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Polyphony
/puh LIF uh nee/
“A variety of tones; having many tones or voices. . . .”

EDITOR’S NOTE:
This year, we are proud to present to the greater multilingual community the third volume of Polyphony, the first and only Multilingual Literary Magazine of the College of Charleston, and one of the first such journals to be published on college campuses in the United States. Polyphony was founded to make more people aware of the rich linguistic diversity of our academy and to celebrate the creativity and talent of the many bilingual and multilingual individuals who speak and write in languages other than English. In our increasingly global world, to honor such talent affiliated with our campus is to forge a model for other institutions and to demonstrate yet again how the College of Charleston excels in its commitment to distinction and excellence.
This year, our publication is bigger and better than ever, presenting poetry and prose in French, Spanish, Chinese and Irish, all of which have been showcased since the beginning. In addition, readers will find the languages of Cheyenne, Dutch, Japanese and Portuguese, as well as translations from Gullah/Geechee, Jamaican, Latin, Old English, Russian, and Vietnamese. Tall tales and satires, a one-act play and a host of riddles—all of these genres are to be found in the following pages.
This year, a new section presents translations of the same work in three or more languages. Aptly entitled “Polyphony,” it is a realization of the dream that brought the first issue of our journal into being and a harbinger of the increasing linguistic consciousness-raising that we hope and believe is taking root in the United States.
This year, we hope that you, our readers, will be moved, inspired, and strengthened by the sensitivity and insight of the works presented in these pages. We also hope that the English language speakers among you will have some fun with your “mother tongue.” This year, we hope that you will read the Old English to puzzle out the meanings of your ancestors’ riddles before you turn to page 147 to find them!
Acknowledgements

Special debts of gratitude are owed to a number of individuals and departments willing to support *Polyphony* 2007. The editors and editorial staff would like to thank, in particular, Dr. Patricia (Trish) Ward, Director of the Master’s of Arts Program in English at the College of Charleston, for encouraging her students in Old English to submit their work. Thanks, too, to Dr. Sumita G. Furlong, Director of the Dufford Center for Cultural Diversity at the College, and to the Department of Hispanic Studies for generous support. We also thank the Department of Sociology and Anthropology and the Student Government Association (SGA) for publication assistance. We wish to express our appreciation to Cameron Lowery and Hiroko Yamashiro Santos for help with special fonts, and to Georgia Schlau and her staff, Patrick McCarty in particular, who offered advice on cover layout and design. Thanks are owed to the personnel in Teaching, Learning and Technology (TLT) and especially to Zach Hartje, for unlimited patience and innumerable kindnesses. We appreciate the help of Meaghan Poyer and Cheryl Connor at the Copy Center for guidance. Finally, we thank all of our contributors, without whom this third edition of *Polyphony* could not have become a reality.

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The writer explains: “The Cheyenne of the Great Plains’s word for wild horse is náhahévo'ha, which means, literally, ‘He burned hot and wild, with the plains of Cheyenne in his soul.’ A horse is thought to move like a dancer. The Cheyenne believe that, when looking at a horse in motion, one must understand that it is creating music in its head.”

When we see the wild horse

When we see the wild horse,
The horse that dances with the wind,
And paints the stars,
We see mother earth.

Pam Corwin

Pam Corwin
Chinese

中文
The translator writes: “Modern Chinese contains many idioms whose meanings are deeply rooted in the cultural and historical experiences of the Chinese nation. In Mandarin, the *lingua franca* of modern China, these phrases are called *Chéngyú*, which mean, literally, ‘to become language.’ The ancient roots of these expressions are reflected in the fact that grammar and syntax are derived largely from Classical Chinese, used by the imperial court and intelligentsia until the end of the dynastic period in 1911. Much like Latin or Greek in the Western context, knowledge of Classical Chinese phraseology is considered a mark of distinction in contemporary China, and the systematic study of *Chéngyú* is largely reserved for the educated. What follows are several colorful examples of *Chéngyú* written with Chinese characters.”

画蛇添足  
(huà shé tiān zú)  
Do not draw a snake with legs.  
(i.e. Do not make matters needlessly complicated).

鸡飞蛋打  
(jī fēi dàn dǎ)  
The hen has flown and the eggs are broken.  
(i.e. All is lost).

瑕不掩瑜  
(xiá bù yǎn yú)  
One flaw cannot obscure the splendor of jade.  
(i.e. Small defects do not outweigh great merit).
When the map is unrolled the dagger is revealed.
(i.e. At last the truth is revealed).

To beat a dog with a meat bun.
(i.e. To use the wrong method to solve a problem).

Cameron Lowery, Translator
French

Français
Les Chose de la Vie

Un seul acte, très court.
La scène est nue.
Deux personnages: Monsieur Chose et Madame Pas-Grand Chose,
avancent d’un pas alerte et plutôt joyeux vers le centre de l’avant-scène.

Mr. Chose:
Oh, vous voilà. Quel plaisir de vous voir. Alors, quoi de neuf?

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Pas grand chose. Et vous?

Mr. Chose:
Mmmm. J’ai acheté une chose.

Mme Pas-Grand-Chose:
Vous avez acheté une chose? C’est tout simplement délicieux! Qu’est-ce que c’est?

Mr. Chose:
Oh . . . c’est une chose . . . vous savez . . . une chose pour aller avec toutes mes autres choses.

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Non je ne sais pas. Dites-moi. J’adore vos choses. Qu’est-ce que cette chose-là fait?
Ça lave?

Mr. Chose:
Oui. Ça lave.

The Thing Is

A sketch in one very short act.

Bare stage.

Two characters: Mr. Thing and Mrs. No-Thing.

They come from opposite sides of the stage and meet.

Mr. Thing:
Oh, here you are. How nice to see you. What’s new?

Mrs. No-Thing:
Nothing. What about you?

Mr. Thing:
I bought a thing.

Mrs. No-Thing:
You bought a thing? How ravishing! What is it?

Mr. Thing:
Oh . . . just a thing . . . you know . . . a thing to go with my other things.

Mrs. No-Thing:
No, I do not know. Tell me. I love your things. What does it do?
Does it wash?

Mr. Thing:
Yes it washes.
Mme Pas-Grand-Chose
Tout?

Mr Chose:
Oui, tout. Couleurs, blancs, noirs. Ça tond la pelouse aussi. Ça joue de la musique, ça grille, ça mijote. Ça lace mes lacets, ça fait mon lit, ça fait couler mon bain, ça coupe mes ongles . . . .

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Mais c’est une merveille que votre chose! Vous me rendez toute chose!

Mr. Chose:
Oh oui. Vous n’avez pas la moindre idée comme chette chose a changé les choses de ma vie.

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Vous “chosez” beaucoup alors?

Mr. Chose:
Oui. Tous les jours. Ça m’occupe. Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:

Mme. Chose:
Je peux imaginer. Cela doit être très fatigant de “choser” comme vous le faites.

Mrs. No-Thing:
Everything?

Mr. Thing:
Yes. Everything. Colors, whites, blacks. It also mows the lawn, plays music, grills, broils and bakes. Ties my shoes, makes my bed, runs my bath, clips my nails . . . .

Mrs. No-Thing:
What a wonderful thing to have!

Mr. Thing:
Oh yes. You have no idea. This thing has changed my life.

Mrs. No-Thing:
How often do you “thing” it?

Mr. Thing:
Every day. It keeps me very busy.

Mrs. No-Thing:
Yes. I can imagine. It must be tiring too.
Mr. Chose:
Je suis exténué. Je ne peux plus penser à autre chose… C’est toujours la même chose …

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Mais c’est une chose terrifiante ce que vous me dites-là. Vous ne pouvez pas vous arrêter de “choser,” même un instant?

Mr. Chose:
Si seulement je pouvais… Mais c’est la chose de cette chose que de “choser” tout le temps. Je suis même devenu moi-même la chose de mes choses. Je suis complètement “chosifié.”

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Mais dites-moi. Combien de choses avez-vous chosées jusqu’à maintenant?

Mr. Chos:
Je ne sais pas exactement. Une centaine, un millier, peut-être plus encore …

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Quelle curieuse chose, cette obsession des choses. Mais prenez-le temps de faire autre chose!

Mr. Chose:
Comme j’aimerais …

Mr. Chose:
Et vous? Vous “chosez?”

Mr. Thing:
I am exhausted. I cannot think anymore, I have to “thing” all the time.

Mrs. No-Thing:
How terrible. Can’t you stop “thinging?” For a while, at least?

Mr. Thing:
I would if I could. This is the thing with things; they tend to be somewhat invasive . . .

Mrs. No-Thing:
But tell me. How many things do you have now?

Mr. Thing:
I do not know exactly. Hundreds, thousands . . . maybe more . . .

Mrs. No-Thing:
What a curious thing . . . this “thinging” of yours. Do you have any time for any “thing” else?

Mr. Thing:
No, not really.
But I am happy, very happy. I do not have the time to think.

Mrs. No-Thing:
Ah . . . I understand . . . The thing not to think . . .

Mr. Thing:
And what about you? Do you “thing” too?
Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Ca dépend de quelles choses . . . Une chose par-ci, une chose par là . . .
Mais, en tout état de choses, je ne suis pas grand chose.
Je ne saurais jamais “choser” comme vous “choser.”
Et puis j’ai autre chose à faire.
J’espère que vous ne prendrez pas mal la chose . . .

Mr. Chose:
Non. Pas du tout.
Les choses étant
ce qu’elles sont, je vois bien la chose.
Je veux dire . . . votre chose
D’ailleurs je suis assez porté sur la chose.
Vous aussi, vous me rendez tout-chose.

Mme. Pas-Grand-Chose:
Mais alors . . . il faut faire quelque chose!

Mr. Chose:
Oui. “Absolucchiniement.”
Allons “choser” ensemble . . . ne serait-ce qu’un instant.
Vous deviendrez ma chose . . . .

Mme Pas-Grand-Chose:
Mais c’est tout à fait autre chose . . . .

Mrs. No-Thing:
Well . . . it depends on what thing . . . .but usually, I don’t . . . . You see, I believe in Nothing, so it is hard to break the habit.

Mr. Thing:
Ah . . . I see . . . You are one of those . . . How restful . . . .

Mrs. No-Thing:
Oh no . . . don’t you think that?
Oh, but I forgot, you cannot think.
No, no, no, it is not restful. Everything is so empty . . . I have to think all the time . . .
I am what I think . . . you see . . . ?

Mr. Thing:
I see . . . . This is a pretty big thing, to be what you think.
I never thought of that.
So . . . What are you going to do today?

Mrs. No-Thing:
Let me think . . . .

THE END

Béa Aaronson
Le Chemin d’Hier

J’ai quitté le chemin d’hier.
Je n’habite plus mon passé
Rien qu’une trace d’habitude
Terrible
Quand la nuit se vide et déçoit l’aube.

J’ai quitté le chemin d’hier
Comme on casse un Coeur
Sur une plainte d’espace
Où rien ne demeure.

Seulement une résistance d’illusions
Dans l’effroi
Avons-nous déjà . . . ?
Sommes-nous encore . . . ?

Tu consoles mes délices esseulés
Tu donnes un visage au loin qui s’éloigne.

J’interroge le temps d’une étreinte
Comme on boit aux lèvres du sang

Aussi profondément que la terre

Yesterday’s Way

I left Yesterday
I do not inhabit the past anymore
Just a trace
A habit
Terrible
As night empties itself and
Disappoints the dawn.

I left Yesterday
Like one breaks a heart
And whines for a space
Where nothing lasts.

Just a resistance
An illusion
A fear
Have we already . . . ?
Are we still . . . ?

You console my forlorn delights
You give a face to my straying wanderings.

In your embrace
I interrogate time
As one drinks
From the lips of blood

As deep as the Earth
Quand elle nous dépasse
Et qu'elle grandit
Redoutable
Dans le contact frémissant de l’intime.

J’écoute la tendresse
Debout,
Tout près des différences
Je goûte derrière mes paupières
Comme une fièvre de sommeil.
Où le rêve s’inquiète
Exquis et muet,
Et je m’enfonce fuyante
Prisonnière étranglée;
Dans l’oubli du conjugal.
Je me quitte pour m’enlever.

Je suis traversée
D’immensités minuscules.

Je mue . . . .

Béa Aaronson
Céqui, le Petit Singe

(1) Il était une fois, tout en haut du territoire des singes, à côté de la rivière où tous les animaux venaient étancher leur soif, un très grand arbre tout feuilli. Cet arbre apportait de l’ombre à tous les animaux mais il était trop dangereux d’y grimper. L’écorce était glissante et il n’y avait pas suffisamment de branches aidantes. En y grimpant, on pouvait soit facilement tomber dans la rivière infestée de crocodiles ou bien se retrouver de l’autre côté, là où le territoire des Lions commençait. Rien qu’une petite blessure, et pour sûr, l’animal serait dévoré par l’un d’entre eux. Alors, la colonie de singes ne faisait que parler de cet arbre, de comment la vue devait être superbe de là-haut, l’air frais grâce à la brise d’altitude . . . .  

(2) Un jour, Céqui, un petit singe aux yeux marron foncé décida: Je vais grimper à cet arbre. Comme il était petit, et comme il ne le dit qu’une seule fois, personne ne prêta attention à ses paroles. (3) Et les singes continuèrent à parler, et parler. Pendant ce temps, le petit singe commença à grimper. Les autres singes ne le regardèrent même pas. (4) Il grimpait de plus en plus haut. Ses petites jambes et ses petits bras ne le décourageaient pas. Lorsqu’il ne pouvait pas atteindre une branche, il utilisait une corde qu’il avait tissée lui-même. Quand il atteint la première haute branche, un singe d’en bas le remarqua et s’écria : Regardez !  

(5) Soudain, tous les singes communs commencèrent à jeter des pierres sur le petit singe plus intelligent et plus ambitieux qu’eux. Il y en avait qui faisait la courte échelle et lui tiraient sur les jambes pour le ralentir, il y en avait qui l’insultaient, mais lui, il continuait à grimper ; les singes communs trépignaient de rage. (6) Une fois au sommet, grâce à son travail, sa détermination et son courage, il devint de fait, le Premier Roi du très grand arbre.

Céqui, the Little Monkey

(1) Once upon a time there was this high bushy tree on top of monkey land, next to the river, where all the animals came to quench their thirst. The tree provided shade for all the animals. But it was risky to climb up it. The bark was very slippery and there were not enough branches to allow easy climbing. So one could fall in the river full of crocodiles on one side, and on the other side began the Lion territory. Even a small injury would insure immediately being devoured by one of them. So the colony of monkeys talked and talked about the tree, how the view should be so nice from up there, and the air fresh, thanks to the high blowing breeze . . . .  

(2) One day, Céqui, a little monkey with dark eyes, decided: “I am going to climb up that tree.” Because he was small, and because he said it only once, nobody paid attention to what he said. (3) And the monkeys kept on talking and talking. Meanwhile, the little monkey started to climb up. The other monkeys did not even glance at him. (4) He climbed up and up. His little limbs did not discourage him. Where no branch could help, he used a rope that he had woven himself. Then he reached the first high plane branch. All of a sudden one of the monkeys down below noticed, and shouted: “Look!” (5) And then all the common monkeys threw stones at this smarter, more ambitious monkey. Some were pulling his leg and spitting at him while others cursed him and shot him jealous looks. Still he climbed. All the other monkeys were spinning with rage. (6) Then once at the top, he became, thanks to his work, determination and dedication, the King of the High Tree.

(7) Tout en bas, maintenant qu’il était roi, tous les singes communs l’aimaient bien et . . . commençaient à se disputer . . . sur un tout autre ton : Moi, je Le connais très très bien. Vous voyez, une fois, nous avons déjeuné ensemble. Menteur ! Il a bien déjeuné chez quelqu’un, mais c’était chez moi ! Je savais qu’il réussirait. En fait, je l’ai même aidé à grimper. (8) Céqui, le petit singe aux yeux marron foncé entendait les échos. Il savait que tous ces mots n’étaient que mensonges mais cela ne le dérangeait pas car pendant qu’ils se chamaillaient en bas, Céqui, le Petit Singe devenu Roi, en haut du très grand arbre, vivait tout simplement la sage saine brillante douce paisible et belle.

Béatrice Frask

A big smile of contentment spread across his face. He knew what he had accomplished, and the light of true happiness was shining through him from within.

(7) Down, down, down below, now that he was King, all the common monkeys liked him, and . . . started to fight . . . but on a different note: “I know Him very well. You see, once we ate lunch together.” “Liar: He ate lunch but at MY house.” And they were screaming so loud. “I knew he would succeed. I actually helped him climb up.” (8) Céqui, the little monkey with dark eyes, could hear the echoes. He knew all of those words were lies. He was not affected, though, because he just knew better, and while they were all bickering down below, Céqui, the Little Monkey who had become the King of the High Tree, was simply living the good, wise, beautiful, healthy bright and peaceful life.

Béatrice Frask
Lune matinale

Lune si bleue
Lune si pâle
Lune plus près des cieux
Lune si blanche sur l'azur si bleu.

Lune! Lune! Lune!

Lune si pleine
Lune si belle
Lune changeante
Lune mouvante,

Lune! Lune! Lune!
Lune exalte

Lune s’emballe
Lune m’inspire
Et se retire . . .

Lune
Adieu!

Béatrice Frask

Morning Moon

Moon so blue
Moon so pale
Moon so pure
Moon closer to the skies
Moon so white on the sky so blue.

Moon! Moon! Moon!

Moon so full
Moon so beautiful
Changing moon
Moving moon,

Moon! Moon! Moon!

Moon exalts
Moon takes away
Moon inspires me
And goes away . . .

Farewell Moon!

Béatrice Frask
The translator writes: “Known as ‘La Belle Cordière,’ Louise Labé was born into a family of rope makers in Lyon, France. She was affiliated with the renowned humanist group of poets and intellectuals who lived in Lyon at that time. Rejecting the Petrarchian ideal of the woman as a passive object of desire, Labé instead posited the woman as a desiring subject, actively seeking the embrace of her lover.”

**Baise-m’encor, rebaise-moi et baise**

Baise-m’encor, rebaise-moi et baise:
Donne-m’en un de tes plus savoureux,
Donne-m’en un de tes plus amoureux:
Je t’en rendrai quatre plus chauds que braise.

Las, te plains-tu ? ça, que ce mal j’apaise
En t’en donnant dix autres doucereux.
Ainsi, mêlant nos baisers tant heureux,
Jouissions-nous l’un de l’autre à notre aise.

Lors double vie à chacun ensuivra.
Chacun en soi et son ami vivra.
Permet-m’Amour penser quelque folie:

**Kiss me, embrace me, and kiss me once more**

Kiss me, embrace me, and kiss me once more:
For one of your most salacious,
For one of your most amorous,
Of my smoldering embraces you shall have four.

Why be sad? Let me ease your pain
Ten times with my sweet caress.
Together merging with blissful finesse,
Let’s pleasure each other with no thought of gain.

Each shall then a life of double richness lead,
Living together and apart with no thought of need.
My Love, allow me some extravagant excess:

I have lived so long in quiet pain,
And without pleasure I might remain,
If I did not risk this chance for happiness.

Louise Labé (France, 1524-1566)

Alison Smith, Translator
Gullah/ Geechee
Bruh Lion bin a hunt, an eh spy Bruh Goat duh leddown topper er big rock duh wuk eh mouf an der chaw. Eh creep up fuh ketch um. Wen eh git close ter um eh notus um good. Bruh Goat keep on chaw. Bruh Lion try fuh fine out wuh Bruh Goat duh eat. Eh yent see nuttne nigh um ceptin de nekked rock wuh eh duh leddown on. Bruh Lion stonish. Eh wait topper Bruh Goat. Bruh Goat keep on chaw, an chaw, an chaw. Bruh Lion cant mek de ting out, an eh come close, an eh say: “Hay! Bruh Goat, wuh you duh eat?” Bruh Goat skade wen Bruh Lion rise up befo um, but eh keep er bole harte, an eh mek ansur: “Me duh chaw dis rock, an ef you dont leff, wen me done long um me guine eat you.” Dis big wud sabe Bruh Goat. Bole man git outer diffikelty way coward man lose eh life.

“Bruh” Lion and “Bruh” Goat

Bruh Lion was hunting, and he spied Bruh Goat lying down on top of a big rock working his mouth and chewing. He crept up to catch him. When he got close to him, he watched him good. Bruh Goat kept on chewing. Bruh Lion tried to find out what Bruh Goat was eating. He didn't see anything near him except the naked rock which he was lying down on. Bruh Lion was astonished. He waited for Bruh Goat. Bruh Goat kept on chewing, and chewing, and chewing. Bruh Lion couldn't make the thing out, and he came close, and he said: “Hey! Bruh Goat, what are you eating?” Bruh Goat was scared when Bruh Lion rose up before him, but he kept a bold heart, and he made (his) answer: “I am chewing this rock, and if you don't leave me (alone), when I am done with it I will eat you.” This big word saved Bruh Goat.

A bold man gets out of difficulty where a cowardly man loses his life.

Dawn Chitty, Translator
Irish (Gaelic)  An Gaeilge
The translator writes: “For me, Stephen Crane’s poem serves as a metaphor, not only for the Irish language, but for all endangered languages attempting to stay alive against the onslaught of globalization and modernization. Irish-Gaelic, the third oldest vernacular language in Europe after Greek and Latin, is still spoken in Na Gaeltachtáí, areas located on the fringe of the island of Ireland. In some ways, the Internet is helping to save Irish from oblivion.”

**Chonaic mé an Fear**

*Agus a Bhí Sé ag Dul sa Tóir ar an Bhún na Spéire*

Chonaic mé an fear agus a bhí sé ag dul sa tóir ar an bhún na spéire.
Chuaigh said ag rith timpeall agus ag rith timpeall aríst.
Ni raibh mé sásta ar chor ar bith leis seo,
Agus chuir mé forrán air.
“Is gan éifeacht,” a dúirt mé leis,
“Ní féidir leat ariamh -- ”

Glaogha sé in ard a chinn, “Breagann tú!”
Agus d’imigh sé le gaoth.

**I Saw a Man Pursuing the Horizon**

I saw a man pursuing the horizon;
Round and round they sped.
I was disturbed at this;
I accosted the man.
“It is futile,” I said,
“You can never -- ”

“You lie,” he cried,
And ran on.

E. Moore Quinn, Translator

Stephen Crane (1871-1900)
JAMAICAN
The translator writes: “In the first of these Jamaican proverbs, we are cautioned that it is always easier for us to find fault with the world than to take responsibility for being the *source* of the fault that we find with the world. The second proverb implies that people should not seek to promote themselves by robbing people of their dignity because of their poverty. The third suggests that, if the leadership is corrupt (‘dutty’ means dirty), then the whole group is likely to follow suit. Finally, although ‘duppy’ is the Jamaican word for a generally feared ‘spirit of the dead,’ in this context, it also means ‘bully.’ Hence, the proverb means that bullies know who are full of fear and who can be intimidated easily. Some Jamaicans are fearless in the face of duppies and even considered to be ‘duppy conquerors.’ The famed Bob Marley was one of these.”

Leaf fall inna riva say riva dutty
But it no say a it a rot.

Sorry fe mawga dog, mawga dog turn roun’ bite you.

Head of de stream dutty the whole river dutty.

Duppy know who fe frighten.

The leaf that falls in the river says the river is dirty
But it does not say the river is dirty because it (the leaf) is rotting.

If you express pity for an emaciated dog, he will turn around and bite you.

If the head of the stream is dirty, the whole river is dirty.

The duppy knows who he can frighten.

John Rashford, Translator
日本語

Japanese
The author notes that there are two Japanese alphabets used in these poems: Katakana, in “Tokyo's Umbrellas at Lunchtime,” and Hiragana, which appears in “For Yasu” on the following pages. In the Japanese language, Katakana is used for foreign or borrowed terms, like the word “plastic,” for which the Japanese have no equivalent.

ときょのおひるのかさ

ちさな じょせいたち が しょご の みちに あふれでる
しぶや の こさてんに あふれでる、
あろとりどり の かさ わ、じょせい たち の
ポーサリン の よな
かおお かくし、そして にすたま の ブーラサチカ わ
じょせい たち の めお かくす。

かさ わしんふぉに の よである;
あける おと、ゆれる おと、あるきすげる おた が、
いしょになって、
それ が ちょっと じょせいたち の こころに しませんの
おたが ひびく よにおに。

こさてんの いろが あかになり、そして なわる かさ
わしごとに もどり、うたわとまる。

こさてんの いろが あかになり、そして なわる かさ
わしごとに もどり、うたわとまる。

Tokyo's Umbrellas at Lunchtime

There are little women at noon that scatter across Tokyo's Shibuya crosswalks. They hold different colored umbrellas to shield their cirrus porcelain skin, and their smooth Japanese eyes hide behind plastic polka dots. The umbrellas are a poised masterpiece. They blend a sound of popping, weaving, and floating; It resembles the softness of a samisen* ballad that is tucked safely in these women's heads. Blinking colors persist and the intersection light disrupts with red; the plastic pinwheels return to work and the rhythm of heels closes the song.

* a traditional Japanese three-stringed musical instrument that resembles a guitar but with a longer neck and strings usually made out of silk.
やす の ため

おばちゃんわたし わ あなた の さしんお もって います。
あなた の くろい かみ わ、うしろ に たばねられ。
しょして それ わ、わたしが ひそかに にわ から とって
きたらん の はな でした。
わたしが それ お あなた に あげた とき あなた わ
えがおで ふたり わ しゃしんお とりました。

わたし わ おばちゃんと の おきなわ での のこいで が
あります。
ひがししなかい の うつくし おおい なみで あそんだ
とき
しょして あなた わ “ようちゃんわ にほんじんの こころ が
あるね” といいました。
そのときわたしが なきました。 那日 那日 わ
いつまでもずっと のこって います。

しょして いまかえって きました
うみ わ あなたの こころ お やらしく はやして います。
さよなら おゆことわどきなかった、
おもい だす の わ しゃしんと しおりた らんだけ
わたしが はほ た にた。
あなた わ こころ わ とわに いきつずける でした。
しょして わたし たち わ あなたの こころ お いつまでも
たいせつに します。

J. Yoko Gallo

I have a picture of you, obachan

I have a picture of you, obachan,
With your onyx hair pulled tight.
It is fastened with an orchid that I
Secretly plucked from your garden.
I gave it to you and
Your caramel skin creased into a smile.
We paused for a photograph….

I have memories of you in Okinawa, obachan,
When we waded together in the East China Sea,
Droplets of indigo waves rested on your silky hands,
And you whispered to me, “You have a Japanese spirit, Yochan,”
And I humbly wept between you and the ocean,
And that day never ends in my mind….

I now fall through the clouds to be with you, obachan.
The sea is now gently holding your whispered words.
I never said goodbye; only to the picture in my hands,
And I wept peacefully between my mother and the fallen orchids.
The Pacific winds will carry on your spirit,
And we will carry on your words.

J. Yoko Gallo
Latin

Bust of Gaius Valerius Catullus (84-54 B.C.E.)
The translator writes: “Catullus’ poem 84 is a satire about a man who does not know how to use his ‘H’ sounds correctly. Educated Romans often studied Ancient Greek, which uses many aspirated sounds. Arius used these sounds in Latin to appear more educated than he actually was. After he was sent to Syria, everyone was delighted at not having to hear his ridiculous ‘aitches.’”

Arius’ Phony “Haccent”

Arrius used to say “hadvantages” whenever he meant to say advantages, and ambush was “hambush,” and he was hoping that he then had spoken amazingly, at the point when he had said “hambush” as much as he was able to. I suppose his mother, his free uncle, his maternal grandfather and his grandmother had spoken in this way. When he had been sent into Syria, all ears found relief: our ears heard these same words smoothly and easily, and afterwards they didn’t fear such words, when suddenly horrible news is brought back to us: since Arrius got there, the Ionian Sea is no longer the “Ionian,” but the “Hionian.”

Gaius Valerius Catullus

Haccentus Arri Falsus

Chommoda dicebat, si quando commoda vellet dicere, et insidias Arrius hinsidias, et tum mirifice sperabat se esse locutum, cum quantum poterat dixerat hinsidias. Credo, sic mater, sic liber avunculus eius, sic maternus avus dixerat atque avia. Hoc misso in Syriam requierant omnibus aures: audibant eadem haec leniter et leviter, nec sibi postilla metuebant talia verba, cum subito affertur nuntius horribilis, Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset, iam non Ionios esse sed Hionios.

Brenton St. John, Translator
The translator writes: “One is able to find a number of examples of the Latin language at the College of Charleston. For example, the school’s ‘Fourth Century Initiative’ has for its seal the first maxim below, which is also the presidential seal of the College and the seal of the city of Charleston; the second, from Vergil’s *Aeneid*, can be found over the college’s Calhoun Street Gate.”

Sapientia ipsa libertas.
Aedes mores juraque curat.

Knowledge is the same as freedom;
It cares for its buildings, customs, and rights.

Haece olim meminisse iuvabit.

Once upon a time it will be pleasing to remember these things.

Virginia “Ginger” Mckay, Translator
Old English

Eald Englisc
The translator writes: “The poem is found in a late 10th century manuscript. Certain grammatical endings make it clear that the speaker is female, but other than that, little is certain about the poem. It is commonly translated as the story of a woman imprisoned by a man on an island and kept from her lover.”

Wulf and Eadwacer

Leodum is minum    swylce him mon lac gife;  
willæð hy hine æpecgan,    gif he on ðreat cymeð.  
Ungelic is us.  
Wulf is on ige,    ic on ðeerre.  
Fæst is þæt eglond,    fenne biworpen.  
Sindon wælreowe    weras þær on ige;  
willæð hy hine æpecgan,    gif he on ðreat cymeð.  
Ungelic is us.  
Wulfes ic mines widlastum    wenum dogode;  
þonne hit was renig weder    ond ic reotugu sæt,  
þonne mec se beaducafa    bogum bilegde,  
wæs me wyn to þon,    wæs me hwæpre eac lað.  
Wulf, min Wulf,    wena me þine  
seoce gedydon,    þine selcdymas,  
murnende mod,    nales meteliste.  
Gehyrest þu, Eadwacer?    Uncerne earne hwelp  
bireð wulf to wuda.  
þæt mon eape toslicð    þætte næfre gesomnad wæs,  
uncer giedd geador.  

To my people it is as if one gave them an offering.  
They will kill him if he comes against the group.  
It is different with us.  
Wulf is on one island, I am on another.  
That island is enclosed and surrounded by fens.  
Slaughter-cruel men are there on that island.  
They will kill him if he comes against the group.  
It is different with us.  
I thought with hope about my Wulf’s far wanderings  
When it rained and I sat tearfully.  
When the warrior encompassed me with limbs  
It was joy to me, it was also sorrow.  
Wulf, my Wulf! Hopes of you caused me sickness  
And seldom came to my heart, not at all lacking food.  
Do you hear, Eadwacer?  
Wulf bears our wretched whelp to the woods.  
A man easily severs that which was never united,  
our song together.  

Anthony “Tony” Lauricella, Translator
Editors’ note: Riddles appealed to Anglo-Saxons. From a number of collections, we can catch of glimpse of literary taste at the time. We are also able to learn, not only about sources of humor, but about topics seldom discussed in other poetic texts, such as sexuality and intoxication.

Hrægl min swigað, þonne ic hrusan trede

Hrægl min swigað, þonne ic hrusan trede, 
oþþe þa wic buge, oþþe wade drefe.
hwilum mec ahebað ofer haleþa byht
hyrste mine, ond þeos hea lyft,

ond mec þonne wide wolcna strengu
ofer folc byreð. Frætwe mine
swogað hlude ond swinsiað,
torhte sigað þonne ic getenge ne becom
flode ond foldan, ferende gast.

The raiment of me falls silent, then I tread on the earth. . . *

The raiment of me falls silent, then I tread on the earth, or I inhabit the abodes, or I stir up the seas. Sometimes my trappings and this high air raise me over dwellings of heroes, and then the strength of the skies carries me far and wide over people. My ornaments resound loudly and sound melodiously, brightly sing, when I am going as a spirit, not near to water and earth.

Jody Christian, Translator

*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
Nis mǐn sele swege, ne ic sylfsla hlūd

My hall is not still, nor am I myself loud*

My hall is not still, nor am I myself loud
about my splendid hall; the Lord created the journey
for us together. I am swifter than he
at times stronger, but he is more enduring.
While I myself rest, he must flow forth.
I dwell in him always, while I live;
If we part the two of us, death is decreed to me.

Kristin Davidson, Translator

*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
Ic eom leghysiæ, lace mid winde
I am beset by flames, I fight with wind*

Ic eom leghysiæ, lace mid winde, bewunden mid wuldra, wedre
gesomnad, fus forðweges, fyre gebysgad, bearu blowende, byrnende gled.

Ful oft mec gesiþas sendað æfter hondum, þæt mec weras ond wif wolc sceañað. þonne ic mec onhæbbe, ond hi onhnigaþ to me monige mid miltse, þær ic monnum sceal ycan upcyme cadignesse.

I am beset by flames, I fight with wind enveloped with glory gathered by wind, eager for departure afflicted by fire, the grove blooming, ember burning. Very often companions pass me from hand to hand, that proud men and women kiss me. Then I raise myself up, they bend to me many with reverent joy; there I shall increase the ascendency of happiness among men.

Charly Montgomery, Translator

*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
Ic wæs fæmne geong, feaxhar cwene
Ic wæs fæmne geong, feaxhar cwene,
ond ænlic rinc on ane tid;
fleah mid fuglum ond on flode swom,
deaf under yþe dead mid fiscum,
ond on foldan stop, hæfde ferð cwicu.

I was a Young Maiden, a Grey-Haired Woman*
I was a young maiden, a grey-haired woman, and a solitary man at the same time; I fled with the birds and I swam into the body of water, dove under a wave dead with fish, and stepped onto the ground; alive it had spirit.

Charly Montgomery, Translator

*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
Ic þa wiht geseah wæpnedcynnes
I saw that creature of the male sex
geoguðmyrþe grædig; him on gafol forlet
Greedy for milk he permitted as a gift to himself
ferðfriþende feower wellan
Four life-sustaining fountains
scire sceotan, on gesceap þeotan.
Gleaming, shooting into the appointed channel.
Mon mapelade, se þe me gesægde:
A man spoke, he who said to me:
“Seo wiht, gif hio gedygeð, duna briceð;
“The creature, if it survives, it will break the ground;
gif he tobirsteð, bindeð cwice.”
If it breaks apart, it will bind the living.”
Emily Salisbury, Translator

*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
I saw in a hall where men were drinking*  
I saw in a hall where men were drinking, borne on a floor, a wondrous forest-wood of four kinds: wound gold, skillfully bound treasure, shares of silver, and the sign of the cross of the one who raised for us a ladder to the heavens before sacking the stronghold of hell’s inhabitants. Of the tree’s lineage I can say easily before men; there was maple and oak, the hard yew and the dark holly; together, all are useful for the lord and share one name: gallows, the weapon often asked of its lord, treasure in the hall, goldhilted sword.

Now answer this riddle, he who has the courage to say in words what the wood is called.  

Gale Thompson, Translator

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*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
On earth there is a warrior produced wondrously*

On earth there is a warrior produced wondrously  
For the multitudes to use; he is created, splendid one,  
By two dumb creatures. A foe carries him  
To injure his foe. Often the wife covers him,  
The very strong one. He obeys them well,  
Compliantly serves them, if women and men  
Serve him with moderation and  
Feed him well; through beneficial actions  
He exalts them in life in joy. He repays grimly  
The one who allow him to become proud.

Christine Weissglass, Translator

*See answer to the riddle on page 147.
Editors’ note: The Tower of Babel captured the imagination of many artists. This rendition by Pieter Bruegel the Elder represents his realistic approach to the ‘globalization’ that he was experiencing in the middle of the Sixteenth century. Just as Bruegel’s city of Antwerp was becoming more diverse, so too is ours; just as the artist experienced the speaking of Flemish, Dutch, German, French and Spanish, so too are we, in keeping with the spirit of Polyphony’s commitment to linguistic diversity, able to hear – and present – multilingual voices from the College of Charleston’s campus.

In this section, Jolanda van Arnhem gives readers the opportunity to read her poem in the three languages of English, Dutch, and Portuguese.
Tribute to Mojo and Little Dog

My best friends are dead and I’m filled with dread about living the rest of my life without them.

Hardly any one cares, because they don’t see how much my two boys meant to me.

I forget they have gone and I call their names only to remember…
No more kisses, wagging tails, snuggle time or adventures.

My best friends are dead and I’m filled with dread about living the rest of my life without them.

Jolanda Pieta van Arnhem
Hulde aan Mojo en de Kleine Hond

Mijn beste vrienden zijn dood en ik ben zo vreselijk bang om de rest van mijn leven door te brengen zonder hen.

Bijna niemand trekt zich er iets van aan omdat ze niet weten hoeveel mijn twee jongens voor mij hebben betekend. Ik ben vergeten dat ze er niet meer zijn en roep hun namen alleen maar om eraan herinnerd te worden dat ze er niet meer zijn...
Geen zoentjes, wapperende staartjes, knuffel tijd of leuke avontuurtjes.

Mijn beste vrienden zijn dood en ik ben leeg van binnen.

Pieta van Arnhem, Translator

Tributo a Mojo e a Little Dog

Meus melhores amigos estão mortos, e eu me sinto apavorada por ter que viver o resto de minha vida sem eles.

Dificilmente alguém se importará, porque não podem perceber o quanto meus dois meninos representam para mim.

Eu me esqueço que eles se foram e continuo a chamá-los, só para recordar...
Não mais beijos, caudas abanando, momentos carinhosos ou aventuras.

Meus melhores amigos estão mortos, e eu me sinto apavorada por ter que viver o resto de minha vida sem eles.

José Moreira, Translator
Russian

Русский язык
The translator writes: “One of the most popular subjects for 13th century Russian literature was the Tatar invasion, or the ‘military tale.’ Already well known as a genre, it became the favorite literary vehicle among Russian readers and writers when ‘The Tale of the Sacking of Ryazan by Batu in 1237’ elevated the genre to a new level of dramatic sophistication, showcasing remarkable artistry in the treatment of the invasion and the feelings of the survivors. Ryazan, a city in the southeast of Kievan Russia, was the first to fall to the Tatar armies, and the description of its destruction is the most dramatic account of this type. Especially powerful are the juxtaposition of the Christian Russian army to the Tatar ‘infidels’ and the perception of Russia as the sole defender of Christendom against the Central Asian pagan invaders.”

**The Tale of the Sacking of Ryazan by Batu in 1237**

In the year of our lord 6745 (1237), in the twentieth year after the bringing of the miraculous image of St. Nicholas from Korsun, the godless tsar Batu came upon the Russian lands with a multitude of tartar warriors and stood by the river at Voronezh near the Ryazan lands. And then he sent his good-for-nothing emissaries to the great prince Yuri Ingorevich of Ryazan, asking for tithe on everything – on the princes, on the men, on everything. And the great prince Yuri Ingorevich heard about the arrival of the godless tsar Batu. And soon after, he sent to the city of Vladimir, to the

Одним из самых популярных сюжетов произведений русской литературы XIII века было татарское нашествие, или воинская повесть. Давно уже известная как жанр, она стала ещё более популярной, когда “Повесть о разорении Батыем Рязани в 1237 году” выдвинула жанр на новый уровень драматизма, демонстрируя высокую художественность в изображении нашествия и чувств оцелевших. Город Рязань, который находится на юговостоке Киевской Руси, первым пал жертвой татаров, и описание его уничтожения одно из самых захватывающих. Особенно ярким являются противостояние христианских русских татарским “безбожникам” и восприятие России как единственного защитника христианского мира от языческих захватчиков Центральной Азии.

**Повесть о разорении Батыем Рязани в 1237 г.**

Въ лъто 6745 ¹, во второе на десять лъто по принесеній поддържавнаго Николина образа не Корсуня, прии́де безбожный царь Батый на Рускую землю со множествомъ вой татарскими и ста на ръкъ на Воронежъ близъ Резанскія земли. И прии́ла на Резань къ великому князю Юрью Игноревичу резанскому послы бездЪлны, проси́ща десятины въ всемъ: во князъхъ, и во всихъ людехъ, и во всемъ. И услыша великий князь Юрьи Игноревичъ резанский приходъ безбожнаго царя Батыя. И вскоръ послъ во градъ Вдадимеръ къ благовърному къ великому князю Георгію Всеволодовичу владимерскому, проси помощи у него на безбожнаго царя Батья, или бы самъ пошелъ. Князь великій Георгій

¹ The year 6745 is the equivalent of 1237.
Всеволодович владимирской и самъ не пошелъ и на помощь не послалъ, хотя о собе самь сотворити брань з Батыемь. И услыша великий князь Юрій Ингоревич резанский, что иьсть ему помощи отъ великаго князя Георгия Всеволодовича владимирскаго, и въскорь послъ по братью свою, по князя Давида Ингоревича муромскаго, и по князя Глъба Ингоревича коломенскаго, и по князя Олга Краснаго, и по Всеволода пронского, и по прочии князя.

И начаша совъщевати, яко нечестиваго подобаеть утоляти дары. И послъ сына своего князя Федора Юрьевича резанскаго къ безбожному царю Батью з дары в моленіеъ великимъ, чтобы не воевать Резанскія земли. И князь Федоръ Юрьевичъ прйиде на ръку на Воронежъ къ царю Батью и принесе ему Дары и моли царя, чтобы не воевать Резанскія земли. Безбожный же царь Батый лстивъ, бо и немилосердъ, прія Дары и охабися лестью не воевати Резанскія земли.

1 1237 г. н. э. 2 обманщик 3 лживо обещал
Баты окаяный нача воевати Резанскую землю, и пондоша ко граду к
Резани и объступиша градь и начаша битися неотступно пять дней.
Батыево же войско пременишиася, а гражане непремьно 1 бывающе. И
многихъ гражанъ побиша, а иныхъ узвиша, а ини отъ великихъ трудовъ
изнемогша. А въ шестни день рано приндоша поганий ко граду, ови съ
огни, а ини съ пороки2, а ини съ тмочисленными льствициами. И взяша
градь Резань мьсяца декабря въ 21 день. И приндоша в церковь соборную
пресвятые богородицы, и великую княгиню Агрипъну, матерь великаго
князя, з снохами и съ прочими княгинеми мечи исъкоша, а епископа и
священинический чинъ огню предаша, во святъй церкви пожегоша, а
иней много отъ оружія падоша, а во градь многихъ людей, и жены, и дъти
мечи исъкоша, и иныхъ въ рьдь потопиша, и еръи, черноризца до останка
исъкоша, и весь градь пожгоша, и все узороче нарочитое, богатство
резанское и сродник ихъ киевское и черъниговское поимаша, а храмы
So the cursed tsar Batu invaded the lands of Ryazan, approached the city
of Ryazan, laid siege to the city, and joined battle fiercely and vigorously
for five days. Batu’s men kept coming in wave after wave upon the few
defenders of the city. Many citizens fell; many were wounded, and many
died of terrible fatigue. On the sixth day, the infidels came upon the city –
some with fire, some with battering rams, and some with climbing ladders.
And they took the city of Ryazan in the month of December, on the 21st
day. And they entered the blessed church of the Holy Mother of God and
cut down with their swords the great princess Agripena, the mother of the
great prince, as well as her daughters-in-law and many other noble
women. The bishop and all monks they set on fire, in the very church
itself; many others they killed in the city streets – men, women, children –
cut them to pieces; drowned some in the river; felled all the priests, and set
the city ablaze. They took all the splendor and riches of the lands of
Ryazan and that of its neighbors, Kiev and Chernigov; sacked the holy
temples, and spilled innocent blood upon their altars. Not a single soul was
Царьбожь разориша, и во святыхъ олтарехъ иного крови пролияше. И не
оста во градъ ни
1 бессменно 2 степобитными орудиями
единъ живыхъ, вси равно умроша и едину чашу смертную пиша; и йсть бо
tu ни стоноща, ни плачуша и ни отцу и материи о чадьыхъ или чадомъ о отци
и о материи, ни брату о братЬ, ни близьному роду, во вси вкууъ мертвы
лежаща. И сия вся наиде грЬхъ ради нашихъ. Безбожный царь Батый, видя
велё пролитіе крови христіянскія, и возрыся зъло и огорчися, и поиде на
градь Суздаль и Владимиръ, и желая Русскую землю поплнити, в въbru
христіянскую искоренити, и церкви божи разорити.

to live in the city – death was everywhere – not one man to cry with
helplessness, not one child to mourn over a mother or a father, not a
brother left to grieve for a sister, or a sister left to grieve for a brother; no
kin to weep for kin, for they were all dead together. And as he saw this
spilling of Christian blood, Batu fell into a rage yet more violent, and
came on the cities of Suzdal and Vladimir, vowing to lay waste all Russian
lands, and ravage the holy churches, and destroy the Christian faith.
Во сне и наяву
(отрывок из речи на принятии присяги на Гражданство)

В детстве я видел этот сон повторно, снова и снова когда мне было девять, десять, одиннадцать...
В этом сне я иду вдоль улицы сказочно красивого города. Он чрезвычайно похож на дорогой моему сердцу город моего детства на берегу Черного моря в Грузии, на столицу Абхазии, Сухуми. Влажный воздух тяжело обволакивает меня и затрудняет дыхание.
Субтропические растения здесь точно такие же как и в городе моего детства – магнолии, пальмы, камелии... Даже архитектура похожа – архитектура южного города, но тем не менее, это был другой город... Люди на улицах улыбались мне и друг другу и хотя они говорили на незнакомом мне языке, мне все было понятно... Я брел по этому незнакомо-знакомому Сказочно Красивому городу Улыбчивых Людей и был счастлив!
Этот сон повторялся столько раз, что я помнил его наизусть. Я мог закрыть глаза и видеть его во всех деталях как наяву.
Ребенком, я видел много раз еще и другой сон. Однако этот другой сон был ночным кошмарам. Это было жуткое видение. Стоило мне закрыть глаза, и оно представало передо мной опять и опять... В этом кошмаре я мчусь в темноте в бесконечном беге... Что-то страшное и огромное преследует меня. Я не вижу его, но чувствую страх каждой клеткой моего тела, всеми фибрами моей души. Это страшное и огромное преследует меня снова и снова.
Я бегу и бегу из последних сил вдоль бесконечной улицы, ограниченной бесконечными непроницаемыми стенами без единого спасительного оконька или дверцы. Не было видно даже трещинки, куда бы я мог забиться, превратившись от страха в насекомое.
Это очень странно наблюдать со стороны, идя своего тела, будь то языковыми, ватными и неспособными не только унести тебя от опасности, но даже просто удерживать тебя в равновесии.

A Dream and a Nightmare
(Revised Excerpt from a Speech delivered at the Author’s Naturalization Ceremony)

I had a dream repeatedly when I was nine. Ten. Eleven. Twelve. In this dream, I am walking along a street in a beautiful town. It looks very much like lovely Sukhumi, my hometown in Georgia on the Black Sea. The moisture in my dream makes the air thick and heavy. I am surrounded with the same kind of flora as in Sukhumi – magnolia and palm trees, camellias. Even the architecture is similar.
But this is not my hometown. People in the streets are smiling and talking in a language I don’t know. I walk among “Beautiful Places and Smiling Faces.” I am happy!
I had this dream so many times I could close my eyes and relive it again and again.
I had another recurring dream when I was a boy, but that one was a nightmare. In it, I run in the dark and the run is endless. Something huge and terrible is following me, something I cannot see. I feel the fear with each cell of my body and every fiber of my soul. Something huge and terrible is following me. I run and run along an endless street until I start to lose my energy. It is strange to watch myself from outside of my body. It feels as if I am in a slow motion movie. I feel my muscles, which are made of something soft, and I realize that they are incapable of running away from danger. I cannot hold my body together.
В тот самый момент, когда я почувствовал, что я падаю, я увидел как свет в конце тоннеля, угол этой бесконечной улицы, который должен будет стать моим спасением... И я бегу ...

Каждый шаг превращается в кошмар. Время бесконечно растягивается.
Невыносимо медленно, но неумолимо я приближусь к спасительному углу улицы...
Я уже так близок к цели! Если вытянуться еще чуть-чуть, я, пожалуй, дотянусь бы кончиками пальцев до угла и дотянусь бы за угол… Но я еще за два шага до спасительного угла…
Вот он один шаг… Вот он еще один, я хватаю руками за угол стены, приближая свое тело к убежищу… Я спасен! Но, О ужас! еще одна стена протянула мне дорогу. Это конец! Бежать некуда! Я замер на секунду, парализованный безнадежностью ситуации и страхом встретиться лицом к лицу с опасностью, шумно приближающейся и накатывающейся все быстрее и ближе...
И я слышу звук автоматной очереди: Тра-та-та-та...
Серые тонько кочмарна мгновенно обратились в непроницаемый мрак могилы...
Я даже не мог проснуться сразу же, как это обычно случается в критический момент кошмара. Я оставался в тьме, не понимая до конца где явь, а где сон. Когда в конце концов я просыпался, я долго еще продолжал лежать с закрытыми глазами и думать о моих дедушке и бабушке, об их детях, братьях и сестрах моего отца, зверски убитых в маленькой деревушке в самом начале Второй Мировой Войны за долго до моего рождения. Я думал о миллионах невинных жертв того темного периода в Истории Человечества. Я чувствовал их боль и ощущал их тягу к жизни, их желание жить счастливые в сказочно красивой стране...
Но, ох уж эти зигзаги судьбы. Страшная межвоенная война разразилась в городе моего детства и отделила моих родителей и мою дочь от меня. Это была настоящая война с танками, продирающимися вдоль улиц и сквозь степы домов, с самолетами и вертолетами, с ревом прорезающими звенивший от напряжения воздух и следующим за ними свистом снарядов перед тем, как они с грохотом разрываются, разрушая сказочную красоту, созданную Богом и с любовью благоустроенной заботливой рукой человека.

Just when I feel that I am starting to fall, I see a light at the end of the tunnel. It looks to me like the corner of an endless street with endless walls and without a solitary door or window from which to escape. The fear is so huge that I know I am capable of becoming an insect. If only I can find a crack in the wall to hide! A corner of the street has to be my means of escape. Each step, each jump, stretches infinitely. Impossibly, slowly but surely, I am approaching the life-saving corner. I am so close now . . . I can probably reach it with my fingers if I stretch. . . .

But no! I am still two long steps away! I grab the corner at the end of the wall and pull my body around, only to find yet another wall crossing my way. There is no further place to run.

I stop for a second, paralyzed by the hopelessness of the situation and by the fear of turning around and facing the danger, which is noisily approaching faster and faster. I hear the sound of a machine gun: “Trah-tah-tah-tah.” Everything turns from the gray colors of the nightmare to the complete darkness of the grave. I refuse to wake up immediately, as one often does after a nightmare. I stay in the darkness for some time without having any idea of whether or not what I am experiencing is real.

When I eventually allow myself to become conscious, I think about my grandparents and their children, my aunts and uncles, murdered in a small village at the beginning of World War II, before I was born. I think about millions of other innocents murdered during that period of darkness. I feel their pain and their will to live a happy life with “Smiling Faces in Beautiful Places.”

Life often takes unexpected turns. A real war did break out in my hometown, and it separated my parents and my daughter from me. Tanks crashed through the streets, walls, and buildings; airplanes and helicopters roared through the sky, followed by the whistling of shells before they crashed, thundered, exploded, and destroyed all the beauty of a place created by God and built by people.
Длинная цепь Божественных провидений привела к счастливому избавлению.
Время делает свое дело, стирая из памяти плохое и усиливающая впечатления о хорошем.
Я не хочу думать о причинах моих снов и кошмаров, однако я знаю, что есть дети повсюду в этом мире, которым снятся такие же сны и такие же кошмары, какие снисались мне.
Все мы живем теперь здесь, в Чарлстоне.
Слава Богу, кончились ночные кошмары, мне не снится более бесконечная улица, стиснутая бесконечными стенами без окон, без дверей.
И, Слава Богу, мне не надо более закрывать глаза, чтобы увидеть мой сон о том, как я иду по улицам незнакомого города, который выглядит как мой родной город моего детства Сухуми в Грузии на Черном море.
Потому что мой сон стал ясью. Я бреду вдоль улиц в солнечном Чарлстоне. Я дышу воздухом свободы.
Сказочные красоты и улыбчивые люди вокруг меня. Моя мечта сбылась.
Я учуся жить по-новому: в новом сказочно красивом месте с улыбчивыми лицами.
Я учуся жить с улыбкой на лице.

Михаил М. Агрест

As it turned out, a long chain of miracles lead to the safe escape of my beloved. Now, time is doing its job to erase from memory unpleasant moments of my past and magnify pleasant ones. Now, I have dreams about my happy childhood in the beautiful southern town of Sukhumi before the disasters of the war. Now, I don’t see that endless street squeezed between endless walls with no door, no window. Now, I do not want to think about the reasons that caused my nightmares and my dreams.
But despite myself, I remember the pain of millions of people all over the world. I know that there are boys and girls who have the same dreams – and the same nightmares. I know that for them, too, there may be packing in the heat of dark nights. There may be secret communication with authorities who have no power, and with powered people who have no authority.
It is then that I thank God that I don’t have to close my eyes any more to see myself walking in the streets of an unknown town which looks like lovely Sukhumi in Georgia on the Black Sea. It is then that I thank God I can learn how to live smiling in “Beautiful Places with Smiling Faces.”

Mikhail M. Agrest
Бог считает слёзы женщин

Где-то сказано в Кабале:

“Бог считает слёзы женщин”

Но мужчины лишь читали

И нам ведать не хотели.

И не зная, мы смеялись

В час, когда нам было больно,

И всегда стерпеть пытались

То, что Богу дать нам вольно.

Susanna Agrest
Он помнит ее молодой
To Rabbi Agrest
Он помнит ее молодой,
Какой она была в 23 -
Высокой и худой,
Полной жизни и весны.
Он помнит ее в войну,
Как писала ему любя -
И у детской кроватки слезу
Как губами сушила она.
Он помнит Еврейскую мать,
Правую руку свою -
Что диссертацию писать
Помогала с улыбкой ему.
Он помнит учеников -
Что сорок лет домой ходили
И её Английский урок -
Что в городе так ценили.
Он помнит “Сейдер” тайком,
За зашторенной занавеской -
И гостеприимный стол
Что накрыт был каждый вечер.
Он сидит рядом с ней,
И читает ей газеты,-
Он целует руки ей
И всё ждёт ее ответа.

He Remembers Her Young
To Rabbi Agrest
He remembers her young
As she has been at 23
Tall, slender, fair and fun
So full of life and spring and glee.
He remembers her in World War II
As she wrote to him, of hope, and love, and light:
“Our baby girl and I will wait for you,”
While biting tears at the cradle in the night.
He remembers the Jewish Mother
And his right hand, his true soul mate,
Who laughed at him and pushed him further,
Proof-reading dissertations as she baked.
He remembers her adored by neighbors
For forty years of teaching through the day.
Her English students became famous
Speaking with skills she gave away.
He remembers the “Seders” in secret,
Closed curtains hidden from site,
And hospitality for all who seek it,
With dinners fit for kings each night.
So, now he sits with her till the end
And at her bed he reads aloud;
He bends down to kiss her hand
And waits for her to come around.
И жива и не жива,  
Знает мужа и не знает-
Снова в ступоре она  
А он “Брошу” ей читаёт.

А она глуха, нема  
И в ином уж мире где-то, -  
И не знает где она,  
Осень за окном иль лето.

Susanna Agrest

*А prayer
Иди ко мне

Щёки детские приснились мне,
И в улыбке в них пропавшие глаза,
И объять его властно крепкие,
Что разум отнимают у меня.

Днём тщетно я пыталась думать о работе
А не мечтать о ласке страстных рук.
«Иди ко мне» вновь влек знакомый шёпот
И в плен брал возбуждённый сердца стук.

Come To Me

I dreamt of your big cheeks tonight,
They hide gray eyes when you’re smiling.
I want so much to hold you tight,
My mind and heart are always fighting.

I try to work, and not to think,
Of tender and strong hands on me,
But, all I have to do is blink
And once again I hear, “Come to me.”
Cambio del Paradigma

Cambiar el camino
es cambiar la mente.
Nada puede ser igual
aunque nada cambia.
Los elementos fundamentales
se quedan.

Una vez que no estamos allí
destruirlo, controlarlo, o procurar negarlo
El todo se vuelve en el todo . . .
Los juicios, el odio, el miedo,
 nuestras vidas . . . no son nada.

El amor, el respecto, la esperanza
se quedan.
No hay nada más.
Esta guerra es la guerra para nuestras almas.

Page Curry

Paradigm shift

To change the way
is to change the mind.
Nothing can be the same,
though nothing changes.
The fundamental elements
stay.
Once we are not there to destroy it,
to control it,
or to attempt to deny it,
the everything becomes the everything . . .
The judgements, the hate, the fear,
our lives . . . are nothing.

The love, the respect, the hope
stay.
There is nothing more.
This war is the war for our souls.
Vistas de España

Cuando pienso en las montañas de Granada, me digo que sí, son altísimas, cubiertas de nieve, que aparecen de repente, tranquilas y blancas, cuando les toca la luz suave del sol.

Y las piedras de Extremadura – como se puede sentir las épocas en sus bolsillos. Que duramente duermen bajo el calor seco del verano.

El mismo los bosques de Navarra, las playas lujosos de Mallorca – cosas eternos, viejos, que nunca yo veí – vistas que solo me harían recordar tu ausencia.

Laura Davenport

Views of Spain

When I think of the mountains of Granada, I tell myself, Yes, they are grand, and high, snow-covered, appearing slowly, quiet and white, when touched by the soft sunlight.

And the stones of Extremadura – how one can feel the ages in their deep pockets. How stolidly they rest, in the dry heat of summer.

The same for the forests of Navarra, and Mallorca’s costly beaches, these things which are eternal, ancient, things I have never seen – these vistas which would only remind me of your absence.

Laura Davenport


El Racista Casual

Es bueno estar de vuelta en Charleston. Estoy visitando por el fin de semana para trabajar con mi hermano y su bufete en un caso. Se que después de dormir en el hotel, voy a tener que levantarme a las seis de la mañana para ir a la oficina. Cada vez que vengo aquí juro que voy a hacer algo que los turistas hacen. Como el trabajo viene primero, casi no tengo tiempo a ver a mi sobrina ni nada de la ciudad.

La oficina aquí fue diseñada como un monumento a los éxitos del jefe. Cuando estás en la oficina te das cuenta de que este bufete solo trabaja en casos de millones de dólares. Mi oficina en Puerto Rico no es nada por que abochornarse, pero no compara con esta. Las caras en la oficina son conocidas y amistosas. Las muchachas relajan sobre cual de ellas estaría conmigo de sucederle algo a mi esposa.

La mejor parte es llegar al trabajo con mi hermano mayor. Hoy me dice que voy a tener tremenda sorpresa. Voy a conocer a Jeff, el muchacho nuevo en la oficina. Me asegura que después de media hora voy a apreciar a Jeff de la misma manera que mi hermano lo aprecia. Se por su voz que estamos en territorio peligroso. Dos puertorriqueños rodeados por dinero viejo de Charleston. No importa que seamos de una de las mejores familias de nuestro pueblo. No importa que nuestro padre es un abogado exitoso que también trabaja con casos de millones de dólares. Aquí somos dos abogados en un mundo que lo único que importa es a quien conoces y cuánto tiempo tu familia lleva en Charleston.

Jeff me hace sentir incomodo en un sitio que solía sentirse como casa. Esto es porque después de preguntarme como había estado mi viaje me dice,

Debe ser bueno quedarse en un hotel donde hay televisión y alfombra. He escuchado lo pobre que es su país. Estaba sorprendido cuando supe que tu hermano era

The Casual Racist

It is great to be back in Charleston. I am in town for the weekend to work on a case with my brother and the firm he works for. I know that after a good night’s rest in the hotel, I am going to have to get up at 6 AM to be in the office. Every time I come here I swear I will do something the tourists do. Work comes first, though, and I barely get enough time to see my niece, let alone see the city.

The office here was designed to be a monument to what the boss has accomplished. You can tell that this firm only handles million dollar cases. My own office at home in Puerto Rico is nothing to be ashamed of, but doesn’t compare to this one. Yet the faces here are familiar and friendly. The girls in the office joke about who gets me next should something happen to my wife.

The best part, by far, is getting to work with my older brother. Today he tells me I am in for a real treat. I get to meet Jeff, the new boy around the office. I am assured that after a half an hour I will come to appreciate Jeff the same way my brother does. I know from his voice that we are in dangerous territory. Two Puerto Ricans surrounded by Old Charleston money. It doesn’t matter that we come from one of the finest families in our own town in Puerto Rico. It doesn’t matter that our father is a big time lawyer who handles million dollar cases too. Here, we are just two lawyers in a world where the only thing that matters is who you know or how long your family has been in Charleston. Jeff makes me uncomfortable in a place that was like home. This is because after asking me how my trip was, he says,

It must be nice to stay in the hotel where there is a TV and carpet. I have heard stories about how poor your country is. I was amazed when I found out your brother
puertorriqueño. Ustedes dos se presentan tan bien, por su puesto supongo que han sido expuestos a la cultura americana.

Ahora entiendo porque mi hermano quiere regresar a casa. No tuvo que decir nada. Lo supe sólo de mirarlo. No puedo creer que él trabaja con esta persona todos los días. Estoy a punto de decirle a Jeff que esta mañana fue una tortura. Que de hecho me levanté desorientado esta mañana porque no tenía la hamaca debajo de mí en mi choza de paja en el bosque. Que me hacía falta el sonido de mi esposa barriendo el piso de tierra. Que después del viaje espantoso en el “pájaro de metal” ha este país, mi hermano tuvo que enseñarme como usar la ducha y el inodoro. Que me hacen falta mis pinturas de cuerpo y el taparrabos y que el traje es asfixiante. ¿Tendré que recordarle que estoy aquí por mi conocimiento de las leyes de Puerto Rico? Debe pensar que nuestras leyes son las leyes de salvajes en la jungla.

En vez, le digo que el viaje estuvo bien y que el hotel es cómodo. Inmediatamente me escapo y me resguardo en la oficina de mi hermano. Mientras avanza la semana, me pregunto por qué este hombre está aquí. La mayoría de los casos del bufete son de Puerto Rico y obviamente el no sabe nada de sus clientes. Mantengo la mente en el trabajo, pero sus palabras me siguen resonando en la cabeza. El generaliza a todos los hispanos. Yo no soy cubano, dominicano, mexicano o argentino. Aunque compartimos un lenguaje, todos tenemos nuestra identidad nacional. Dile a un argentino que el tango fue inventado en otro lugar y verás cuán rápido se enojan. Cinco de Mayo es el día de independencia de México, pero dile eso a Jeff. Para empeorar la situación, las personas notaron el cambio en mi comportamiento. Asumen que extraño mi casa, mi esposa y mi cama. Extraño estos cosas, pero eso no es la razón por la que no estoy contento. Estoy cansado del hecho que el jefe ignora los comentarios

I understand now why my brother wants to move home: he didn’t have to say anything. I knew by looking at him. I can’t believe he deals with this man every day. I am tempted to tell Jeff that this morning was, in fact, torture. I had been quite disoriented when I woke up because I did not have my hammock swaying beneath me in my thatch hut in the rainforest. How I missed the sound of my wife sweeping the dirt floor. That after my terrifying trip in the large “metal bird” to this country, my brother had to instruct me how to shower and use the toilet. That I miss my body paint and loincloth and that this suit is stifling. Do I need to remind him I am here because of my knowledge of Puerto Rican law? He must think that our law is the law of rainforest savages.

Instead, I tell him I enjoyed my flight and the room is nice. Then I escape into the safety of my brother’s office. As the week progresses, I wonder why this man is here. A large majority of the firm’s cases come from Puerto Rico, and he obviously knows nothing about his clients. I keep my mind on work, but Jeff’s words keep buzzing around in my head. He generalizes all Hispanics. I am not Cuban, Dominican, Mexican, or Argentine. While we share a language, we all have our own national identities. Tell an Argentine the tango was invented anywhere else and watch how fast they flip out. Cinco de Mayo is Mexican Independence Day, but try telling Jeff that. To make matters worse, people have noticed the change in my demeanor. They assume that I miss my house, my wife, my bed. I do miss these things, but that is not why I am unhappy. I am sick of the boss ignoring Jeff’s comments because Jeff kisses his ass. He pretends it is a joke. My brother has been in the room when he has made comments like these in front of Puerto Rican clients. It makes this million dollar firm look unprofessional. We are
porque Jeff es un “lambe ojo.” El pretende que es un chiste. Mi hermano ha estado presente cuando Jeff ha hecho comentarios así al frente de clientes puertorriqueños. Hace a este bufete millonario verse poco profesional. Me pregunto si el jefe va a decir algo cuando la boca de Jeff nos cueste un caso que vale mucho dinero. Mi hermano y yo nos tomamos un trago mientras esperamos a mi cuñada y a mi sobrina para cenar y le pregunto el porque no hace nada. Hay días que quiero atacarlo como un toro y sacarle las ideas ignorantes de su cabeza con el cantazo. Mi hermano se ríe y dice,

Yo lo dejo decir lo que quiera porque un día se va a caer en su propia espada. Va a ofender a la persona equivocada. La mayoría de los días deseo golpearlo. Desafortunadamente, saldría con una nariz sangrienta y la afirmación de que somos los salvajes que el cree que somos.

Ahora mismo mi hermano tiene problemas. Su hija no aprende español. Ella siempre le dice que hable inglés cuando habla con nuestros padres por teléfono. Cuando le pregunta porque no aprende español, ella contesta, “This is America, Dad.” Ella sólo tiene siete años. El y su esposa no le enseñaron esto y me pregunto de donde viene.

En mi último día en Charleston, mi hermano, Jeff y yo fuimos a visitar a unos clientes pobres en un “trailer park” en North Charleston. Cuando llegamos al lugar, Jeff empieza a buscar en la guantera del carro. Mi hermano lo mira como si se hubiera vuelto loco, y Jeff dice,

Yo pensé que todos los puertorriqueños cargan pistolas y cuchillas así que estaba

supposed to be helping those who cannot help themselves without judgment. I wonder if the boss will say anything when Jeff’s mouth loses us a case worth a lot of money.

My brother and I enjoy a drink before dinner while we wait for my sister-in-law and niece to join us. I ask him why he doesn’t do anything. “There are times during the day that I want to charge at him nostrils flaring like a bull and knock the ignorant ideas from his head.” My brother laughs and says,

I let him say anything he wants because one day he will fall on his own sword. He is going to piss off the wrong person. I want to hit him most days. Unfortunately, he would walk away with a bloody nose and an affirmation that we are the savages he thinks we are.

Right now my brother has problems of his own. His daughter won’t learn Spanish. She always tells him to speak English when he is on the phone with our parents. When he asks her why she won’t learn Spanish, she says, “This is America, Dad.” She is only seven. He and his wife certainly never taught her this, so where is it coming from?

On my last day in Charleston, my brother, Jeff and I go to visit some poor clients in a trailer park in North Charleston. As we pull up, Jeff starts digging in my brother’s glove compartment. My brother looks at him as if he has gone crazy, and Jeff says,

I thought all Puerto Ricans carry knives or guns, so I was looking for yours. This neighborhood looks rough. I suppose since American gun laws are a bit stricter, you are
buscando la tuya. Este barrio se ve peligroso. Supongo que como las leyes americanas de armas de fuego son más estrictas, ustedes estaban tratando de evitar problemas. Buena idea, pero no nos va a ayudar hoy.

Mientras me empieza a hervir la sangre, estoy seguro que ni mi hermano ni yo hemos estado en el mismo cuarto con una pistola, mucho menos que hemos tocado una. También estoy seguro que de haber tenido una pistola la estaríamos usando. Mi hermano se ríe forzosamente. Se que su voz esta llena de odio pero dice, “Jeff mi amigo, creo que has visto West Side Story demasiadas veces.” No volvemos a mencionar la situación.

En el aeropuerto nos despedimos hasta que las navidades lo traigan a casa. Mientras me monto en el avión, me siento triste por mi hermano. El esta aquí porque necesita el dinero. Espero que el esté correcto. Espero que a Jeff le llegue lo que se merece al final. Me doy cuenta de que Jeff tenía una idea de lo que es mi gente. Una idea basada en lo que ha escuchado desde que era pequeño. Mis explicaciones no cambiarían nada. El tendría que ver Puerto Rico con sus propios ojos. El tendría que ver a los otros puertorriqueños para realizar que mi hermano y yo somos normales y no la excepción a la regla.

Desafortunadamente, su tipo no va n fuera de su cultura muy a menudo. Su ignorancia no excusa su comportamiento, pero por lo menos lo entiendo. El es un racista casual. Lo deja salir durante conversaciones. El expresa sus sentimientos racistas como si fueran hechos. Por esa razón su ignorancia es ignorada por los que saben menos que el ya que se hace ver como si supiera algo. Mientras viajo a casa sobre el mar, me pregunto: ¿Cuantas veces nos topamos con estos pequeños racismos disimulados en las conversaciones de cada día?

Jennifer L. Dennis

trying to avoid trouble. Good thinking, except it won’t help us today.

As my blood starts to boil, I am positive that neither my brother nor I has ever been in the same room with a gun, let alone touched one. I am also sure if either of us had a gun right now we would use it. My brother’s teeth are grinding and he laughs. I know his voice is filled with hatred when he says, “Jeff my friend, I think you have watched a little too much West Side Story.” We let the situation drop.

At the airport we say goodbye until Christmas brings him home. As I board my plane, I feel sad for my brother. He is here because he needs the money. I hope he is right. I hope Jeff gets what he deserves in the end. Then the realization hits me that Jeff had an idea of what my people were. A belief founded on what he has heard since he was small. My explanations wouldn’t change anything. He would have to see Puerto Rico with his own eyes. He would need to meet my countrymen to learn that my brother and I are normal as opposed to being exceptions to the rule.

Sadly, his kind does not venture outside his own culture very often. His ignorance cannot excuse his behavior, but at least I understand. He is a casual racist. He lets it slip in conversation. He states his racist feelings as if they were facts. His ignorance is therefore ignored by those who know less than he does because he has made himself sound knowledgeable.

As I drift home across the sea, I wonder how many times we encounter these small racisms cleverly disguised in everyday conversations.

Jennifer L. Dennis
Escribir

Yo lo hacía por saber
que de otra manera el tiempo
con firme y ardiente flama,
gradualmente apagaría
toda huella, todo trazo.

Empezaba a sospechar
que pronto esa sería
la razón de mi existencia,
fiel refugio, dulce herida
cuando después de las guerras, de los mares, de los soles,
el escribir convirtiérase
en recuerdo de mi ausencia.

Marisa Estelrich

To Write

I did it in order to know
that someday time, with its firm and ardent flame,
would gradually stamp out
any footprints, any trace.

I began to suspect that
soon it would be
the reason for my existence,
faithful refuge, sweet ache
when, after the wars, the seas, the suns,
writing became the memory
of my absence.

Catherine Rodgers, Translator
Identidades

Si nunca hubiera visto un espejo
sabría mejor quien soy
y menos quién parezco.

Marisa Estelrich

Identities

Had I never seen a mirror
I would know better who I am
and less who I seem to be.

Marisa Estelrich
La Luciérnaga

La luciérnaga,
Estrellita recién caída del cielo;
Celebrando con su baile de la noche.
Libre, brilla e ilumina para que todos la vean y admiren.
Cautiva en un tarro, apaga su esplendor;
Ocultá la maravilla que es.

Yo soy la luciérnaga.
La bolita de fuego;
Estrellita perdida,
Pero contenta en mi vuelo sin destino.
No me atrapes;
Dejaré de bailar, de iluminar, de cautivar.
Esconderé mi belleza, mi luz.
Perderé mi valor y me dejarás de amar.

Charlotte Aleyda Anderson Gaitán

The Lightning Bug

The lightning bug,
Star just fallen from the sky,
Celebrating with its dance of the night,
Free, it shines and illuminates for all to see and admire.
Captive in a jar, it turns off its splendor;
It hides the wonder that it is.

I am the lightning bug.
Little ball of fire,
Lost star.
But content in my flight without destination.
Don’t trap me;
I would stop dancing, shining, captivating.
I would hide my beauty, my light.
I would lose my value and you would stop loving me.

Charlotte Aleyda Anderson Gaitán
Desde el Palacio Del Hielo

Yo busco perseverancia y alertas
Un día para descubrir un color invisible
Palabras sin recuerdo navajas ciegas relojes sin eco
La pompa arcaica del otoño sus leves desvarios.

Sobre las miradas elijo los murmullos
En la oscuridad del tiempo los besos sentimentales
Una mujer entre el alba y el sueño
Activa y suplicante desde las rocas violentas del planeta.

Sobre fatigas asumo silencio de memorias frágiles
Aldeas migratorias con estatuas que sollozan
El mundo con sus mapas de nostalgia y mineral antiguo
La bruma de unos labios tocados dulcemente

Encuentro decisions semejanzan de equilibrio
Modos de transparencia entre destellos
Sobre los bosques signos de las siete lunas y la penumbra
El rostro de la piedra donde descansa el insomnio

He jugado desde el exceso hasta llas minucias
Hasta una ciudad venturosa con sus cuchillos
Hasta la niebla con su mirada de párpados quietos
Hasta una noche sostenida por la pereza de los ángeles.

From the Ice Palace

I look for perseverance and warnings,
A day to discover an invisible color,
Words without memory; blind daggers; clocks with no echo,
The archaic display of autumn with its small delusions.

Above all stares, I choose the murmurs
In the shadows of time, the sentimental kisses;
A woman between dawn and dream,
Active and pleading from the fierce planetary rocks.

Above weariness I pick the silence of frail memories,
Migratory hamlets of weeping statues,
The world with its maps of nostalgia and ancient mineral,
The haze of lips touched sweetly.

I find decisions, semblances of balance,
Forms of translucence among flickers;
Above the forests, signs of the seven moons and uncertain light,
The face of the cliff where sleepiness rests.

I have journeyed from excess to minutiae,
Up to a propitious city with its blades,
To the mist with its unblinking gaze,
To a night held by the lethargy of angels.
Desde lo indecible mantengo lo impreciso
Auroras detenidas
Meteoros que oscilan
La fuerza de gravedad del amor y la primavera
Entre desaforadas dispersions
Duendes apócrifos o sus fantasmas
Rocío del alba entre las piedras
O´palos de luz y constelaciones
Después de la última alarma aún quedan murmullos
Pero desde la ilusión de los ojos todo se establece.

Allbor Maruenda

From the ineffable I keep the imprecise,
Halted dawns,
Meteors in oscillation,
The gravitational draw of love and spring.
Amid outrageous dispersals,
Apocryphal gnomes or their ghosts,
Morning dew among the stones,
Opals of light and constellations.
After the last warning linger the murmurs,
But from the eyes’ illusion, everything is established.

Sonia B. Maruenda, Translator
Vietnamese

tiếng Việt
Editors' note: Hô’ Xuân Hû’o’ng lived at the nadir of Vietnam’s long poetic tradition and during the end of what is known as the second Lê dynasty (1592-1788). A woman writing in the male, Confucian style, she was remarkable in having been schooled in rigorous literary studies usually reserved for men. Equally surprising is the fact that in her writing, she constantly criticized the restrictive roles and statuses of women.

Môi ēn trâu

Quà can nhò miêng trâu hôi
Này cúa Xuân Huong mói quét rôi
Có phải duyên nhau thời thâm lai
Dùng xanh nhu lá bac nhu vôi.

Hô’ Xuân Hû’o’ng

Offering Betel

Here, a bit of fruit and a tiny piece of betel leaf.
Look now, for Xuan Huong has smeared it thick.
If love transpires, you’ll chew it deep and red.
Don’t be green like the leaf, nor white like the lime.

Andrea Herskovitz, Translator
Lạy chồng chung
Chém cha cái kiếp láy chồng chung
Kề 댐 chân bông kè lành lành
Nắm thì muối hoa hay chồng chó
Một tháng đôi lân có cùng không
Có bám ăn xôi xôi lai hỏng
Câm bàng làm muốn muốn không công
Thân này vì biết đường này nhỉ
Thà trước thời đánh o vậy xong.

Hồ’ Xuân Hữu’o’ng

On Sharing a Husband
Damn the life of sharing a husband.
Cover one with a cotton blanket; the other one is cold.
One year and then just a few moments,
Twice a month, sometimes you have it; sometimes you don’t.
You try to stick to it like a fly on rice.
Take hold of your work, hired without pay.
As for me, if I had known about all this,
I’d have stopped before and wouldn’t have married.

Andrea Herskovitz, Translator
Phân dàn bà
Hỏi chi em ơi có biết không?
Một bên con khóc một bên chồng.
Bỏ cu lồm ngòm bò trên bung,
Thằng bé hú hô khóc dưới hông
Tất cả như là thu với vén
Vỏi vàng nào những bong cùng bong.
Chồng con cái no là như thế
Hỏi chi em ơi có biết không?

Hồ’ Xuân Hû’o’ng

A Woman’s Fate
Sisters, I ask, do you know?
On one side a crying baby; the other side a husband.
A good wife lying on all fours like she’s dead,
While the father is on top, crawling into her stomach.
A child, crying upon her hip.
All to tidy and clear away,
Hurriedly running around.
Husband and child, a true debt.
Sisters, I ask, do you know?

Andrea Herskovitz, Translator
Quả mít
Thân em như quả mít trên cây
Đa nó xù xì, múi nó dày.
Quân tú có yêu thì dòng coc,
Xin dùng màn mó, nhua ra tay.

Hồ’ Xuân Hû’o’ng

Jackfruit
My body is like the jackfruit emerging from the tree;
My skin is coarse and my meat is thick.
Kind sir, if you love me, drive your stick into me.
Control your touch, for sap will come out on your hands.

Andrea Herskovitz, Translator
Riddle One (translated by Jody Christian): a swan

Riddle Two (translated by Kristin Davidson): the fish in the river

Riddle Three (translated by Charly Montgomery): a cross

Riddle Four (translated by Charly Montgomery): a barnacled goose

Riddle Five (translated by Emily Salisbury): a male calf

Riddle Six (translated by Gale Thompson): a cross

Riddle Seven (translated by Christine Weissglass): fire

Bea Aaronson was born in Paris, France, in 1956, and has published many essays, poems, articles, drawings, paintings and photographs in various magazines, journals and encyclopedias. She holds advanced degrees in French Literature and Comparative Literature, teaches French at the College of Charleston, and has been chosen repeatedly by Piccolo Spoleto for her poster art.

Mikhail M. Agrest, a member of the Physics and Astronomy Department, originated the idea for the interdisciplinary Russian Studies Program at the College of Charleston. Born in Moscow and raised in Georgia, he immigrated to the United States in 1992 after working for the Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg. From his youth, his father, the famous scientist Mates Agrest, and Andrei Sakharov, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Peace (1975), imbued him with a love of Physics, Mathematics, Humanism, and Human Rights.

Susanna Agrest graduated from the College of Charleston in 1999 with a double major in Music and Arts Management. She began writing poetry in her native Russian at the age of 15. After immigrating to United States in 1992, she was encouraged by her former English teacher to translate some of her work. Today she works at the Charleston Passport Center as a contractor for the government. In addition to poetry, Susanna also writes short stories in both English and Russian.

Dawn Chitty, a senior at the College of Charleston, moved to the area four years ago and began to steep herself in the culture of a paternal grandmother born and raised on the Georgia Sea Islands. At the present time she is continuing research into Gullah/Geechee culture and contemplating graduate school.
Jody Christian, who hails from Greenville, South Carolina, is a junior at the College of Charleston. She is majoring in Studio Art and minoring in English. Besides her photographic talent, she is a musician who plays French horn in the College of Charleston Concert Band. She also serves on the staff of *Miscellany*.

Pamela Corwin, who graduated from the College of Charleston in 2006, double majored in biology and anthropology. Currently working with the United States Fish and Wildlife Service as a wildlife biologist, she plans to pursue a Master's degree in ethnozoology. She writes, “I think it is crucial to preserve that essential link between animals and humans. If we fail, biodiversity and aspects of culture that involve animals will be lost.”

Laura Davenport is a recent graduate of the College of Charleston. A double major in Spanish and English with a concentration in creative writing, she was co-editor of *Polyphony* in 2006-2007. She hopes to pursue a Master’s in Fine Arts degree in creative writing to expand her interest in poetry and Latin American literature.

Kristin Davidson is a senior whose major is English. She is concentrating in Creative Writing and minoring in Theater. *Polyphony Club* members look forward to learning more about her and her work in the future.

Jennifer L. Dennis, a senior majoring in Anthropology, will graduate from the College of Charleston in May, take a year off, and consider graduate school thereafter. She enjoys listening to peoples’ experiences so she can change them into stories such as “The Casual Racist.” She writes, “Hopefully, one day racism will be a thing of the past.”

Marisa Estelrich was the 2006 Writer-in Residence at the College of Charleston. After moving to the United States from her home in Buenos Aires, Argentina, in 1997, she completed postgraduate studies at Wake Forest University, North Carolina. She writes poetry, fiction and non-fiction, and has received several awards. At present she is working on her first novel, *Cuando yo te vuelva a ver*.

Béatrice Frask is an instructor in the French Department at the College of Charleston. She holds a Master’s degree in French Literature from Johns Hopkins University and is a current Ph.D. candidate at La Sorbonne, Paris, France. Fluent in five languages, Frask’s work also graced the pages of *Polyphony* in 2006.

Charlotte Aleyda Anderson Gaitán was born in Panama and raised in the United States. She graduated from the College of Charleston in 2006 with a double major in Political Science and Latin American and Caribbean Studies. Although Charlotte is living in Panama at present and working as a college advisor for Panamanians who want to study here, she plans to return to enter law school later this year.

J. Yoko Gallo is a senior and International Business major at the College of Charleston. Her future plans include International Marketing in the Asia/Pacific rim. Secretly pining to be a writer, she has fond memories of growing up in Okinawa, Japan, and hopes to keep alive memories of her grandmother (Japanese: *obachan*) through Japanese poetry.

Andrea Herskowitz will graduate from the College of Charleston in May. A major in Anthropology and a minor in Women’s and Gender Studies, she studied abroad for four months in the fall of 2005, and explored Vietnam’s language, history and culture. After graduation, she hopes to travel before entering graduate school.
Anthony “Tony” Lauricella notes that, “No one agrees on how to interpret ‘Wulf and Eadwacer,’ which makes the translation process confusing. This is perfect for me, because everyone agrees I am often very confused myself.” Tony is a junior, studying Anthropology and English.

R. Cameron Lowery, a graduate of the anthropology program at the College of Charleston, studied Chinese at Peking University in Beijing in 2006. He plans to enroll in a Ph.D. program in socio-cultural anthropology to study the effects of globalization and development on rural Chinese communities.

Albor Maruenda was born on July 2, 1917, in Rosario, Argentina. A talented musician, he gave classical guitar concerts at an early age, spending time in Spain and Argentina and later settling in Chile and Perú. He taught music, wrote commentaries of old and new books to make Peruvian culture more publicly available, and published two books of poetry. A kind and marvelous man, he died on July 12, 2005.

Sonia Maruenda, Visiting Assistant Professor for the Hispanic at College of Charleston, hails from Lima, Perú. She received her Master’s and Doctorate degrees in Romance Languages and Linguistics from the University of Washington, Seattle. She has been living in the United States for the past sixteen years, the last year and a half of which have been in Charleston.

Virginia “Ginger” McKay, besides being treasurer of Polyphony Club, is a member of the College of Charleston’s equestrian team, the Student Athlete Advisory Board, Psi Chi, and the Presbyterian Student Association leadership team. She also volunteers for the Big Brothers Big Sisters mentor program.

Meglena Z. Milcheva, alumna of St. Kliment Ohridsky University, Bulgaria, holds Masters’ degrees in Russian and in English Language and Literature. She has taught in Sofia, Bulgaria, and has served as a multi-language translator for Bulgarian National Television. She teaches Russian Language and Literature at the College of Charleston, and her special interests include Russian folklore and contemporary Russian fiction.

Charly Montgomery is a senior at the Honors College of Charleston. She will graduate with a double major in English and French as well as a minor in Anthropology, and after a stint in the “real world,” may pursue graduate work in the latter field. She is a devoted family member, appreciating her sister and her parents, the latter of whom instilled in her a desire to experience the world.

José A. Moreira hails from Brazil, where he completed undergraduate work in the Social Sciences and graduate work in Public Administration. He has also completed credits towards a Master’s degree in Spanish at the University of Georgia. Assistant Director for the Summer Study Abroad Program to Brazil and Adjunct Professor in the Department of Hispanic Studies at the College of Charleston, José is also a translator and a specialist in travel and tourism.

Tim Pakron is a Studio Arts Major in his second year at the College of Charleston. Born in Gulfport, Mississippi, he enjoys digital photography and the study of black and white film, silver gelatin print, and sculpting. He writes, “My artwork is greatly influenced by nature.”
E. Moore Quinn, who holds advanced degrees in Anthropology and Celtic Languages and Literatures, is the College of Charleston’s linguistic anthropologist. A speaker of the Irish language and an advocate of combining multilingualism with creativity, Quinn specialises in the oral traditions and verbal arts of Ireland and Irish America. She has served as Polyphony’s advisor and editor-in-chief since the club’s inception.

John Rashford was born in Jamaica. He attended Friends World College and earned his Ph.D. in Anthropology from the City University of New York. His major interest is ethnobotany, which is the study of the relationship between people and plants. His research includes the importance of plants in proverbial philosophy.

Catherine Rodgers began translating in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Bogota, Colombia. She taught in the Romance Languages Department at Wake Forest University in 1999, where she began her translating affiliation with the poet, Marisa Estelrich. Although Catherine now lives and works in Milan, Italy, she and Ms Estelrich still collaborate on a regular basis.

Brenton St. John, co-president of the Classics Club, is a sophomore at the College of Charleston and expects to graduate in the spring of 2009. He is a Classics A.B. major and dreams of someday becoming a Classics professor. Brenton competed in the South Carolina Latin competitions while attending Wando High School. He currently serves as a Latin tutor at the Center for Student Learning.

Emily Salisbury, who hails from Charleston, West Virginia, is presently a junior at the College of Charleston. She is a Biology major and an English minor, and is looking forward to studying abroad this semester at the University of Nottingham, England.

Alison Smith studied at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill, where she specialized in the films of Luis Buñuel. Interested in literature and film, with a particular focus on women writers and filmmakers, she teaches French and Spanish at the College of Charleston. She enjoys taking long walks on the beach, practicing yoga, playing with her cats, and traveling whenever and wherever she can.

Gale Thompson is an English major with a Creative Writing concentration who is having a difficult time choosing between Literature and Creative Writing. In her third year at the College of Charleston, she is spending Spring semester 2007 in Bath, England, and hoping to bring back many memories (and photographs!).

Jolanda van Arnhem currently lives in Charleston, South Carolina. An instructional technologist at the College of Charleston, she is pursuing an advanced degree in Visual Arts at the University of Vermont. Jolanda feels that “art is an experience in the beauty, freakiness, and intensity of everydayness.” She is interested in the mundane and the adventurous as she strives to create a balance between art, culture and technology.

Pieta van Arnhem, translator of Jolanda van Arnhem’s poem, is Dutch by birth. She and her husband immigrated to Canada with five small children in 1960, and have lived there ever since. Mrs. van Arnhem, Jolanda’s grandmother, writes, “I translated the poem for Joey. She loved her dogs very much.”
Christine Weissglass, who will graduate in May, is a Spanish major with a minor in Linguistics. She grew up in Charleston. After traveling through South America next year, Christine hopes to study Spanish linguistics at the graduate level.

POLYPHONY CLUB OFFICERS 2006-2007

Blythe Brown, co-president of Polyphony Club, is pursuing Anthropology and Studio Art. After graduation in May, she plans to travel and/or teach abroad before undertaking graduate studies. She enjoys yoga and spreading awareness of multiculturalism on campus.

Virginia “Ginger” McKay is treasurer of Polyphony Club. Her credentials are listed on page 151.

Rosanna Hendrix, a sophomore at the College of Charleston who is majoring in English with a concentration in creative writing, serves as secretary for Polyphony Club. Her future plans include graduate school.

Amanda Faith Overton is one of two production and layout designers for Polyphony Club. She has studied French, Japanese, Portuguese and American Sign Language and would like to continue her linguistics career at the graduate level after earning her Bachelor’s degree in 2007.

Erin Whitney Smith, co-president of Polyphony Club, will graduate in May with a double major in Anthropology and Art History. She looks forward to a future of traveling and teaching at the college level.

Lauren Stewart, production and layout designer for Polyphony Club, will graduate from the College of Charleston in the spring of 2009 with a major in Anthropology and a minor in Biology. She plans to become a veterinarian in the United States or a doctor in rural Asia.

Polyphony 2008:

The editors/staff of Polyphony Club welcome new members to work on Polyphony 2008. They also welcome submissions of poetry, prose, and artwork reflective of multilingualism.

To become a member of Polyphony Club and/or to have your work considered for publication, please contact Dr. Meglena Miltcheva at miltchevam@cofc.edu.

Submissions should be typed and double-spaced. They should include an electronic copy or diskette, a name, address, telephone number, e-mail address, and any other pertinent information about work(s) submitted.
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