back down
No noise is heard above the ceaseless white sound
Others have been here
Others have drowned
What's lost in the ocean
Can never be found

To the ocean I'm bound

A flightless bird on a life raft
A flightless bird on a raft
A flightless bird in the ocean
With no way back

A light at the edge of the ocean
A light that beckons me home
A light that flickers and then goes out
Lightless
Alone

All the wisdom in a single tear

TUTTI I FIUMI

Grace Pignolo

Tutti i fiumi riportano qui

L'acqua ghiacciata mi colpisce dietro le ginocchia

Soffocato dalle onde del mare infinito

Butta giù il muro e liberami

Guarda con i miei occhi e vedi ciò che io vedo

Le onde si ripiegano e si infrangono

Nessun rumore oltre il suono bianco senza fine

Altri sono stati qui

Altri sono affogati

Ciò che è perduto nel mare

Non può più essere trovato

Al mare sono destinato

Un uccello senza ali sulla zattera di salvataggio

Un uccello senza ali sulla zattera

Un uccello senza ali nel mare

Senza una via di ritorno

Una luce in riva al mare

Una luce che mi richiama a casa

Una luce che brilla e poi si spegne

Senza luce

Sola

Tutta la saggezza in una sola lacrima

ASHTRAY

Bryen Meyers

I'd let you put out a cigarette on my back
I'd love to lick the bottom of your shoe
just to be near you

feed me your carcinogens
pound my head with pachyderm promises
never let me leave you

don't ever crave so-called morality
don't need nothing when you're all over me
pump my airways full of sulfur and I'll thank you

just to be near you
just to be near you

CENDRIER

Solenn Vincent

Je te laisserais éteindre une cigarette sur mon dos
J'adorerais lécher le bas de ta chaussure
juste pour être près de toi

nourris-moi de tes cancérogènes
martèle-moi la tête avec des promesses de pachyderme
ne me laisse jamais te quitter

n'ai jamais envie de soi-disante moralité
n'ai besoin de rien quand tu es partout sur moi
remplis mes voies respiratoires de soufre et je te remercierai

juste pour être près de toi
juste pour être près de toi

UNE BRUME LUNAIRE

Léa Haas

Des volutes de fumée encadrent mon visage, visage si longtemps partagé, mes poumons inhale la composition douteuse de ma cigarette à moitié consumée. Le froid de janvier engourdit mes doigts, qui tentent néanmoins d'apporter jusqu'à mes lèvres le cylindre de papier réconfortant. Je reste figé, impassible, face au nom de ma sœur jumelle gravé sur la dalle "Lily Linderberg (05 décembre 2001 - 13 mai 2016)". Voilà donc le résumé d'une vie, quelques lettres formant un nom et une suite de chiffres formant une date. C'est tout ce qu'il reste à la fin. Une larme isolée vient s'écouler le long de ma joue pâle, le liquide chaud me rappelle que je suis encore vivante, que je me trouve à l'extérieur de cette sépulture. Mon corps vit pendant que mon esprit agonise, ne réclamant que l'obscurité et la douceur de l'endormissement. N'est-ce pas absurde, que le corps lâche en dépit de la volonté de l'esprit, mais que l'esprit ne puisse s'éteindre sans l'initiative du corps ? J'agrippe entre mes doigts, inemployé à la consommation de mon poison, le pendentif identique à celui de ma sœur. Il s'agit d'un collier en or représentant une lune, offert par nos parents à notre dixième anniversaire. L'avoir entre mes doigts m'apaise, comme un saut dans le temps, j'oublie ma solitude et sens sa présence. Ce collier était notre lien. L'ébauche de notre vie, représentant notre insouciance. On ne l'avait jamais quittée et encore aujourd'hui nous l'avions chacune autour de notre cou, à la seule différence que ma sœur se trouvait à quelques mètres de moi sous terre. Dans un monde idéal, elle se tiendrait près de moi avec son sourire habituel aux lèvres et elle me proposerait une énième fois d'aller faire un tour à son musée préféré, le musée de l'Orangerie, afin de se perdre dans la contemplation des nénuphars de Monet. Malheureusement, la réalité est davantage âpre, elle se veut intransigeante et insensible. Votre volonté et vos désirs lui importent peu. Ces réflexions amères étaient fastidieuses pourtant, je n'arrivais

pas à m'en défaire. Accroché à mon esprit, comme un lion à sa proie. De nature optimiste, la mort de ma sœur avait bouleversé ma personnalité. De deux, je devenais un. L'acquisition forcée de mon individualité, m'avait rendue apathique, acerbe et pessimiste. Mon moi, c'était vu dépouillé. Je m'étais retrouvé nu, dénuée de tout désir. Un corps sans âme, inanimé, et dans une brume, je me perdais.

A LUNAR HAZE

Solenn Vincent

Curls of mist frame my face, a face so long shared, my lungs inhale the dubious composition of my half-finished cigarette. The January cold numbs my fingers, who nevertheless try to bring the comforting paper cylinder to my lips. I remain frozen, impassive, facing the name of my twin sister engraved on the slab “Lily Linderberg (December 5, 2001 - May 13, 2016).” So this is the summary of a life, a couple of letters and numbers that form a name and date. That is all that’s left in the end. A single tear runs down my pale cheek, the warm liquid reminding me that I’m still alive, that I find myself outside this tomb. My body lives while my mind agonizes, demanding only the darkness and sweetness of falling asleep. Is it not absurd that the body gives up despite the will of the mind, but that the mind cannot be extinguished without the will of the body? I hold between my fingers, unused to the consumption of my poison, the pendant identical to that of my sister. It is a gold necklace representing a moon, given to us by our parents on our tenth birthday. Having it between my fingers soothes me, like a leap in time, I forget my loneliness and feel its presence. This necklace was our bond. The sketch of our life, representing our carefreeness. We never took it off, and even still today we each have one around our necks, the only difference being that my sister is a few meters from me underground. In an ideal world, she would stand near me with her usual smile on her lips and she would suggest for the umpteenth time that we go to her favorite museum, the Musée de l’Orangerie, in order to get lost in the contemplation of Monet’s water lilies. Unfortunately, the reality is harsher, it wants to be intransigent and insensitive. Your will and desires don’t matter to it. These bitter reflections were tedious, however, I could not get rid of them. Clinging to my mind, like a lion to its prey. Optimistic by nature, the death of my sister has changed my personality. From two, I became

one. The forced acquisition of my individuality has made me apathetic, acerbic and pessimistic. My sense of self has been stripped. I find myself naked, devoid of all desire. A body without a soul, inanimate, and in a mist, I lose myself.

(W)HOLE

Josephine Geiger-Lee

do my bones slosh

as i walk past
i taste
what you hear
in my bones
its hollowness
its marrow
its calcium
it hurts but
a procedure
an injection
a scream
will make me whole again
a procedure
an injection
a scream
it hurts but
it's calcium
it's marrow
it's hollowness
in my bones
what you hear
i taste
as i walk past

do my bones slosh

ك(خا)ل

Brett McCartt

هل عظامي تتدحرج

بينما أنا أمشي بجانبني

أنا أذوق

ما تسمعه

في عظامي

تجويفه

نخاعه

الكالسيوم الخاص به

إنه مؤلم ولكن

جراحة

حقن

صراخ

سيجعلني كاملاً مرة أخرى

جراحة

حقن

صراخ

إنه مؤلم ولكن

الكالسيوم الخاص به

نخاعه

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في عظامي

ما تسمعه

أنا أذوق

بينما أنا أمشي بجانبني

هل عظامي تتدحرج

(EN)TERA

Sophia Franco Esparza

¿al pasar chapotean mis huesos?

saboreo
lo que escuchas
en mis huesos
en sus huecos
en su tuétano
en su calcio
duele pero
un procedimiento
una inyección
un grito
me devolvera entera
un procedimiento
una inyección
un grito
duele pero
es el calcio
es el tuétano
es el hueco
en mis huesos
lo que escuchas
saboreo

¿mis huesos chapotean al pasar?

FALLING IN

Asher Motes

Inspired by lyrics from Will Toledo

I want to make up a scenario to hug you; breathe in your body wash and deodorant. I'll add it to the things I love, the list of things I can taste in bed; pretending you're at my back or curled in my chest, under the blue and white chevron crocheted masterpiece my great-grandmother made. Smelling of you and her house before they renovated. It still holds a delicate emptiness from after she died.

(Her own bed, her own mother's blanket spread over her feet)
(Just a week ago, she had fallen out chasing her dead husband)
It still has the memories of peanut blossoms and spice cookies.
(The ones I cried over when I couldn't get the icing right)
(even after we had made it together)

(There are parts of me you never knew)

I'm scared there's something you'll never see, a box that stays behind a lie in the wall.

(The dog wouldn't calm down, he didn't mean to kick it)
(Sometimes in November the light from the bathroom window lands just so)

(And you can see the outline of the spackle and mesh)
You keep sending songs that make me fall in love all over again.
There's a warmth to the dips and dives of the synths; comfort in the droning bass.

(I would do anything for him to hold me)
The song staggers. Feels like falling down stairs. Feels like the sunrise through the window.

(I wish it would cast on your face)
(You're at home. I'm driving past)

Sometimes when I pass by your neighborhood I hang my head out the window like a mad dog. I yell out that I love you or pull the steering wheel onto your street, spurred on by a song built in the singer's car, something about shoulders, something about dancing, something about falling apart.
Or giving in, crawling over your fence,

hiding out in your old playset,
pretending to be a part of your memories.
(Pretending to be something I'm not)
Extending our timeline back to before we could've ever known
each other. Before we became what we needed.
Every atom and space in between lining up just so,
so we might hold each other while the world sighs in relief,
Now, we can fall apart.

CAYENDO EN TI

Vivian Greenwalt

Inspirado por la letra por Will Toledo

Quiero imaginar un escenario para abrazarte; inhalar tu jabón de cuerpo y desodorante. Lo escribiría en la lista de todo lo que amo, lo que puedo saborear en mis sábanas; fingiendo cómo estás a mi espalda o abrazado en mi pecho, debajo de la obra de chevrón tejida en azul y blanco de mi bisabuela. Me huele a ti y a la casa de ella antes que la renovaron. Todavía abraza un vacío delicado después de su muerte.

(Su propia cama, una cobija de su mamá por sus pies)
(Solo una semana antes, ella había caído mientras persiguiendo a su esposo muerto.) Todavía lleva las memorias de galletas y biscochitos (Los que lloré por cuando no podía preparar la crema bien)
(aunque la hubimos preparado juntos)
(Hay cosas de mí que nunca conociste)
Tengo miedo de que hay algo que nunca vas a ver, una caja detrás de una mentira en la pared.
(El perro no se relajaba, él no quisiera patearlo)
(A veces en noviembre la luz de la ventana en el baño solo cae) (y puedes ver la forma de la masilla y malla)
Sueles compartir conmigo canciones que me hacen enamorarme otra vez en ti. Hay un afecto en las inmersiones y saltos del teclado; comodidad de un bajo zumbido.
(Haría cualquier cosa para que él me abrazará)
La canción se tambalea. Es como caerse en las escaleras. Es como el amanecer a través de la ventana.
(Deseo que la luz se proyecte sobre tu cara)
(Estás en casa. Manejo por la calle)
A veces cuando paso por tu vecindario saco mi cabeza afuera de la ventanilla como un perro loco. Grito 'te quiero' o giro el volante hacía tu calle, inspirado por una canción construida en el auto, algo sobre hombros, algo sobre bailar,
Algo sobre desmoronarse.
O rendirme, arrastrándome hasta tu cerca,
escondiéndome en tu parque infantil,
juego como parte de tus memorias.

(Juego a ser algo que no soy)
Extendiendo nuestro tiempo antes de que siquiera conocernos.
Antes de que nos convirtamos en lo que necesitábamos.
Cada átomo y espacio encajando exactamente,
Para que nos pudiéramos abrazarnos mientras el mundo exhala
en alivio,
Ahora, podemos desmoronarnos.

ODE TO MY FRENCH HORN

Miranda Miller

O coil of glistening brass! O tender caller!
the French horn that gives a flash and holler,
treasured instrument descended from the hunting horns of old,
upon my lap upended in search of liquid cold.

Just as the wild Pan chased the Naiad Syrinx
So do I turn my horn in my hand, chasing the liquid the floor
drinks,
She became music in her flight of fear
And so free of condensation my music rings clear.

I track the labyrinthine coils of my twisted metal horn
Made traversable with oil in the valves with effort I mourn.
Daedalus' designs cannot compare in this aspect
For my horn has not a single, but a double deck.

A double horn she's called, to make the high notes sweeter,
Further are the note-gaps drawn to make my high C clearer.
Once I press the thumb key to access that second deck
The bull's eye goal is free to widen like a flower unfurling its
neck.

Then I aim for my note like a discus thrown by Apollo,
Much less likely for a bystander to be smote by a lack of pitch to
follow
When my target is so clear and free.
I cannot forget my love for my thumb key.

O horn of twisted gold! O ringing tender bell!
What else shall be told? What praise shall I tell?
I have spoken already of your form and content
Save that which for everyone is most important.

The sound of a horn is the baying of hounds.
A hunting storm that travels the grounds
And tells all listeners that beauty and adventure
Are the dearest co-conspirators when a horn goes to venture.

A skilled horn player can sing out as high as trumpets,
A sound more richly bringing resonance to encompass
All the surrounding audience in delight.
The noise is sounding up to Helios' dear light.

More versatile than most is this coiled instrument.
She can leap and play awhile in the musical basement.
Trombones and euphoniums become her dear folk
When down home into the bass clef her music does poke.

And so concludes my ode to she who sounds beyond the deep
and sky,
Now you know the best of brassy callers, and never wonder why
The greatest of composers born turn a kindly pen
Towards giving the horns a beautiful line once and then again.

Wonderment of hunting horn,
Of history sent and music born,
I will remember you in this golden bell
And in all my truest songs as well.

我圆号颂

Tessa Ramsden

哦闪闪黄铜的盘管！哦温柔的喊叫！
圆号就给一个闪动和鬼叫，
珍贵乐器出身古老的猎捕号
在我腿上反复找水冷。

像疯狂潘追逐稚虫赛令克一样
我也会转圆号在手里，追逐地板喝的水，
她在害怕的逃亡里变成音乐
所以没有缩合我的音乐会响亮

我追我弯扭金属号的迷宫式蜷曲
阀门里的油让我能通过而哀痛我的努力。
的设计在这方面不能相比
因为我号是双层，不是单层的。

她就叫双角号，让高音那么甜美，
音调的间隙了更远让我高C声更清。
我按拇指键来接触第二层以后
靶心目标就可以打开像花朵打出脖子一样。

然后我照准我的音调像阿波罗掷铁饼一样，
但是以后不至于少音高把作壁上观被擎了
因为我目标就是那么请那么开。
我不能忘记我拇指键的爱。

哦蜷曲金色的号！哦温柔响的铃！
还能说些什么呢？我该说些什么呢？
我已经谈到你的形式与内容
除了那个对所有人是最重要。

号声就是猎犬的吠叫。

猎捕暴风会行驶地面
而告诉所有的听者美貌和探险
就是号去创业时候的亲切共谋者。

一位熟练吹号家可以唱跟喇叭一样高，
声音更丰富带共鸣涵盖
所有周遭观众在乐趣里。
响声是反向到嘿罗斯亲切的光。

比大部分其他的乐器多才多艺是这个盘绕的乐器。
她可以在乐曲的地下室里跳跃而玩耍一点儿。
拉管和低音大号就变成她亲切的乡亲
向下回家到低音谱号时候她的音乐就拨了。

那就结束我给她就反向到深和天以外的颂
现在你知道最好的铜管播音员，不会疑心为什么
历史里最宏大的作曲家放一个和蔼的笔
去偶尔给这些号一位漂亮的行。

猎捕号的奇迹，
从历史去而声音生，
我会记得你在这个金色铃里面
而也会在我最真是的歌曲里。

O BRAVE NEW WORLD

Josephine Geiger-Lee

they did not warn her

she is from a world
that screams its discontent
that is filled with twisted men
and broken trees
its core hollowed out and filled with maggots
and a loneliness impossible to avoid

and she stood upon the shore
and lifted her arms
a child to her father
and asked to be swept away
for she could not stay
she was not the babe she once was

they rescued her

but she does not have the right truths written in her bones
her marrow burns
not freezes
and her blood contorts and fills her
with a sticky sense of nothingness

and the men with the same face

smile at her
and pretend they are not players
upon this great stage
players and liars alike

they did not warn her

there were no omens
no skulls to be held to the light
no witches cackling, entwined
no storms crashing upon her shores

this is the price
of escaping endless summer
with a stomach full of pomegranate seeds

دنيای جديد شجاع

SayedeH Irvani

آنها به او هشدار نداده بودند

او اهل يك دنيایي است که نارضايتي را فریاد ميزند
که پیچیده با مردان و درختان شکسته شده
که توخالي و پر از حشرات
و تنهایی که از اجتناب آن غیرممکن است

او جلوي ساحل ايستاد و دستاشو بلند کرد
و از خدا خواست
مثل بچه و پدرش
تا او را با موج ببرد
چون نمی توانست بماند
او دختری که قبلا بود نیست
انها او را نجات دادند
حقيقت چيزي نبود که او درخواست کرده بود
او از درون میسوزد
یخ نمیزند
خون بدنش منقبض میشود و بدن او را فرا میگیرد

مردان يك شکل به او لبخند ميزند
و تظاهر می کنند که بازیگر نیستند
در این صحنه همه یکسان هستند

انها به او هشدار ندادند
وجودي از فال نبود
هیچ مجمه اي براي نگه داشتن نور،
هیچ جادوکري نیست،

هیچ طوفانی در سواحل رخ نمیدهد
این هزینه ای است که پرداخت می کنیم
تابستانی بی پایان
با شکمی پر از دونه های انار

O MUNDO NUEVO Y VALIENTE

Norah thurrow

No la alertaron

Ella viene de un mundo
Que grita su descontento
Que está lleno de hombres perversos
Y de árboles rotos
Su centro hueco y lleno de gusanos
Y de una soledad imposible de evitar

Se paró en la costa
Y levantó sus brazos
Una hija a su padre
Y pidió ser llevada
Porque no podría quedarse
Ya no era la chiquita que antes era

La rescataron

Pero no tiene las verdades correctas escritas en
Sus huesos
Su médula arde
No se congela
Y su sangre contorsiona y la llena
Con un sentimiento pegajoso de un vacío

Y los hombres con la misma cara
La sonrín
Y fingen no ser actores
En este gran escenario

Actores y mentirosos por igual

No la alertaban

No había presagios

Ni cráneos sostenidos a la luz

Ni brujas riéndose a carcajadas, enroscadas

Ni estrellándose contra la costa

Éste es el precio

De huirse del verano infinito

Con el estómago lleno de semillas de granada

SONGS OF THE LAND

Zani

Red River, New Mexico

Thank you for touching the summer rains
And thank you for dappling the spring sun
Thank you for catching the winter snows
And thank you most of all for the fun

Birmingham, Alabama

Have you ever drank four root beers in a row
Behind Mom and Dad's back?
Now you have.
Have you ever fed a horse tiny shoots
And let its fearsome teeth tickle your fingers?
Now you have.
Have you ever left the lights and music of a party
To become one with the cricket-night?
Now you have.
...Have you ever killed a firefly?

Iowa City, Iowa

I will write a poem about you
And together we will pass through it all
Enwrapped in agriculture's arms
Let us think and learn and try something new
The rainbow is beautiful in your oaken eyes
Oh-oh-oh, let's go get another drink

West Lake Okoboji, Iowa

Blue water shining and
Farmer's market selling and
Giant tadpole skimming and
DNR boat dodging and
Monarch caterpillar raising and
Starry night swimming and
Rich people watching and
Movie theater cramming and
Shhhhhh —
the rain on a hundred-year-roof whispers,

“child,
even August ends”

Dallas, Texas

Bless us this land of grass and cement
And give us this day our daily riches
Let our success stretch with sprawling fingers
To all but blot out the bluebonnet sky
And let the pickups be polished so shiny
We can say, “Look at us. Just look at us.”
We’ve oil and boots and bent over backs
For making the idols our history lacks

Buffalo River, Arkansas

Sun’s raw on your shoulders
And country tune’s fresh in your head
Yeah it’s the middle of goddamn nowhere
But time’s coursing on anyway
Lapping at the mountains and your heel
just the same

San Antonio, Texas

I hope the ghosts here remember some things
And forget others
I hope crossing over
Is like crossing the river
I hope time spent on food
And friends
And music
Isn’t wasted to them
And I hope they speak Spanglish
Friendly-like

Honolulu, Hawai’i

Aloha ‘aina
Means love of the land
So write that fucking down
And take a deep breath, darling
It’s all good
It’ll all be good

CANTAS DE LA TIERRA

James Transue

Red River, New Mexico

Gracias por tocar las lluvias veraniegas
Y gracias por motear el sol primaveral
Gracias por atrapar las nieves invernales
Y gracias sobre todo por la diversión

Birmingham, Alabama

¿Una vez has tomado cuatro zarzaparrillas de una a espaldas de mamá y papá?

Ahora sí.

Alguna vez has dado de comer brotes pequeñitos a un caballo

¿Y dejar que los dientes aterradores te hagan cosquillas a los dedos? Ahora sí.

¿Alguna vez has dejado las luces y la música de una fiesta Para unirte con la noche de grillos?

Ahora sí.

...¿alguna vez has matado a una luciérnaga?

Iowa City, Iowa

Escribiré un poema sobre tí

Y juntas pasaremos por todo

Envueltas en los brazos de agricultura

Déjanos pensar y aprender e intentar algo nuevo El arcoíris está bonito en tus

ojos de roble O-o-o, tomemos otra

West Lake Okoboji, Iowa

El agua azul brillando y

El mercado de agricultores vendiendo y

El renacuajo gigante sobrevolando y

El barco del DNR esquivando y

La oruga monarca criando y

La noche estrellada nadando y

La gente rica mirando y

El cine apiñando y

Chitón...

La lluvia en un techo de cien años

“Niño,

incluso agosto termina”

Dallas, Texas

Bendícenos esta tierra de césped y cemento Y danos hoy nuestras riquezas de cada día Permite que nuestros éxitos estrechen con dedos extendidos Casi por bloquear el cielo de altramuz azul Y permite que las camionetas estén pulidas tan brillantes Podemos decir, “Míranos. Solo míranos.” Tenemos aceite y botas y espaldas dobladas Por hacer a los ídolos que faltan en nuestra historia

Buffalo River, Arkansas

El sol está fuerte en los hombros
Y la tonada country te está fresca en la mente Sí es el culo del mundo de mierda
Pero el tiempo sigue adelante de todos modos
Lamiendo a las montañas y a los talones igualmente

San Antonio, Texas

Espero que los fantasmas aquí recuerden algunas cosas Y olviden otras.
Espero que cruzar
Es como cruzar el río
Espero que el tiempo gastado en comida
Y amigos
Y música
No esté perdido para ellos
Y espero que hablen espanglish
Como amigos

Honolulu, Hawai'i

Aloha 'aina
Significa amor por la tierra
Así que escribe eso, mierda
Y toma un respiro profundo, querida
Todo está bien
Todo va a estar bien

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT WHEN WE TALK ABOUT FREE SPEECH

Abigail Adams

I scream into an empty room
The only place I feel safe enough to
[not]
be heard

Is no one else afraid
Of being told
[not]
To think

Girls I've known half my life
Make it very clear how they will
[not]
Still be my friend

I was taught that this country
Praises speaking up and I'm
[not]
Out of line when I say

My speech and expression
Can be debated but should
[not]
Be silenced

No speech
Is
[not]
Free speech

I beg you to remember
That Congress shall make
[no]
Law abridging the freedom of speech

How can I
Call myself a writer if I am

[not]
Afraid to stand by the truths I know

When we talk about
Free speech are we
[not]
Talking at all

LO QUE HABLAMOS DE CUANDO HABLAMOS DE LIBERTAD DE EXPRESIÓN

Vivian Greenwalt

Grito a un cuarto vacío
El único lugar en que me siento bastante seguro para
[no]
ser escuchado

Nadie más tiene miedo
de que le digan que
[no]
piense

Mujercitas que he conocido por mitad de mi vida
Dicen claramente cómo aún
[no]
serán mis amigas

Me enseñaban que este país
Felicita decir lo que piense y yo
[no]
Desobedezco cuando digo

Mi voz y expresión
Pueden ser debatidas pero
[no]
Ser callada

Mutismo y
Expresión libre
[no]
son lo mismo

Le ruego recordar
que el Congreso
[no]
Hará leyes que restringe la libertad de expresión

Como puedo
Llamarme un escritor si

[no]

Tengo miedo de atenerme con las verdades que sé

Cuando hablamos de expresión libre

[no]

Hablamos nada de nada

TRIPLE STEP

Sarah Inouye

there was a point during that night when i realized
that i'm not the type that stands in the corner and watches the
dancing
i'm the type that dances
this is the sort of identity crisis that turns me into
a beat drop
a wayfarer
the feeling of the lungs being opened
because they want to be opened

1. There were some nervous invitations to a dance one spring. A boy asked a friend to go with him, but she couldn't hear what he said the first time. The second time he said: "forget it." I imagined him doing it again. This time saying what he wanted to say.

sometimes i am a boy asking a girl to dance
in the shallow of a gymnasium
his hands are shaking or maybe they're my
hands now.
these are the only hands i would volunteer to adopt

sometimes i am the fear that someone will say

“god, you’re dancing with him?”

her voice like scrap metal

but more often than not, i am the middle school boy

who finds a way around that fear

who is shyly looking down at his shuffling feet
who is getting up the nerve to ask someone to dance

see? i told you

i’m a dancer

2. Ari once said, “you don’t have to know how to dance to dance.” They lifted my arms with their arms, pulled them way above our heads, so high that I could barely see them from the ground. I was glad they were up there. I didn’t even miss them.

sometimes, if i try hard enough

i can crack the wound back open

i can reacquaint myself with movement like it was
meant to be mine.

it’s funny to admit now

but sometimes i think i want you to look at me

sometimes i think that i want you to look at me and see some-
thing there

3. The best part of any dance is the moment when the cold air hits your body, as you leave the sweaty room. It's the first-hand that wraps around yours, leading you through the crowd of departing people. It's the ache in your shoes. It's the music that stays after it has ended.

my lungs are open

三级跳

Tessa Ramsden

那夜在这里有一分我实现了

我不是只会站里角落而观看跳舞的那类人

我是那类会在跳舞的人

这样的认同危机就让我成为

拍下

路人

肺脏被打开的感受

因为它们想要开张

一. 有一个春节，有些紧张来到舞会的邀请。一位男孩儿邀请他的朋友跟他去，但她第一次没听清。第二次他就说“算了。”我本想再问它。这时候就说他想要说的。

有时候我就是那个请女孩去舞会的男孩

在一个体育馆的谷底

他的手发抖或现在就是我的手。

这是我唯一愿意自愿帮助的双手

有时候我就是那个害怕别人会说
“哎呦，你跟他跳舞？”

她声音像废钢一样

但是多一半，我是中学男孩

就找怎么走害怕的周围

就害羞的看下到塔拉的脚步
就收集他的勇敢去请别人跟他跳舞

看到吧？我说了

我是舞蹈家

二. 阿里一次说，“你不必知道如何跳舞才能跳舞。”
他们用他们的手抬起了我的手，把它们拉得高高的，
远远超过我的头顶，搞得我从地面上几乎看不见它们。
我很高兴它们在那里。我甚至没有想念它们。

有时候，如果我足够努力，

我可以再次裂开伤口

我可以再次了解这个动作像应该是我自己的。

现在承认这个好可笑

但是有时候我觉得我想要你看我

有时候我觉得我想要你看我而看到那里某事

三 .任何跳舞最好的部分是当你走出汗津津的房间，
而冷气就迎面吹来你的身体。是第一只紧紧握住你的手，
引领你穿过离开的人群。是鞋子里的痛疼。是
音乐在结束后依然停留在耳边。

我肺脏是开放

UNE FEUNETTRE

Solenn Vincent

Le soleil apparaît entre les vitres
regardant à travers la petite fenêtre ovale.

Avec la lumière dorée de ses rayons,
le lieu est chauffé et éclaire l'artiste au travail.

Il illumine les pins brossés et ajoute de l'éclat aux ondulations du
lac, la toile inachevée d'un blanc aveuglant, ajoutant de l'urgence
aux traits du peintre.

Un sourire illumine le visage ridé de la femme, la projetant dans
un halo jaune. Ses yeux sont remplis de passion et de soleil,
bruns striés de vert, sa propre forêt de secrets. Une fenêtre sur
l'âme.

A WINDOW

Sophia Franco Esparza

Sun appears between the glass
watching through the small egg-shaped window.

With the golden light,
the place is warm and reveals the artist while at work.

They cast light upon the painted pines and add brightness to the
undulated lake, the unfinished portrait is blinding white, adding
urgency to the painter's traits.

One smile illuminates the wrinkled face of a woman, projecting
her in a yellow halo. Her eyes are full of passion and sun, brown
strikes green, her own forest of secrets. A window to the soul.

RECIPE FOR A GRANDMOTHER'S HANDS

Amritha Selvarajaguru

Masala Chai

Serves: 2; the mother and the child. (You, the granddaughter, drink the dregs.)

Prep Time: 5 minutes.

Cook Time: 10 minutes, cyclically, once every second summer.

Ingredients:

Equal parts milk and water, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups each. (Not the cups you வெள்ளைக் காரர்கள்¹ use, but the silver ones that never rust that your grandmother brought you from India. She wrapped them tight in her best silk sari that to this day has never uncreased, still bearing the wrinkles of exodus. Forefather, ancestor, grandmother. Cups rattling against silver cups.)

A thumb of ginger, 3 oz in size.

3 tsp tea leaves, carrying the bitter smell of some other earth.

2 tsp sugar, or to taste. (Less for the guests whose tongues have not acclimated to the new

world's language. This is to protect the color of their creamwater skin, carrying age spots and fading childhoods.)

2 green cardamom.

A sliver of cinnamon, thin as the day you came.

8 black peppercorns, rattling in their jar.

~~2 cloves. (Hold your nose when you add them in. They reek of the dead, of vigil, of the inauspicious day. Don't let their scent under your nails, or you'll be the next to go.)~~ 2 cloves. (These from the grandmother who calls them கிராமப் பூ², the word as sharp in her mouth as the scent the spices exhale when you remember summer.)

¹ White people, derogatory. It does not matter that you are just as Indian as her; you are forever tainted by your country, unboiled milk. You, child of diaspora. You, the reason her daughter said goodbye.

² Cloves, in the mothertongue. You know this word. You've tasted it. The question now is whether you remember, or whether you drown.

Directions:

1. Heat water and milk in a pot on medium-high heat.
2. While the mixture is heating, crush spices using a mortar and pestle. (When the scent rises from the stone, remember the first year your grandmother came to this country, visiting her daughter, the immigrant, the first அமெரிக்கன்³. She brought with her the scent of cedar wood and mothballs, and unpacked jar after jar of pickled mangoes from her suitcase, which was tied together with several pieces of twine worn and fraying. Your mother made her chai, which she refused, and she went to sleep on the hardwood floor by the guest bed. Blood, bloodline, red all over the ground. She never did like America.)
3. Add the spices to the pot. (Or give up here. You might as well. It will never taste like hers.)
4. Add the spices to the pot. (How else do you beat down displacement.)
5. Grate the ginger directly into the pot, for the best preservation of flavor, and add the tea leaves with it as well. (Carefully, carefully. Still, there is hope. அஞ்சும் மூன்றும் உண்டானால், அறியாப்பண்ணும் சமகை்கும்⁴.)
6. Bring the tea to a boil. (For the best flavor and color, allow it thrice to பொங்கு⁵. Keep a close eye for the overflow, lest the whole thing be for naught. Keep your eye on the milk, your grandmother is watching. Anything less than the perfect shade of brown, and she goes to sleep on the floor.)
7. When the tea has reached the desired color, strain it into two silver cups, pre-prepared with adequate spoonfuls of sugar. Take care not to burn yourself on the pot, or the rims of the steaming cups themselves. (It is so easy, so easy to be hurt.)

Note: Chai should be consumed as hot as humanly possible. You have never heard a tongue stronger than that of your grandmother's, all bitter earth and old world and spice. There is a reason, you think, there is blood on the floor.

3 American. Once again, derogatory.

4 Proverb, Tamil: if the five spices and the three elements are present, even the ignorant girl can cook. Are you ignorant, little girl? How well do you know the old world, how well could you swallow your tongue? The soil cries for you, opens its maw. Your mother joins her mother on the floor. You are next.

5 Precise translation unclear. To rise, to boil over, to stain. The grandmother, the chai, the blood. Dictionary needed.

RISING

Tessa Ramsden

Rising to the sun is
stretching and smiling as you squint into the brightness,
hearing the hustle and bustle of the world below as
everyone has their own day ahead, and you're no exception.
taking the time to neatly fold your covers and comb your hair,
before facing the beams with a confidence only further fueled
by the rays on your face.

Rising to the rain is
listening to the steady pitter-patter with a racing mind,
already working overtime to determine what outfit is best
to help you weather this storm, sprinkle, or drizzle,
jumping at your reflection with a clap of thunder,
and smelling the newly-turned earth as it drowns in the
constant nourishment from above.

Rising to the snow is
grumbling and burrowing deeper into the blankets,
unwilling to face the frustration of the morning challenges,
the feeling of soft pants no different from pajamas tricks you
into believing you are still allowed to sleep, instead of
trudging through the white wind and sloppy slush and
faking determination.

Rising to the moon is
confusion and fatigue, prompted by base instincts and need,
the stumble of your feet as you quietly fill up a glass
and stare in silence at the stars as you slowly sip,
resisting the temptation to fill your mind with blue light
and instead returning to the pleasant darkness you are
meant to be in.

醒

Jiayi Wang

作者：佚名
翻译：王家怡

在旭日东升时醒来，
边伸懒腰边双眼迷离地对着光束微笑，
听着外面热闹世界地喧嚣声
意识到在大家按部就班的一天，自己也未能逃避。
仔细地整理床铺，用心梳妆后，
带着由迎面晨阳激发的自信
去拥抱耀眼的光芒。

在和风细雨中醒来，
烦躁地听着接连不断的滴答声，
要迟到的时候还在纠结
强风，大雨，小雨，毛毛细雨中穿哪件衣服，
在轰隆的雷声中惊跳起来，
嗅着苍穹下焕然一新
持续不断滋润着的大地。

在漫天飞雪中醒来，
蜷曲在被窝里，嘀咕自语，
不情愿面对烦躁的清晨向我发起的挑战，
如同睡裤般舒服的运动裤让你以为
还能继续陷入甜梦，而不是
为那假装坚定的目标
在风雪泥泞中艰难穿行。

在皎洁的月光下醒来，
本能和需要引起的疑惑和疲惫，
拖着沉重的步伐默默地接了一杯酒
在沉默中边盯着星星边慢吞吞地品着佳酿的醇香，
抵制住了满脑子都是悲伤的引诱
重回到命中注定的
愉快的黑暗归属。

MOTHERBIRD

Amritha Selvarajaguru

i grow well acquainted with my bedroom carpet
the summer of senior year. these days
i drink nothing but cherry wine
and whatever melancholy

my mother spits up through my lips
like a bird. often,
i see myself watching
the room turn white, then yellow,
then sunny gold
from my spot on the floor as

my stomach sinks out of me like vertigo.
i find my bones cumbersome, inanimate as
the jello shots we made earlier in the season
because we thought medicine might taste

different in blocks of jiggly key lime pie.
the smell of hair and someone else's childhood
rises every night from the coarse ground where
i bury my nose. my mother visits sometimes

to make me eat. there is nothing i'd rather
be than small enough to be her baby.
when she leaves, i cry for her.
there are days
i do nothing, it seems, but cry. when

she's here, i hide in the stains on the carpet
and cover my mouth.

MADREPAJÁRO

Antoinette Rose Goodrich and Abigail Kloha

me acostumbro bien a la alfombra de mi cuarto
el verano de mi último año del colegio. estos días
no bebo nada sino el vino de cerezas
y cualquier añoranza

mi madre vomita a través de mis labios
como un pájaro. frecuentemente,
me veo a mí mismo mirando
el cuarto se convierte en blanco, después amarillo,
luego el oro del sol
desde mi sitio en el piso como

el estómago se hunde afuera del cuerpo como vértigo.
me encuentro incómodo los huesos, inanimados como
la gelatina que hicimos al principio de la estación
porque pensamos tal vez que la medicina sepa

diferente en trozos de pastel de lima blando.
el olor del cabello y una niñez ajena suben cada noche desde
la tierra áspera donde
entierro la nariz. mi madre visita a veces

para hacerme comer. No quiero otra cosa sino
encogerme para poder ser su bebé.
cuando sale, lloro por ella.

hay días
no hago más, me parece, que llorar. cuando

está aquí, me oculto en las manchas de la alfombra
y me cubro la boca.

TRANQUILITY

Solenn Vincent

silky curls flutter in the passing breeze.
muted blush of colors tiptoeing across the sea of grass.
arms wrap around denim-covered legs in a comforting hug.
brown converse idly tapping together like a woodpecker to a tree.
a dove calls softly in the sky above as she glides home to her young.
a breath of breeze whispers across the meadow, little waves rippling.
ice tinkles softly together as the amber-honey tea settles in the glass.
the distant trees wave gently as they reach their branches to catch
the falling sun. velveteen fingertips glide across a floral cotton
blanket, creating whorls in the fabric. a palette of fiery pastels
streak across the sky, breaching the reality between day and dusk.
lungs inhale a greedy breath of air filled with late-summer flow-
ers, promise, and goodnights. silhouetted mountain peaks rise
strong and proud in the horizon, guiding the sun to her resting place.
day slips...
solitude...
eve...
falls.

静谧

Diana Zhang

绸缎似的卷发在微风中缓缓飘扬。
淡淡的胭脂红在无边无际的草场轻舞。
双臂轻轻将牛仔裤包裹的双腿环抱。
咖啡色匡威闲适地敲打着，就像啄木鸟在树上啄食
鸽子在头顶天空中轻声鸣叫，滑翔归巢
微风拂过草地，荡起层层涟漪
琥珀色的蜂蜜茶在玻璃杯中沉淀，冰块叮当作响
远处树木轻轻地舞着枝条，试图抓住落日的余晖。天鹅绒般的指尖滑过碎花棉毯，在布料上划出一道道波纹。火红的晚霞划过天际，打破了白昼与黄昏之间的现实。肺部贪婪地吸入一口饱含夏末花香、承诺和晚安的空气。山峰的剪影傲然耸立在地平线上，指引太阳到达她的安息之地。
白昼滑落...
孤独...
夕阳...
在下落...

SUPERMOON

Savannah Mazas

I'm biding my time
waiting for my next
"big thought"

I'm sitting in cafés
pretending to write,
hoping no one will ask
what I'm working on
I'm drinking tea
instead of coffee,
because I don't like how
jittery it makes me,
and I don't want to get
addicted like all my friends

I'm staying up late.
I'm waking up on time.
I'm going to class with
my ears clogged.
I'm making it work.

I'm calling my mom less
these days because she's busy,
and I'm 19 so I really shouldn't
need to call my mother 3 times
a week, but every time
I see myself in the mirror
I miss her a little more

I'm missing astrological events
because my window
faces the wrong way,

and it's late, and I'm afraid
to go all the way downstairs
alone
just to look up at the moon
It'll be back in 14 years
(and I'll miss it again)

I'm becoming aware
that every day I get further
away from 16,
from that girl that I was,
and that's good, I think
that's probably,
probably good

I'm marking the upcoming
solar eclipse on my calendar
I'm telling myself I'll make time,
but there's an essay due that week
so, I know I won't,
but I let myself believe

I'm sleeping with
my back facing the river
because I don't want to know
when the flood is coming
I don't want to see the water
rushing towards me
I just want to sleep, and laugh, and live.
and when the water reaches my neck,
I will know to swim
and if I don't,
I never would have made it anyway
There is no need to know
that doom is coming
It will come either way.

I am hanging plastic vines above my bed,
and forgetting to water my plants
I'm getting sick.
I'm getting better.
I'm buying medicine
that I won't use for a year.

I'm growing up.
I'm moving on.
And that's good,
probably,
I think that must be good.

I'm writing,
I'm reading,
I'm watching,
I'm listening, I swear
to God, I'm listening

I'm biding my time.
and I am waiting,
and I am waiting,
and there was a supermoon last night,
and I stayed in bed,
waiting,
for the next big thought:

SUPERLUNA

Jake Boudreau

Estoy aguardando el momento
esperando mi próxima
“gran idea”

Me estoy sentando en los cafés
fingiendo escribir y
esperando que me preguntará nadie,
en qué estoy trabajando
estoy bebiendo té
en lugar de café
porque no me gusta que
me hace agitado,
y no quiero volverme
adicto como todos mis amigos

me estoy quedando levantado hasta tarde.
Me estoy despertando a tiempo.
Estoy yendo a clase con
mis orejas tapadas.
Lo hago funcionar.

Llamando mi mama menos
estos días porque está preocupada,
y tengo 19 años entonces no debo realmente
necesitar a llamar mi madre 3 veces
por semana, pero cada vez
me veo en el espejo,
le extraño un poco más

me perdiendo eventos astrológicos
porque mi ventana mira solo
en la errada dirección,

y es tarde, y tengo miedo

de ir todo el camino abajo,
solo
solo a elevar la vista a la luna,
reaparecerá en 14 años
(y me perderé la de nuevo)

Estoy tomando consciencia que
cada día más
me alejo de 16,
de esa chica que era,
y es bueno, creo
es bueno probablemente,
probablemente

estoy anotando la próxima
eclipse solar en mi calendario
me estoy diciendo que me haré tiempo,
pero hay que entregar un ensayo esa semana
entonces, sé que no lo haré
pero me permito creer

estoy durmiendo con
la espalda al río
porque no quiero saber
cuando llega la riada
no quiero ver el agua
se abalanza hacia a mi
solo quiero dormir, y reír, y vivir.
y cuando al cuello llega el agua,
sabré nadar
y si no,
pues, no habría nunca sobrevivido de todos modos
no hay necesidad de saber
que perdición se avecina
y llegará en cualquier caso.

Estoy adornando la pared sobre mi cama con enredaderas
plásticas y olvidando regar las plantas
me estoy enfermando.
Me estoy mejorando.
Estoy comprando medicina
que no voy a tomar por un año.

Estoy creciendo.
Estoy siguiendo adelante.
Y eso es bueno,
probablemente,
creo que debe ser bueno.
Estoy escribiendo,
y leyendo,
y mirando,
y estoy escuchando, te juro
ante Dios que estoy escuchando.

Estoy aguardando el momento.
y estoy esperando
y esperando
y hubo una superluna anoche,
y me quedé en la cama,
esperando
la próxima gran idea:

MAKE A WISH

Amritha Selvarajaguru

my father taught me how to make a wish when i was young. he
bent down to my seedling height,
pointing out the gleam of the night's first star
with his long compass arms,
and taught me to ask for anything i pleased.

*make a wish, he said, look out to the universe,
do you feel the power it holds?
ask for anything, anything, he said,
the universe can not say no.*

i reached out, our arms aligned, grasping for the power he felt,
spreading my fingers, throwing out a net of vines, my chest full
up of winter air,
and wished, desperately,
that i would always be happy.

my mother laughed, told him,
those wishes won't come to fruition,
silly, you're doing it wrong. so,

my mother taught me how to make a wish when i was young.
she folded my hands into one another,
rosebud petals, tightly furled,
hers the sepals cupping mine,
and taught me how to hold divinity.

*make a wish, she said, look into yourself,
do you feel the power you hold?
ask for anything, anything, she said,
and anything you shall receive.*

i bent down, reached in, my hands pressed to my chest, breath-
ing in the power she felt,
my chest full of summer light,
and wished, desperately,
that i would always be loved.

but above all, at sunset, i watch
as the colors dream into the empty space
between my fingers, and it feels like magic.

*let the world always hold this magic,
i wished, so that no matter what wishes come true, there will
always be more wishes to make.*

소원을 빌어보세요

Lauryn Christensen

어렸을 때 아버지는 소원을 비는 법을 가르쳐 주셨어요. 아버지께서는 내
작은 키에 맞춰 몸을 굽히시고
긴 나침반같은 팔로
밤의 첫 번째 별의 빛을 가리키시면서
긴 나침반같은 팔로
내가 원하는 것은 무엇이든 구하라고 가르쳐 주셨어요.

소원을 빌어라, 우주를 바라보라고 라고 말씀하셨어요,
힘이 느껴지니?
무엇이든 빌라고 아버지께서 말씀하셨어요 (빌다)
우주는 안돼라고 말할 수 없다고.

나는 팔을 뻗어 아버지의 팔과 나란하게, 우주의 힘을 같이 느끼고 넉쿨 같
은 손가락을
던져, 내 가슴은 겨울 기운으로 가득 차고,
간절히 바랐어요,
나는 항상 행복하고 싶어요.

어머니는 웃으시며 아버지께 말씀하셨어요,
그 소원은 이루어지지 않을 것 같아요.
여보, 당신은 잘못하고 있어서
어렸을 때 제 어머니께서 소원을 비는 법을 가르쳐 주셨는데

내 손을 서로 포개 주시고,
장미꽃 봉오리 꽃잎처럼 꼭 쥐고
어머니의 손 꽃받침으로 내 손을 감싸며.
거룩함을 지니는 법을 가르쳐 주셨어요.
소원을 빌면서, 너 자신을 들여다보라고 하셨어요,
우주의 기운이 느껴지니?
무엇이든 빌라고 어머니께서 말씀하셨어요,
그러면 소원이 이루어 질거야.
나는 몸을 굽히고 가슴에 손을 꼭대고 숨을 들이쉬었어요.
엄마가 느낀 힘을,
내 가슴은 여름 햇살로 가득 차고
간절히 바랐어요.
내가 항상 사랑받고 싶어요.
하지만 무엇보다도, 나는 해질녘
노을이 꿈을 꾸듯이 내 손가락
텅 빈 공간 사이로 들어오면 꼭 마법 같아요
세상이 항상 마법 같기를 바라요.
나는 빌었어요. 어떤 소원이 이루어져도 항상
더 많은 소원을 빌 수 있기를.

LA CABINA

James Transue

Desde siempre a Jaime le había encantado el olor del mar. Las olas, mientras salpicaban contra las rocas, lanzaban su espuma al aire. Las partículas del mar y su esencia viajaban por los vientos amables a su nariz, y respiró profundamente.

“¿Estás listo?” dijo su hermano, Adam, que había aparecido a su lado.

“Sí.”

Se levantó. Todavía llenó su nariz el olor de la espuma. Miró a Adam: como él, tenía el pelo rubio oscuro, ojos azules, y piel pálida cuando no se estaba quemado por el sol. Pero Adam era un poco más alto que él: hasta las caderas, eran la misma: pero el torso de Adam era más grande. Y el pelo de Adam era diferente, con una raya al centro, y su cara era más angular. Hace años, la gente solía confundirse con gemelos.

Saltaron de lo alto de las rocas y dentro de uno y media segundos estaban en el agua. De pronto el mar no sólo fue el olor y las partículas de la espuma: fue algo que se rodeó. Surgió y miró otra vez a Adam, quien surgió en su lado izquierdo.

Empezaron a nadar, y nadaron hasta que sus pies alcanzaban la suave arena debajo del agua, lejos de la costa y las rocas.

“Es loco que hayan pasado tres años desde la última vez que vi el barco.”

“Sí,” Adam respondió, “No voy a estar sorprendido si no todavía está allí, o si está enterrado en la arena.”

“Espero que todavía está allí.”

“Sí,” Adam dijo, con la sombra de las nubes en su cara.

“¿Todavía quieres ser un escritor, sí?” preguntó a Jaime.

“Sí. Para ganarme el pan quiero ser un editor.”

“Tienes razón.”

“¿Y todavía quieres ser biólogo marino?”

“Sí.”

Pasó un momento. Sólo habían los sonidos de las olas en las barbillas, la espuma, y el viento. Las nubes cruzaban el cielo. Este sol había brillado sobre ellos una y otra vez, y los dos estaban pensando en que va a brillar por millones y millones de años más, sobre muchos otros, después de ellos.

“Las barracudas todavía le dan miedo?” dijo Adam.

“Sí,” Jaime sonrió.

Pasaron un rato subiendo y bajando con las olas, y nadaron más lejos en el mar. Eventualmente, alcanzaba el lugar, dónde el fondo marino estaba quince metros debajo de los pies, y poquito menos de diez metros había el techo de la cabina del barco. Estaba allí después de una tormenta tropical, o un huracán. Era un bote pequeño, probablemente un bote de pesca o de recreativo: no sabían. Pero por mucho tiempo de las vidas de los hermanos el bote en el fondo marino habían simbolizado al misterio, a la aventura. El deseo para algo más que la vida cotidiana.

“¿Estás listo?” le preguntó Adam otra vez.

“Sí, claro,” Jaime respondió.

Y con esa conversación, se zambulleron.

A la marca de ocho metros—sabía la distancia por corazón—Jaime sintió la desaparición de la presencia de Adam. Todavía no estaba a su lado. Sin embargo, si miraba hacia atrás, a la superficie, tuviera que volverse para respirar. Aquí, estaba tan cercano al bote, a la cabina. No quería detenerse, no quería volver.

Entonces, lleno de emoción y casi vacío del aire, llegó al techo de la cabina e hizo un giro con sus brazos para entrar.

No habían barracudas, ni un tesoro, ni las cosas de la vida del dueño del bote, los que él o ella había perdido con su navío. Solo había oscuridad. La ausencia de todos los colores. Flotó a la frontera del azul y el negro, y el aire en sus pulmones tiró de él hacia el techo de la cabina.

Sintió el contacto ligero del techo de la cabina contra la espalda. Estaba doblándose contra el borde a la entrada de la cabina, la cabeza subiendo al techo y los pies hacia la superficie del agua. El sol brillaba en sus piernas.

Puso las manos contra la oscuridad y empujó. Nadó a la superficie otra vez en un abotargamiento, con el sentimiento de un estiramiento creciente en sus pulmones. Finalmente, llegó a la superficie con una explosión de la espuma, y respiró profundamente.

“¿Adam?” preguntó tan pronto como pudo hablar.

“Sí, estoy aquí,” Adam le dijo, “¿Llegó a la cabina?”

Respiró otra vez.

“Sí.” No estaba listo para continuar. No quería salir de aquí y ahora, con Adam, con las olas rompiendo contra la barbilla.

THE CABIN

Jessica Housour

Jaime had always loved the smell of the sea. The waves, while splashing against the rocks, flung their foam in the air. The particles of the sea and their essence traveled on the winds pleasant to his nose, and he breathed deeply.

"Are you ready?" said his brother, Adam, who had appeared at his side.

"Yes."

He got up. The smell of the foam still filled his nose. He looked at Adam: like him, he had dark blond hair, blue eyes, and pale skin when he wasn't burnt by the sun. But Adam was slightly taller than him— up to the hips, they were the same— but Adam's torso was bigger. And Adam's hair was different, with a part at the center, and his face was more angular. Years ago, people used to confuse them for twins.

They jumped off the top of the rocks and within one and half seconds were in the water. Suddenly the sea was not only the smell and the particles of foam: it was something that surrounded. He emerged and looked again at Adam, who emerged at his left side.

They began to swim, and they swam until their feet reached the soft sand underneath the water, far from the coast and the rocks.

"It's crazy that three years have passed since the last time that I saw the boat."

"Yes," responded Adam, "I'm not going to be surprised if it's not still there, or if it's buried in the sand."

"I hope it's still there."

"Yes," said Adam, with the shade of the clouds on his face.

"You still want to be a writer, right?" he asked Jaime.

"Yes. To earn my living I want to be an editor."

"You have a point."

"And you still want to be a marine biologist?"

"Yes."

A moment passed. There was only the sound of the waves on their chins, the foam, and the wind. The clouds crossed the sky. This sun had shone on them time and time again, and both of them were thinking that it would shine for millions and millions more years, on many others, after them.

“Do the barracudas still scare you?” asked Adam.

“Yes,” smiled Jaime.

They spent some time going up and down with the waves, and swimming further away in the sea. Eventually, they reached the place, where the seabed was fifteen meters beneath their feet, and just under ten meters was the roof of the boat cabin. It was there after a tropical storm, or a hurricane. It was a small boat, probably a fishing or recreational boat: they didn’t know. But for a long time in the brothers’ lives, the boat on the seabed had symbolized mystery, adventure. The wish for something more than everyday life.

“Are you ready?” asked Adam again.

“Yes, of course,” responded Jaime.

And with this conversation, they dove in.

At the eight-meter mark— he knew the distance by heart— Jaime felt the disappearance of Adam’s presence. He was not at his side anymore. However, if he looked back, at the surface, he would have to return to breathe. Here, he was so close to the boat, to the cabin. He did not want to stop, he did not want to turn back.

Then, full of emotion and almost out of air, he arrived at the roof of the cabin and turned around using his arms to enter. There were not barracudas, nor treasure, nor the things of the boat owner’s life, those which he or she had lost with their ship. There was only darkness. The absence of all colors. He floated to the border of blue and black, and the air in his lungs pulled him towards the cabin ceiling.

He felt the slight contact of the ceiling against his back. He was bent against the edge at the entrance of the cabin, his head going up to the roof, and his feet towards the surface of the water. The sun shone on his legs.

He put his hands against the darkness and pushed. He swam to the surface again filled with air, with the feeling of a growing stretch in his lungs. Finally, he arrived at the surface with an explosion of foam, and took a deep breath.

“Adam?” he asked as soon as he could talk.

“Yes, I’m here,” said Adam, “Did you reach the cabin?”

He breathed again.

“Yes.” He was not ready to continue on. He did not want to leave here and now, with Adam, with the waves breaking against his chin.

LEONARD

Bodie Williamson



LEONARD
WRITTEN BY SOPHIA PEREZ
BASED ON AN ARTWORK BY BODIE WILLIAMSON

INT. DINER - DAY

Daylight dances through a window, invited by open curtains.

The light shines on... two lovers.

They sit across from each other, immersed in playful, but unintelligible conversation.

DING. DING.

LEONARD enters the diner. A shift in the atmosphere. He leaves a shopkeeper's bell swinging in his wake.

LEONARD

(Direct Address)

She knew I'd be here. I'm always
here.

He looks at the couple, a MAN and a WOMAN. It's long enough for him to process their presence, yet not long enough to appear bothered by it.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

She knew I'd be here...

An expression that says: So she came here with him?

He walks to the counter and takes a seat.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

And I'll keep my eyes forward.

The man and woman halt their previous conversation to glance at him and whisper.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

And I'll pay them no mind. I'll
tell myself that I'll pay them no mind.

He sighs.

The woman laughs joyfully.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Her laugh was a cantata... I'd do anything to get her to sing it again, for me. Now, it falls upon my ears discordantly.

From behind the counter, beyond our sight--

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Coffee? Leonard looks at her.

LEONARD

Black, please.

And back at us.

The couple now hold hands.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Our love was carefully scrutinized. I was nothing but an inkblot test upon which she projected a vision. And when her interpretation was disproven, she became disillusioned with me.

The waitress slides a steaming cup of coffee to Leonard.

He gives an approving nod.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Yet, it provides me little comfort to know she never knew me at all.

He takes a sip.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

At one time, we would have given everything to each other. Now, she kills me most slowly, in a way that shows how swiftly she can leave me, but never I, her.

The woman stands up and walks to the counter. Leonard avoids any interaction.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

But... I'd likely take to flight sooner
than freeze for the fear I'd never
move again.

Leonard gets up and leaves. The woman's eyes follow him. Perhaps this is the softest she has looked at him this entire time.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Abigail is a sophomore at the University of Iowa studying English and creative writing. She is originally from Cincinnati, Ohio and she loves running, reading, chai lattes, and Noah Kahan.

Jake Boudreau is a second year student double-majoring in English and creative writing and linguistics with a minor in translation. He is extremely excited to be returning to Boundless this year and will be translating from Spanish and German. He has also started taking Arabic classes this year and is loving learning the language so far. Outside of TIP and classes, he is also working in a Linguistics lab, working as an English Ambassador, and trying to find as much spare time as he can in the chaos of class and extra-curriculars to relax.

Suzan van den Broek is a student in the M.A. program in French and Francophone World Studies. Besides learning languages and reading, she enjoys writing and traveling.

Hannah Cargo is a third-year studying environmental planning and policy and creative writing, which means she loves the world around her and loves letting people know it. She enjoys making music, eating chocolate, and monologuing about hope.

Morgan (she/her) is a senior studying Public Health and Social Work at the University of Iowa. She works for Student Disability Services and the Women's Resources and Action Center on campus. In her free time, she enjoys reading, hanging out with her friends and family, drawing, and thrifting. Her writing focuses on her experience as a lesbian, as a woman, as a person with chronic pain and mental illnesses, and nature.

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

Josephine Geiger-Lee (she/her) is a third-year majoring in English and creative writing and journalism and mass communications. After writing the obligatory Icarus poem all English majors do, she's trying to branch out.

Léa Haas is currently a student at La Sorbonne in Paris, doing an undergraduate program in history.

Maya Hernandez is a first-year creative writing major at the University of Iowa. In their spare time Maya is either binge reading, binge watching, or playing guitar and fantasizing about being in a band.

Sarah Inouye is a gosei and the executive editor of earthwords: the undergraduate literary review.

Madalyn R. Lovejoy (she/they) is a senior studying Psychology and Gender, Women's, & Sexuality Studies at the University of Iowa. They enjoy reading, writing, and playing D&D with their friends. Published work can be found at Querencia Press, Delicate Friend, Sage Cigarettes, Wishbone Words, and Boundless Magazine, among others. Her debut chapbook, *Amelioration*, is published by Bottlecap Press. They can be found online @mad_lovejoy.

Jenna Mather is an English and creative writing major. When she isn't writing something fantastical or hopelessly romantic, you can find her in a bookstore, drinking coffee in downtown Iowa City, or online at jennamather.com.

Savannah Mazas is a 2nd year English and creative writing major at the University of Iowa. Savannah is from Kansas and spends more time making playlists for her characters than she does actually writing.

Bryn Meyers is a freshman creative writing major at the University of Iowa. His very first published poem, "ashtray," is being released by the America Library of Poetry. Bryn spends his limited free time not only writing, but delighting in the simple pleasures all forms of art has to offer.

Miranda is a senior who loves weirdness, words, and weird words. She's also a band kid, Nanowrimo winner, and avid reader. Because of all this, she's an English and creative writing major who has a tendency to linger in the campus libraries.

Asher Motes is a Minnesotan poet. He is a freshman English and creative writing/chemistry double major. He often explores aspects of queer identity and love in his works. He loves reading poetry and philosophy, especially works by Alex Lemon and Albert Camus.

Mariana Ruiz Nascimento is a language instructor from Brazil. She is in the Literacy, Culture, and Language Education PhD program at the University of Iowa, and her academic interests include multilingual education and language policy. Mariana is a literary enthusiast and spends most of her free time reading books in coffee shops.

Tessa Ramsden has been a Chinese translator for TIP for three years now, but her double major in creative writing and Chinese means she loves to submit as an author too! She is originally from Minnetonka, MN, which is where she learned Chinese through her school's immersion program. She was inspired by her recent narcolepsy diagnosis for her poem about waking up to different types of weather. She sends love to her friends and family! 我爱你家人和朋友!

Madeline Riske is an English & Creative writing Major from Illinois. In her free time, Madeline can usually be found listening to Taylor Swift and drinking kombucha.

Amritha Selvarajaguru is a third year English and creative writing and Secondary English Education double major who aspires to be an English teacher one day. She admires the works of writers such as Ada Limón, Louise Glück, and Ocean Vuong, hates cockroaches with a fiery passion, and always eats M&Ms in rainbow order from red to brown.

Kathryn is a first-year in the creative writing program, and is trying to find her way through several clubs and groups. In the craze of class and work, she makes time for running, reading, writing, and exploring Iowa City. She's partial to poetry, cats, and

good music—just maybe not when she’s writing.

James Transue is a writer and translator from Rochester, IL. When he’s not doing either of those two things, he’s playing Super Smash Bros., baking, or entertaining his dogs, Phoebe and Pippa.

Solenn Vincent is a first-year from Arizona majoring in English and creative writing; Publishing with a minor in French. She enjoys trying new coffee shops and coming up with new story ideas.

Bodie is a local artist from Iowa City. He loves the movie Amélie, his 2 cats, and long walks along the beach. He publishes the rest of his artwork on Instagram under the username @bodies_art_account.

OUR TRANSLATORS

Abigail Kloha is a second year student studying translation and creative writing. She likes drawing, reading the Bible, and wearing pastel colors. Her work can be found in Spires Magazine, The Foundationalist, and the 2021 Write Michigan Anthology.

Vivian Greenwalt is a first-year student at the University of Iowa from Boston. They are studying English and creative Writing, Sociology, Spanish, and Disability Studies on the pre-law track. Vivian's translation language is Spanish. When they're not studying, Vivian can be found writing or reading, especially if it's anything horror-related or by Isabel Allende.

Diana is a junior double majoring in English and creative writing and translation. Her languages of translation are Chinese and Korean. She enjoys reading, writing, playing video games, and traveling in her spare time. She dreams of traveling around the world and working as a travel writer in the future.

Sophie Perez is a fourth-year majoring in screenwriting and minoring in cinema, Spanish, and translation. Her translation languages are Spanish and Ancient Greek. When she is not translating or fulfilling her co-president duties, you can find her on the set of various student film productions, writing scripts at a coffee shop, or enjoying a film at a local movie theater.

Sayedeh Iravani is a junior studying psychology at the University of Iowa. She was born and raised in Tehran, Iran. She moved to America in her early teens and learned English along the way. Some of Sayedeh's favorite things to do are watching A24 movies, endless morning walks in nature during fall, selling thrifted items on Depop, and trying new Kombucha brands.

Sophia Franco Esparza is a Mexican writer and translator. She studies English and creative writing and translation at the University of Iowa. She spends most of her time reading, playing piano and watching youtube videos on Arcane.

Brett McCartt is a fourth year student at Iowa. He is double majoring in political science and translation with a minor in Arabic. Brett first became interested in learning languages after beginning Arabic classes at the University, which lead to him getting involved in the translation department and the Translate Iowa Project. In his free time, Brett likes going outside and hanging out with his dog.

Antoinette Rose Goodrich is a fifth year student at the University of Iowa studying English and creative writing as well as Spanish. Her passion for language and translation took her to Montevideo, Uruguay for an academic year, where she was able to grow her skills greatly and travel to several other South American countries. When not working to finish up her last year, she can be found playing board games, reading, or looking at pictures of her beloved dog, Helios.

Autumn Mayer is a second-year student at the University of Iowa, majoring in English and creative writing on the publishing track and minoring in French. When she's not busy translating for Boundless, working on Wilder Things, or being an Honors Writing Fellow, she can be found making her way through an endless TBR, writing, or generally being creative.

Tessa Ramsden is a junior studying creative writing and Chinese with a minor in theatre, and loves being part of the TIP team! She has been learning Chinese since she was 5 in an immersion program, and loves how translation gives her new opportunities to grow and use her language capabilities. This is her third year on the TIP team. She thanks anyone whose stories she has translated for trusting her. 谢谢你让我翻译你的故事!

Jacob Boudreau is a second year student double-majoring in English and creative writing and linguistics with a minor in translation. He is extremely excited to be returning to Boundless this year and will be translating from Spanish and German. He has also started taking Arabic classes this year and is loving learning the language so far. Outside of TIP and classes, he is also working in a Linguistics lab, working as an English Ambassador, and trying to find as much spare time as he can in the chaos of class and extra-curriculars to relax.

James Transue is a 4th-year student majoring in English & creative writing and Spanish. He is an ardent traveler and language learner, having just returned from a summer study abroad in Valladolid, Spain. This year, he's starting on the path to add French to his repertoire. When he's not poring over vowel charts or practicing pronunciation, James is at home in central Illinois with his family and two dogs, Phoebe and Pippa.

Angelica Toro Torres is a junior majoring in cinema and has a minor in International Studies. She has studied Italian for two years and is a native speaker in Spanish, and this year is her third year at TIP. Some of the skills she's earned throughout TIP are communication, ability to work under pressure, and cohesive translation. And a fun fact about her is that she's also a bead artist, so you can see her wearing jewelry she made herself!

Solenn is studying English and creative writing: publishing with a minor in French. She is an avid chai connoisseur, reader, and writer of all things fiction. In her free time, she enjoys running, watching sunsets, binging Netflix, listening to music, spending time with her friends, going on walks, and trying new coffee-shops so she can people watch.

Grace Pignolo is a third year English and creative writing major with minors in Italian and international relations. She loves travel, brushing up on her Latin, and calling her aunt to practice speaking Italian. On campus when she's not writing a play, working for a literary magazine, or doing philanthropy work for her sorority, she can be found watching movies with friends or playing piano.

Madeline is a senior at The University of Iowa, she is majoring in exercise science on a pre-physical therapy track. She took American Sign Language as her foreign language in college and hopes to get a certificate for medical interpretation to continue using it throughout her professional career. In her free time, she enjoys reading, making art, playing with her dog, hanging out with friends, and going to the gym.

Daniel González is a transfer student from Colombia and a second year English and creative writing major. He is a native speaker of Spanish as well as a proficient and certified speaker

and writer of English and French, after living in Colombia, Ecuador, the United States, and France. He was an editor and writer of the oldest school magazine in Latin America: “El Aguilucho”. Daniel loves to travel abroad and explores the overlapping boundaries between languages through reading and writing.

Jessica Housour is a second-year student majoring in English and minoring in Spanish and translation. She has been studying Spanish for 8 years and has recently started translating. This is her first year with the Translate Iowa Project. She has a passion for languages and is excited to keep learning. In her free time, she loves to read, dance, bake, spend time in nature, and start a million new hobbies at the same time!

Lauryn has been studying languages as soon as she has been able to and loves to continue learning as she continues to grow. Korean is her main focus of translation but she has experience in Italian, Spanish, and Norwegian as well as more languages on the way!

Sayedeh is an only child who was born and raised in Tehran, Iran. She moved to America in her early teen years and she is currently majoring in Psychology at the University of Iowa. Sayedeh enjoys drinking kombucha and reading memoirs in her downtime!

Miya Swenson is a first-year student majoring in Chinese and translation. She loves reading and writing while also learning languages. Currently, she’s learning Chinese, but knows Spanish and hopes to learn French eventually.

Eleanor is a second-year psychology major and Spanish minor. This is her first year with TIP and she’s excited for this unique opportunity to learn more about Spanish and translation. She hopes to study abroad in Spain next year. In her free time, Eleanor likes to read fantasy and sci-fi books and watch low-quality movies and TV with her friends.

Norah Thurow is a freshman at the University of Iowa double-majoring in art education and Spanish. She is excited to expand her translation skills by working on Boundless and other

projects in the Iowa City community. Norah looks forward to working with her peers in TIP and is eager to learn more about translation.

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Our Translation Advisors

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