

# Pardon

## Inès Chauveau

Pourquoi est-ce que je pense qu'écrire sur l'amour se résume à citer mes amants,  
quand je baigne dans un *amour constant* ?

Il est vrai que je sous-estime la considération qu'on me porte ailleurs que dans mes relations romantiques.

Est-ce le côté *éphémère* de la chose qui rend celui-ci plus important, parfois ?

En ce qui concerne l'amour constant de ma vie,

je ne le vois certainement plus,

et pourtant c'est celui qui devrait me sauter aux yeux,

l'amour sain, stable, toujours là, *qu'il vente, qu'il pleuve* ;

les mêmes personnes qui pleureraient mon départ.

Je vous demande pardon, *parfois je vous oublie*.

Why do I think writing about love only involves mentioning my lovers,  
when I'm bathing in *constant love* ?

I certainly underestimate the consideration I'm given outside of my romantic relationships.

Is it the *ephemeral* nature of it that sometimes makes it more important?

As for the constant love in my life,

I certainly don't see it anymore,

and yet it's the one that should jump out at me,

the healthy, stable love, always there, *come rain or shine* ;

the same people who would cry when I'm gone.

I hope you'll forgive me, *sometimes I forget about you*.



*Mom* by Inès Chauveau



*Memoirs of Spring*  
by Zeyna Al Gutani

You can Smile again yeah

過去は誰にも消せないページ  
だから人は今日もページをめくり  
喜び悲しみ書き足して  
キミだけのStory作っていくんだ。

Yo 誰も知らない未来はWhite paper  
誰もが皆、不安定なStoryteller  
足跡残して明日を見てんだ！  
Don't let it get you down man 俺らとstand up!

その顔見せなKeep ya head up!  
心に灯せ！ light up your fire!  
刻み込めその胸にdon't forget ya past  
悲しみも連れて未来へ手を伸ばす

繋ぎゆく命、その光をチカラに  
渡していくんだ 次の未来へと  
進んで行く果てしない My way!  
この大地踏みしめ Once again

Lalalala Don't stop baby  
Lalalala Don't cry baby  
Lalala Don't worry baby!  
You can Smile again yeah



*Into the Waves* by Daniel Cheung

## *Kvitka on the Tongue*

**Evelina Groll**

And as her memory begins to falter  
She remembers long forgotten words  
In the language of her parents  
A kvitka - flower  
Springs from her tongue  
And she is startled by the beauty  
of her complex mind  
That reveals itself to her  
As it unravels.

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*Memoirs of Spring*  
by Zeyna Al Gutani



# *First Date*

Adriana Zdravec

my moment arrived  
in a package i had dreamed of  
day and night  
for the very first time  
but it was not meant to be mine

fear owns me

she owns me, steals my air  
sucks it all away and i am breathless  
but i mistake her for longing  
and love,  
naïveté, novelty, nerves  
and normalcy  
as i wither and weaken and hang  
listlessly and rot incessantly  
and i push and push and push  
for what should be real and true and perfect

exactly what i ordered,  
a milestone  
carried to me on a silver platter  
i should have been excited - delighted, even

i can't escape her  
she roils up through my blood and bones  
overshadows my brain and beats my heart  
into submission  
i have no choice  
but to follow the scarlet trail

to glaring red lights.  
she doesn't stop  
but i do

my gut leads me  
and it is right  
she knew better  
she brags  
as if she was not  
the one who caused  
my careening  
into the ditch

fear, she owns me



*Memoirs of Spring*  
by Zeyna Al Gutani



*in going to live gently, whether the world likes it or not.*

**GO OUTSIDE**  
by Norah Gillen



**Finding My Voice**  
by Amy Ng



**Memoirs of Spring**  
by Zeyna Al Gutani



*Metropolis* by Daniel Cheung



*Memoirs of Spring* by Zeyna Al Gutani



# The Immortal Memory of Trees

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Isobel Sinclair

In the interest of honesty and all the things  
I cannot bring myself to say aloud,  
I'll speak instead to the blue mountains  
drifting by as I take the boat home.  
I saw a movie once where a man  
spoke his secrets into the hole of an ancient temple,  
giving them over to a place he knew would hold them safe.  
Perhaps the forests, ever green and endless  
will themselves cradle and protect what I know  
will not hurt me past two am.  
Parts untouched, uncovered, undiscovered.  
Or rather, existing outside of me.  
The pines don't need my nurturing,  
but I need their sanity; the first clear breathe  
after a month of suffocation.  
A bed made up in the shelter of the beaches' shade,  
The cradle of the sea, salty and buoyant  
and muddled with the seaweed that  
in time tangles with my hair and follows me home.

(Written on a ferry, January 2023)



# I Hate the Weather in Taipei

Elle  
Moore

Translator

I turn on the radio and play my favourite CD  
then lightly close my eyes  
The air is full of a subtle scent—  
an indescribable feeling  
How awkward—  
it follows me like a shadow

I'm starting to suspect it's  
what you left behind

I hate the weather in Taipei—  
the rain in Taipei  
I hate all these complicated things—  
the seasonal allergies  
I hate watching romantic movies  
without anyone to watch with me

I hate you—  
that you won't reply to my messages

My neighbour is having another party

but I didn't get an invitation  
Alone, silent—  
my body silently shakes  
Time is lost between the couch cushions

Shaking—  
staring at the wall, not saying a word

I hate that after ecstasy  
I always return to loneliness  
I have no complaints  
but no one even listens

Tearing at my chapped lips—  
my memory lags

Aishiteru

disuadirlo, dibujaban abominablemente la figura de otro cuerpo que era necesario destruir. Nada había sido olvidado: coartadas, azares, posibles errores. A partir de esa hora cada instante tenía su empleo minuciosamente atribuido. El doble repaso despiadado se interrumpía apenas para que una mano acariciara una mejilla. Empezaba a anochecer. Sin mirarse ya, atados rigidamente a la tarea que los esperaba, se separaron en la puerta de la cabaña. Ella debía seguir por la senda que iba al norte. Desde la senda opuesta él se volvió un instante para verla correr con el pelo suelto. Corrió a su vez, parapetándose en los árboles y los setos, hasta distinguir en la bruma malva del crepúsculo la alameda que llevaba a la casa. Los perros no debían ladrar, y no ladraron. El mayor-domo no estaría a esa hora, y no estaba. Subió los tres peldaños del porche y entró. Desde la sangre galopando en sus oídos le llegaban las palabras de la mujer: primero una sala azul, después una galería, una escalera alfombrada. En lo alto, dos puertas. Nadie en la primera habitación, nadie en la segunda. La puerta del salón, y entonces el puñal en la mano, la luz de los ventanales, el alto respaldo de un sillón de terciopelo verde, la cabeza del hombre en el sillón leyendo una novela.

*Towering* by Daniel Cheung



*Somewhere* by Daniel Cheung



*Memoirs of Spring* by Zeyna Al Gutani