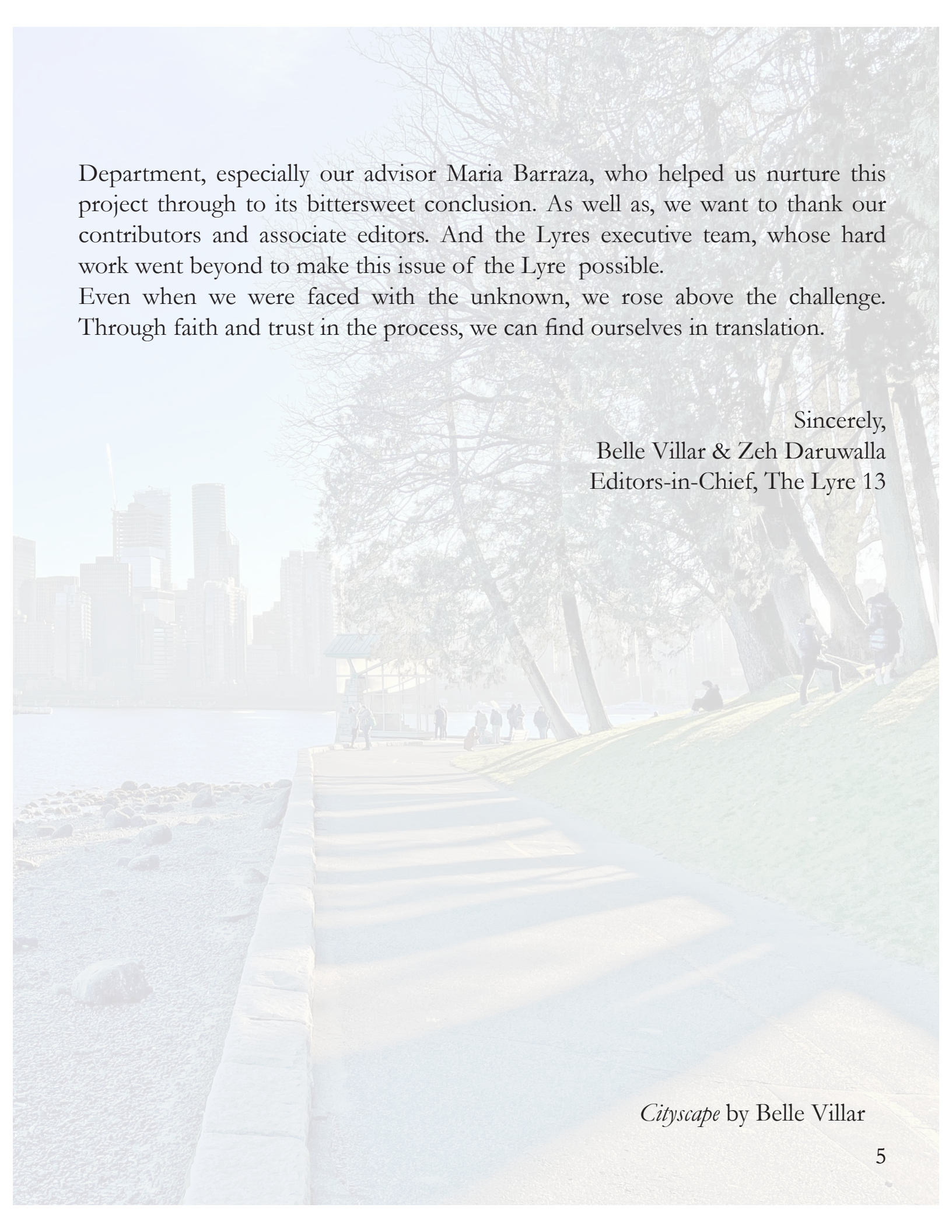


from the editors

Thirteen. Our little magazine is now a teenager. For many, our teenage years are times of change and transformation as we translate ourselves into a new way of being. The same is true for our magazine. And when we say “our” we really mean “yours”. It is with an open heart and mind, dear reader, that we give this labor of love to you, to read, to feel, and to connect with.

The changes that have happened over the last 13 years have shaped the Lyre into more than just a student-run magazine, but a nurturing place for artists to come together. With attention to diverse voices and translations, the Lyre is a place to truly find one’s self while in translation. To be found in translation is in a way to find ourselves within the process of growing. This has been evident as the Lyre turns 13 but even more so, with the challenges we faced. It has not been an easy year, in both life and magazine production. The pressures of being in a global pandemic, has forced us to adjust to new normals, and redefine ourselves in an ever-changing world. At times, it was hard not to focus on what we lost, in time and translation. Yet we knew perception is a matter of choice, and that is why we chose to turn our sights from not what was lost, whether it be time, freedom, and the basic rights of choice, but to what we have found moving forward. Rather than focusing on being ‘lost in translation’, we shift towards being found. To be found in translation is to connect meaningfully in a disorienting world. The path we embarked on was riddled with challenges, and where perseverance could not take us, persistence did.

Our thirteenth issue, Found in Translation, brings a newly found global focus to The Lyre, following our entangled and ever-changing trajectories in a world that seems to disorientate daily. Notions of love, freedom, and harmony tend to be absent, yet perhaps through introspection and deliberate searching, we may find that what was missing was there all along, only incomprehensible, waiting to be translated and seeking to be understood as we all are. The ability to express the inner workings of the soul is showcased in the works published, in this thirteenth issue. And we couldn’t be more proud of what we have accomplished as students, as artists, and as human beings. None of what we have accomplished would have been possible without the support of SFU’s World Languages and Literatures

A scenic view of a waterfront park. In the foreground, a paved path leads towards a body of water. To the left, there's a rocky shoreline. In the background, a city skyline with several tall buildings is visible under a clear sky. Large trees line the path, and a few people can be seen walking or sitting on the grassy area to the right.

Department, especially our advisor Maria Barraza, who helped us nurture this project through to its bittersweet conclusion. As well as, we want to thank our contributors and associate editors. And the Lyres executive team, whose hard work went beyond to make this issue of the Lyre possible. Even when we were faced with the unknown, we rose above the challenge. Through faith and trust in the process, we can find ourselves in translation.

Sincerely,
Belle Villar & Zeh Daruwalla
Editors-in-Chief, The Lyre 13

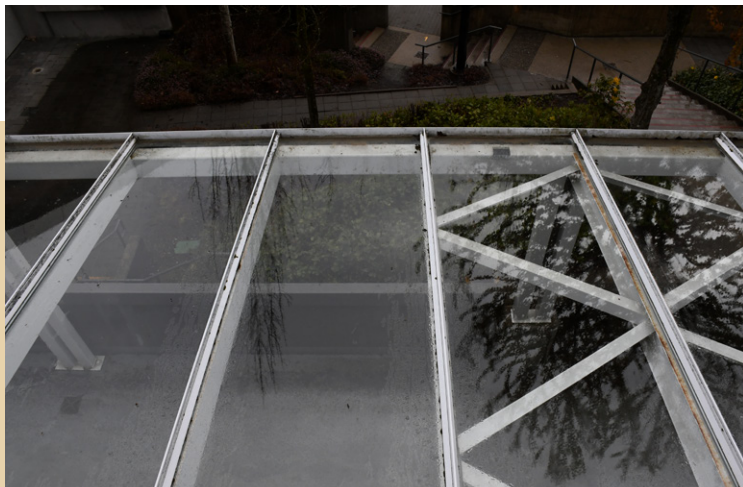
Cityscape by Belle Villar



The Calm before the Fall
(top) and *Birds Resting*
(right) by Belle Villar



Nature Reflected by
Daniel Cheung



But my skin is brown
I am acutely aware of the fact
That I am the only person of colour at my workplace
The other day, my co-worker said, “eating with your hands is gross”
I wonder if she knows most Indian food is eaten with your hands
Suddenly, I remember all the times I’ve brought roti to work

Eaten with my hands in the lunch room
She always says my food smells good
Does she think I’m gross for eating with my hands?
Why do I care if she thinks I’m gross?
What does she eat a sandwich with, anyway?
A fork and knife?

My mother was not a traditional Indian woman
She was the breadwinner for our family
But she could not make masala chai
So, we frequented Starbucks together
And gossiped in broken Punjabi
Both here and there



Break Time by Belle Villar

G, and H. However, its watery fingers faltered as they reached the N, and in haste stuck the A after the H instead. The skipped N remained crooked to the right of the A. Thus, Meghna became Meghan. A few of the merchants seemed to notice this slip-up and debated whether or not they should question this oversight, but the mutual uproar of disbelief at what they had just witnessed drowned out the sound of their speechless protests. And so the letters remained the same, but the word changed. A legend was birthed. A tale to tell was formed.

This tale, unfortunately or undeniably, was one of those tales that are soon forgotten, just for the origin of the occurrence to be considered as something worth investigating. Just for a little kid to picture a vivid retelling of the incident molded by the pop culture and fictional tales that their impressionable mind is subject to on a regular basis.

Rondeau. All that there is

Carmen G. Farrell

Rumination by Belle Villar

In translation, where did they go?
Boarded a ship, no books to stow.
No words to scribe, no way to see
their feelings, landing at the quay.
Schooling not part of their cargo.

Its old-fashioned language, although
hard to decrypt, penned long ago:
Land transfer tracts of the prairie.
Found in translation.

Historical papers don't show
ancestors' work, hearts all aglow,
what their motivation might be,
building the true north, strong and free.
Treaty 4 lands, what did they know?
Lost in translation.





Loud Ghosts by Belle Villar

Riding the Waves by Belle Villar





Cloud Windows by Belle Villar

30 pages. It's sort of a form of artistic expression that's very creative in a very particular way to affirm expression. I want to write different things though, currently what I have in my mind is more of a young adult fiction or possibly sort of older middle grades like maybe 11-to-12-year old's. I want to explore other genres like, fantastical and historical.

T: What sort of impact are you wanting to emit on your audience?

R: I'm hoping, at least with this book, that it brings joy to children, and adds to their happiness. In this way it adds on to my work as a librarian, because I work a lot with kids as well and there are so many kids who want books that are kind of funny and entertaining in that way. Books are so important to them and that's how they learn at that

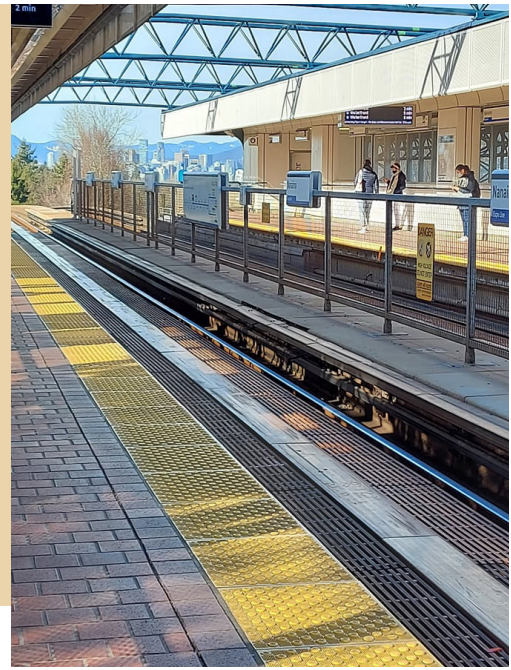
age, so they learn how to read. This is also how they start thinking about a lot of big ideas too. I would love to keep working directly with kids and different books in the future.

T: So what comes next for you?

R: I graduated from library school and I'm kind of at the beginning of that part of my career that I'm focusing a lot on that right now and I'm doing a lot of work with organizations in that realm around children's literacy and things like. And with an organization I'm part of quill DC which is a group of children's writers and illustrators of BC. Then I'm also part of a section of the BC library association, so I am interested in doing a lot of volunteer work around supporting children and families in BC. In terms of writing, I am working a little bit, like I said on



Uncanny (top) and *Desolation* (right) by Daniel Cheung



In Transit (top) by Belle Villar



Sān Sè Jǐn

Mina Han

Bloom by Belle Villar



“Méihuā? No flower? Why is it called ‘no flower’ when it is clearly a flower?”

“The ‘méi’ means ‘plum’ in that word. Méihuā. Plum blossom.”

Cecilia drew a breath.

Ah, plum blossoms. They were Li Xue’s favourite— they’d bloom in the winter, red against the snow. They’d stand alone amidst the harsh, barren landscape. They should’ve been a beacon of hope— but the red was only angry, and the thin branches pointed like persecutory fingers. It’s all your fault. All your fault!

Did they ever bloom or did they just come back from the dead? Was there ever a season for them? Just them?

She tried her best not to bite the inside of her cheeks. Nothing was more adept at making her feel like a terrible person. And nothing— that is exactly what she had done. If only she had sacrificed more. If only she had said more. Said more.

Duǒ— a counter for flowers. Duǒ— to hide.

Huā— flower. Huā— to spend.

Méihuā— plum blossom. Méihuā— did not spend.

“I see,” said Tadeu. “Everything sounds the same in Mandarin... you have to rely on other words to figure out what one word means, and then those other words

blooms in the winter— what a coward.
What a coward!

Tadeu nudged her in the side. “Which do you like more, poppies, or roses?”

Cecelia blinked. What had he asked?
Ah, right.

“Roses, probably. Not the red ones, the white ones.”

“Are those your favourite?”

“Favourite roses? I guess.”

She sighed. Tadeu scratched the back of his head.

“...Then, what’s your favourite flower?”

“Uh... peonies? I think?” She thought a bit more. No, not peonies. Whatever— she already said that peonies are her favourite, and she doesn’t feel like thinking about flowers anymore. It’s a little difficult when they’re surrounded by flowers.

Tadeu cleared his throat.

“My own favourite might be the pansy,” he said.

“Why, because they’re edible?”

Chī huā— eating flowers.

Huā chī— “flower crazy.” An antho-maniac, someone extravagantly fond of flowers.

Huā chī— someone who is smitten, a love-struck fool.

Pansy— someone just like her.

“No,” Tadeu shook his head, “it’s be-

cause of their name in Portuguese. Do you know what we call them?”

“Of course I don’t.”

She looked up, only to catch Tadeu’s expectant face already turned her way. She made a show of rolling her eyes.

“...Well, what do you call them, then?”

Tadeu grinned.

“Amor-perfeito!”

Pansy— offensive slang— weak, effeminate. A gay man.

Pansy— perfect love.

A droplet hit the ground, leaving a dark spot. Perfect love. Perfect love. Perfect love.

Rise by Belle Villar



ghost story

Julia Lunot

do you believe in ghosts?
my lolo was born haunted in
haunted land maundering phantoms met
him prior to his mother land habituated by
prior history of use / do you
believe in ghosts? buried bodies
Battle of Manila Bay become buried
broken bottles / military waste invents
restless phantoms / do you
believe in ghosts? colonialism is justified
as using what is unused
or so signed the Spanish Fleet
and so signed the United States across
the right to retain rent-free
use of land unused / do you
believe in ghosts? violation of the Philippine
Constitution and feigned liberation have
no half-life / persisting in viles of
my lolo's childhood

I believe in ghosts
spirits stow secretly away in a
Japan airlines seat manifests absent
parenting abusing vice / alienation
from one's mother land from
father's home from Subic Bay
from Luzon Island / I believe
in ghosts / neoliberal language is the promised
exorcism resembles the same apparition
nagging my father's guarded



Concrete Jungle by Belle Villar

work ethic wary political
participation / mindful risk-
management

my father fears failure because
his father taught him to
living in oriented proximity to
haunted conceives minor feelings
anger of unrendered possession:
starved anger becomes racial self-
hatred becomes walls of apologetic
space my father cannot
speak Tagalog

Intermission by Belle Villar



al stitches; something was consistently off with me.

for the first two years, I forgot how to make my home smell like chai. I watched packets of instant rice circle the blocks under the microwave's tangy orange light, I watched packets of channa masala do the same, and for, oh gosh maybe more than two years, my taste buds forgot their mother tongue.

What is the right spice blend for the dal I want to make, why are these questions congesting my lungs, why am I not able to ask for help, and why am I not able to make a home here?

I reached a state of acceptance. you have forgotten the ingredients that turn into a meal you call home because you never knew that one day you will decide to leave it and you will miss it and want to recreate it. you did not realize that roots cannot be ripped out and replanted into new soil.

Two years offered plenty of stories to fill this chapter, it was time to move on. When I went back to India to visit, I watched every movement in the kitchen with intention. I asked questions, I noticed how there was never an exact tablespoon measure to anything, spices were added by feeling.

Now back in Burnaby, I was confident knowing I brought back the right utensils and memories of the emphatic

sound mustard seeds make as it pops in hot oil. Golden turmeric stains under my fingernails were proof of fieldwork. I ground fresh ginger garlic paste and when it hit the pan I was greeted with a familiar smell. The paste, some hot ghee, tomatoes, onion, turmeric, chilli powder, oh what joy to see the colours befriend each other. The right combination of smells is a time machine for a home-sick heart.

Anyone who moves to another country, away from family, has pieces of homesickness stuck to their heels, following them wherever they go. I search everywhere with my hands outstretched, looking for scraps of familiarity to keep me warm. I found that warmth in food.

Reflect by Belle Villar



Just Three Words

Joy Kuang

In fresh flowers by a grave,
(clean water and a sparkling vase),
Surrounded by teddy bears and windmills
Keeping the weeds from the neighbour at bay.

In a sneeze at the bus stop,
Excuse me

Bless you

Thank you

You're welcome

Between strangers muffled by masks
And a gap of six feet.

In the kitchen before school,
With no bustle of breakfast (and lunch) being made,
How silent, how nice,
(how lucky)
To relish the stillness of an empty house.

In my phone on the bus,
We're homeee
Get home safe!

Thanks almost there!

Tell me when you're back
(after a sudden Ikea trip
planned twenty minutes before leaving)

I'm home:)

In fake flowers by your grave,
Looking the same as they did four months ago



Taken In by Belle Villar