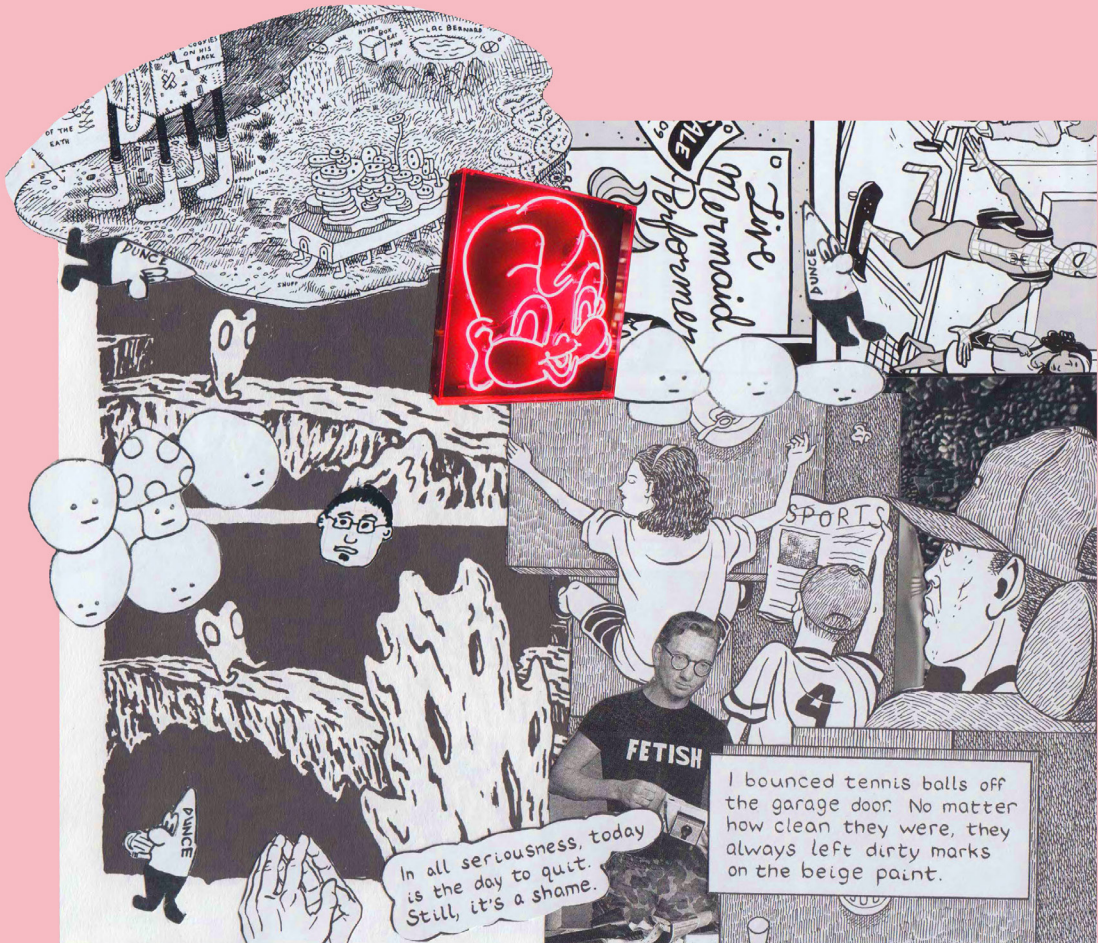


The Lyre



A Literary Journal



Issue 10 | (dis)connection | Fall 2019



It is at work everywhere, functioning smoothly at times, at other times in fits and starts. It breathes, it heats, it eats. It shits and fucks. What a mistake to have ever said *the* id. Everywhere *it* is machines—real ones, not figurative ones: machines driving other machines, machines being driven by other machines, with all the necessary couplings and connections.

- GILLES DELEUZE AND FÉLIX GUATTARI, *Anti-Oedipus*

editors-in-chief Dawson F. Campbell
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managing editor Molly MacKay

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WORLD LITERATURE
THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SEE THE WORLD.

from the editors

Virginia Woolf illustrates what might be “any large town” when reflecting on the state of modernist literature in 1927, describing how “the street... is cut up into boxes, each of which is inhabited by a different human being who has put locks on his doors and bolts on his windows to ensure some privacy, yet is linked to his fellows by wires which pass over-head, by waves of sound which pour through the roof and speak aloud to him of battles and murders and strikes and revolutions all over the world.”

Today, our division into boxes is compounded in dimensions of space and time: not only do we organize ourselves into stacked apartment buildings and cubicled office-spaces, but we are equally divided into and by the black box of our various and ubiquitous screens. Technology is the quintessential (dis)connector—the simultaneous link to the World Wide Web and decoupling from the very world that surrounds us. Now, no matter how many bolts and locks secure our homes, real privacy has become a thing of the past; and this exposure is eclipsed by the cacophony of sound and text bursting out from within the ethereality of the Network—which is everything: our friends and foes, acquaintances and strangers, influencers and nobodies, and ads, and news, and petabytes of bits... and us, ourselves, stamped into the fabric of the thing itself, along with everything else. The Network is omnipresent, and with it, too, is the very contemporary state of (dis)connection.

But all is not lost, and the writing within this year’s issue attests to that. Our pages do not dwell in pessimism. Indeed, we may read optimism in each page: where disconnection from the past reveals a society that is becoming more inclusive; where collage suggests a new kind of being, the possibility of wholeness out of fragmentation; where the ecological crisis might mark the apotheosis of our disconnect from the Earth, an impetus to reconcile the divide of that lost state of the human being—towards a reconnection with nature, that which we might realize was never fully left behind.

With that, we would like to thank and congratulate our contributors and our editors, without whom *The Lyre*’s momentous decennial issue would be nothing. Thank you to each of the incredible authors and artists who submitted their creations. Equally as important are our editors; *The Lyre* would also not exist today if it were not for the dedicated support that we received from our amazing team of Executives and Associates.

Our gratitude extends especially to Dr. Melek Ortabasi. Without your guidance as Faculty Advisor, *The Lyre* most certainly would not have developed into the journal that we proudly publish today. Ten years! We are so honoured to share this significant monument to SFU World Literature with you.

Finally, to our readers: thank you for (dis)connecting with us.

Sincerely,



Dawson Ford Campbell & Nikita Lutic-Hotta
Editors-in-Chief, *The Lyre 10*.

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Two Poems

Encina Mei Roh

Unavailable

Saturday nights a year ago,
you opened your legs to strangers and their words
bloodletting to cure your feminine hysteria.

in the dark, you slowly learned that
there are two types of bruises
that can be left around your neck.

she tells you that there are echelons to pain
and empathy necessitates experience,
so you burn and burn and burn.

but from most angles now,
you are invisible in the after hours
of this recreation complex
and the neon of the exit sign
ripples in the dark water around you
like bioluminescent flames.

indole is found in both perfume and coal tar
and redolence is a matter of scarcity
so you submerge your body to dissolve your scent.

you are certain there is movement
in the bottom of the pool where your feet cannot touch
and there is no one to tell you that you are imagining this.

in the dark,
your eyes familiarize but will never adjust
and slowly, the night, too,
can make blood look like water.

Purity and Polarity

I

the humming of the refrigerator hollows out
the space between the last of your words
that have been absorbed by the bedroom.

unkindly preserved between the mirror and electric currents,
you are a creature paled and washed down
by the dense velvet of rain clouds and small traumas.

your last guest is lemon rind,
bitter and fragrant,
a thing you cannot stomach
unless she is diluted with sugar and butter.

you pause before closing the door,
familiarizing yourself with the equipoise of your own presence again
and conclude that letting others leave with your loneliness in their purse
is theft.

a siren wails in the city's distant streets
(she would wonder whether it is rushing to or from disaster)
but you mourn all the same.

2

at dusk,

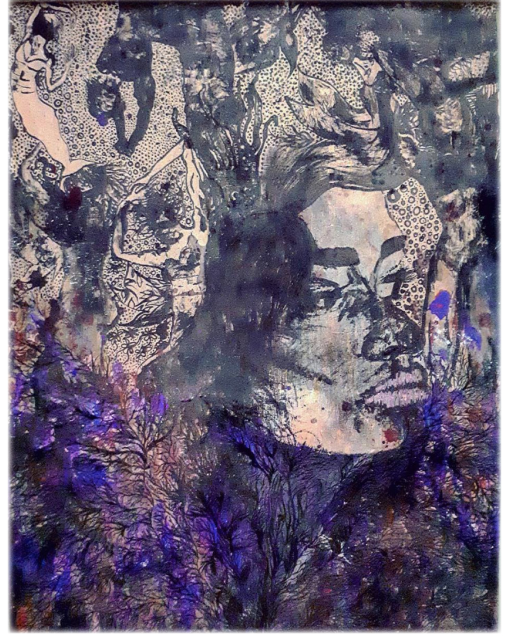
untuck me from your cellar
and core me with the unripe fruit in your sink.

my skin is maroon wax
like chrysanthemum petals
unfurling rhythmically from under
your copper thumb and the knife.
half of me is in your hand,

seedless gut exposed,
as you tell her
there are leftovers in the fridge for tomorrow.

3

hunger dissolves the butterflies
in my stomach and my tongue
curls over the soft wings and waxy bodies
of their little corpses.
i chew what has been swallowed.
i have eaten worse than this.



A Bundle of Joy

Jackline Obungah

In the witchy hours of night, Kendi stirs frantically in bed, her eyes forcefully shut. She had lost count of days and months altogether; in fact time as concept ceased to exist for her completely. She now stumbled through life in a lost daze, hoping sleep would descend upon her and end her misery.

She is startled awake when her younger sister suddenly whispers, “Kendi? When did things fall apart?”

Lying in bed, she slowly reflects on the string of events that led her and her younger sister, Raha, to sleep in foreign beds. These beds were in unfamiliar homes and smelled of familial bonding and love, the lack of which had unraveled the delicate fabric of their family.

It had to have been when that woman, with a bundle wrapped sturdily in her arms, came looking for Mama. Mama asked Kendi to bring a seat and a glass of water. The woman sat down heavily, thanked Kendi, and stared at the glass, not once touching it.

Mama came out to the verandah, greeted the woman in a cold voice laced with distrust, and sat on a low stool opposite the woman.

“*She is not from here*”, Kendi whispered to Raha, as they watched mama and the woman through the crack of the open door. “*Maybe she is a witch.*”

They spoke in low tones, Mama first, and then the woman. The exchange began to intensify when Mama raised her voice and stood up, her arms held akimbo, and wagged a fat finger at the woman face. *“Go back to where you came from! You will not bring this thing to my house!”*

The woman roughly shoved the bundle into Mama’s arms, cursed harshly in an incoherent dialect, spat on the ground, and left their home—disappearing into the waning embers of the evening sun.

It was then that the carefully wrapped bundle let out a sharp cry. Mama held the baby close and stood fixated for hours, waiting for Papa to come home. From their room, Kendi and Raha could hear mama whimpering: *“This thing has his nose, beb! This thing has this man’s nose.”*

The baby stopped crying but Papa never returned home. Kendi knew he had been warned; he was going to let Mama cool-off for a few days. He should have known better.

Over the following days Mama flew into a murderous rage. She wandered around the estate tearing at her hair, taking her clothes off, her hard tears running down her face to the nape of her neck and onto her bare breasts. The neighboring women ran to cover her—it was cursed for a woman to walk around naked chanting a man’s name in rage.

When she finally calmed down, she began to pack; reluctantly at first and then frantically, as if fleeing from an invisible danger only she could see. She took the Bible first. Kendi was not surprised: Mama would saw off her own hand if the preacher told her it pleased God. It came as no shock when she wrapped the Bible carefully and placed it in the corner of her bag. She did not take many clothes, only the kitenge which she wore to church and when visitors came.

With that, she balanced the bag on her head and briskly walked away from the compound. From the verandah, Kendi and Raha watched Mama until she disappeared into the horizon.

Papa came back two days later. Eyes heavy with guilt, he darted unnervingly across the room until he finally gathered the courage to ask: *“Where is your mother?”*

“She took the Bible, the mwiko, her church clothes, and she left.”

“Did she say where she was going?”

“No.”

“The woman?”

“Mama screamed at her; she gave the baby to mama and went.”

Papa stood fixated in the exact same spot Mama had a few days earlier. He too spiraled into a frenzy of worry and anger. When the delirium got the better of him, he too quickly exited the home. But he returned. With a can in hand, he ordered Kendi and Raha out of the house, scooped the baby up with his free hand and began pouring the kerosene around the living.

Kendi and Raha saw the smoke before the fire burst out the front door. The sun was a beautiful golden yellow, on its way to set for the night. Neither Papa nor the baby screamed or made a sound as the orange fire swallowed them whole.

Kendi turns in bed, moving as far to the edge as possible. She opens her eyes to rid her mind of the image of the charred remains of her past life. “I don’t know”. Meanwhile, her sister draws long deep breaths that cut through the night’s silence. She has fallen asleep.

Middle Cove

Isabella Wang

We see Nature retreating like tides, turning late summer Newfoundland into a tourist attraction for the capelin returning to spawn. A whale keeps the lifeless body of her newborn calf for 17 days: in the Pacific Northwest, we hear her mourning. Fishermen blame whale-watching companies that blame agricultural run-off, industrial noise made intuitive by the blow of propellers. We saw them arriving in pods along the BC coast—these whales that once impeded vessels—it was not supposed to be the other way around. The Coast Salish peoples banned from harvesting salmon, told to retrieve their dip nets and from hatcheries we'll release four million chinook salmon back to the banks of the Quinsam River and wait, track their movement, but there will be none.

Traffic Hymns

Felix Ruiz de la Orden

I

motion over
a borderline
aura singing
carnival hymn
pleasures of mob
mentality
stimulates the
hide your wallet
school bus banter
begets in-crowd
acceptive we
the voice of class
without filter

II

to look at the mural
without any other
city assumes there is
one stuck in their every
day routines gaze outside
of a bus window to
entropic strands that give
streets personality
well-worn like the leather
wallets aching to hymns
traffic sings to those days
before restorative
beautification
connecting urban sprawls
better than the freedom
of a highway



Sonnet VI

by Pablo Neruda

traduit d'espagnole par Anisa Maya Dhanji

En los bosques, perdido, corté una rama oscura

Dans la forêt, perdu, je disloquai une brindille obscure

In the forest, lost, I broke off a sombre twig

y a los labios, sediento, levanté su susurro:

et aux lèvres, assoiffées, je levai un murmure:

and to the lips, thirsty, i lifted a murmur:

era tal vez la voz de la lluvia llorando,

c'était peut-être la voix de la pluie qui pleurait

it was maybe the voice of the crying rain

una campana rota o un corazón cortado.

une cloche fissurée ou un cœur déchiré.

a fractured bell or a torn heart.

Algo que desde tan lejos me parecía

Quelque chose qui sembla si loin à moi

Something that seemed so far from me

oculto gravemente, cubierto por la tierra,

profond et secret, caché par la terre,

deep and secret, buried by the earth

un grito ensordecido por inmensos otoños,

un cri qui était assourdi par d'immenses automnes,

a cry deafened by vast autumns,

por la entreabierta y húmeda tiniebla de las hojas.

par l'obscurité humide et semi-ouverte des feuilles.

by the damp and half-open obscurity of the leaves

Pero allí, despertando de los sueños del bosque,

Mais là-bas, s'éveillant des rêves de la forêt,

But there, waking from the forest's dreams,

la rama de avellano cantó bajo mi boca

la branchette noisette chanta sous ma langue

the hazelnut sprig sang under my tongue

y su errabundo olor trepó por mi criterio

et sa fragrance errante noya mon jugement

and its wandering fragrance flooded my judgement



como si me buscaran de pronto las raíces

comme si soudainement, elles me cherchèrent, mes racines

as if suddenly, they were searching for me, my roots

que abandoné, la tierra perdida con mi infancia

que j'abandonna, la terre perdue avec mon enfance

that I abandoned, the earth lost with my childhood

y me detuve herido por el aroma errante.

et je m'arrêtai, blessé par l'arôme égaré

and I stopped, wounded by the stray aroma.

Anisa's Translation Process:

"As we, the readers move through the telling of Neruda's, Soneto VI, we notice that the theme of disconnect manifests in both the poem's syntax and the narrative itself. The French translation presented here was prepared by working closely with the original poem, written in Spanish. Although I have little experience using the Spanish language, I used my linguistic knowledge, readings of various English renditions and aid from a dear friend to guide my interpretations of this text.

Intending to trace the shape of disconnect while respecting the original's structure, I mirrored Neruda's punctuation and phrasal placements where possible. The broken rhythm of the poem unfolds in this way beginning with the very first line, continuing throughout.

Additionally, I carefully chose vocabulary to reveal the sensation of disconnect felt in the original narrative, particularly experienced in the second and last stanzas. A meaningful translation of Soneto VI would be to remain faithful to Neruda's first version while mapping the sensation of loss and distance.

The thoughtful art of translation allows us to reflect on the fluidity of literature as it passes through different languages. Working with both the Spanish original and English renditions taught me that it is not only the conscious choices we make as translators, but also the diverse linguistic structures which inform many valuable interpretations of socio-cultural nuances weaved into poetry—as in this reading of a lost childhood."





Soul of Theseus

Kitty Cheung

The rain fell in torrents. Athena stuck to the overhangs of the shops lining the street. The most recent fight had left a part of her circuitry exposed and she didn't want to risk letting any more water seep in. Her insides sloshed and hissed; the rainwater that had already leaked through her open wound was beginning to affect her electric signalling. It was all she could do to collapse outside the Mechanic's workshop. Killing machine - that's what they called me.

A deafening clang resounded. The impact of her body had left a dent in the corrugated sheet metal piled against the wall of the workshop. The Mechanic jumped back from his latest creation, accidentally flinging his soldering iron into a neighbouring mess of copper wire. "She must be back," he muttered under his breath, haphazardly stacking crates of prosthetic limbs. He climbed to the top of his newly constructed tower and poked his head outside of the window set high on the wall. "What do you want?" he shouted through the pounding rain.

Lying against the partially rusted metal, Athena turned her head upwards to face the Mechanic. A pained moan escaped her throat. She could only see the Mechanic's eyes roll in annoyance through his safety goggles before her perceptual sensors short-circuited. Her vision faded to black. Vicious killing machine.

Minerva swerved to avoid a small mass of litter on the street. The wheels of her bicycle cut an ephemeral path through a puddle of water. Perplexed, she skidded to a halt, dismounted the bicycle and walked back to the mass. It was not a piece of trash, as she had previously thought, but a small bird. Part of its wing had been mangled, perhaps by a vehicle. "Poor thing," Minerva murmured.

Light and sound came back to Athena all at once. It was the pain that came later, more slowly. She winced as she pulled herself up. She had been lying on another sheet of corrugated metal, placed on a worktable. Messy bits of wire and tools surrounded her body. What lovely hospitality, she thought.

Memory of last night's fight replayed through her mind. Her opponent had been much larger than she, with thick, sinewy muscles interlacing a nervous system of fibre-optic

tendons. She remembered scoffing at the fibre-optics: glass tubing that allowed light to reflect throughout it, carrying information. Glass is hard and brittle—foolish move on the part of his mechanic, she had thought.

He managed to land a right hook to her side, crumpling her steel ribcage with massive force. She recoiled by falling back against the ropes separating the fight from the audience, intending to roll across and face him from the north corner of the ring. He was already ready. He gripped her arm as she rebounded from the ropes and pulled. Sparks flew as her entire right side was detached, leaving exposed wires down to her oblique muscle. The audience was hollering from beyond the ring, eager for more damage to be inflicted.

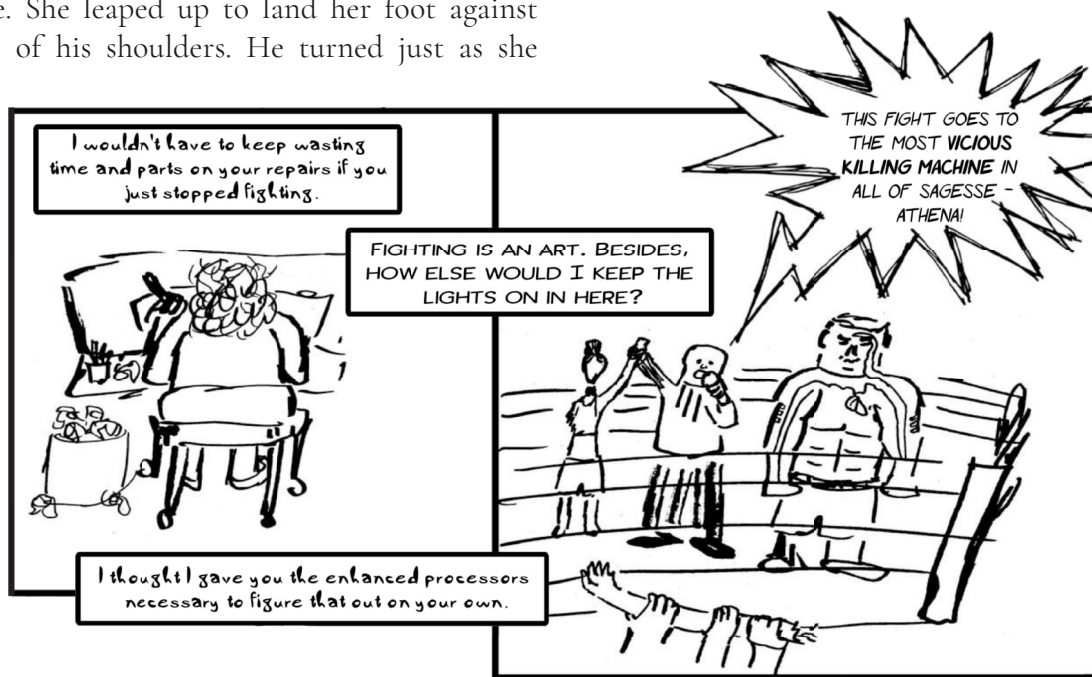
He tossed her severed arm out to his fans. A lucky group collectively lunged forward and lifted it up, quivering and shrieking in gruesome delight. Turning to wave to his fans left an opening. Athena could spot his battery supply, located between his shoulder blades. Sparks were still shooting from her side. She leaped up to land her foot against one of his shoulders. He turned just as she

kicked, propelling herself upwards and, after a graceful flip high above him, landed her entire right side against his upper back. The electric shoot-offs overheated his battery. His body began to convulse as his energy supply came in short, fleeting bursts. In his failed attempts to defend himself, he fell back against the ropes. Athena became a flurry of violence.

At the end of the match, as the orator stood holding hands between her and her opponent, he called, “This fight goes to the most vicious killing machine in all of Sageesse: Athena!” He then lifted her left arm high above their heads to the explosive uproar of the audience.

Sliding her bare feet onto the cement floor, Athena initially recoiled at the cold. She shook off this initial shock, stood and walked over to the Mechanic. He was back to his tinkering, hunched over pages of complex diagrams and messy scribbling. Occasional grunts of frustration and sounds of paper ripping punctuated the air.

“Thank you for healing me.”



The Mechanic never paused to look up from his drafting, “I wouldn’t have to keep wasting time and parts on your repairs if you just stopped fighting.”

Athena frowned. The Mechanic continued to scribble furiously. In agitation, he crumpled several other rolls of blueprints and tossed them towards a wastebasket already overflowing with ideas. Athena picked up a ball of paper and smoothed it out to examine the unintelligible chicken scratch that accompanied precisely drawn diagrams.

“Did you get a chance to watch the match last night?” she asked, attempting to sound unfazed and nonchalant.

“No. But judging from the injuries you sustained, it was a loss.”

Athena scoffed. “That other bot had illegal fibre-optic wiring through his system!”

“Perhaps you’re past the prime of your career in entertaining an idiotic fan base by bashing on other cyborgs.”

“Fighting is an art. Besides, how else would I get the funding to keep the lights on in here?”

“I thought I gave you the enhanced processors necessary to figure that out on your own.”

“My brain is still a human one. Your technical updates haven’t changed that much.”

“Is that so?” the Mechanic muttered as he scratched out several lines of notes. “But are you even really the same human?”

Athena stumbled, “What do you mean?”

“Each time you come in here for another healing, I give you new parts. I restart your programming, update your database with knowledge of new fighting strategies, manufacture different prosthetics to make you more agile in the ring—the list goes on.”

“Will this conversation be turning into another nagging session about how you have to waste your precious resources on my constant need of repairs?”

“It can. But think about it. Since you were cloned, the only original remnant of your past self is that brain. Everything else has been torn out by my pliers and replaced with a new, more enhanced version of itself. Last night, I fixed you with a new right arm that won’t rip out as easily. Your limbs, internal organs, even the dead proteins that make up your hair are all different versions of the same thing.”

Athena touched the end of her ponytail tenderly. “Well even as my physical body parts are different, I still have the same brain. Self-identity is contained in the mind, isn’t it? This must mean I’m still the same person.”

Finally, the Mechanic looked up from his work. He slid the thick goggles that had bound his head down to around his neck. His eyes bore into Athena. “Are you sure that hasn’t changed either?”

Read the rest of Kitty's story online at bit.ly/lyremag

Post-Trauma

Lauren Dawn Kathleen Wallace

My indigo friend
He whistles sickly tunes
at the corner of my bedsheets
Words like knives serrating at my capacity for thought
I find him tucked under movie seats
Cackling quietly among the dust and stale kernels—
Wait—
No

Someone's hurt
It drips
It spills
He comes howling
Roaring
Writhing in the hollows of my bones
Tearing from the corners of my mouth

I make my apologies
As he pulls away from the corpse of my still evening
Satisfied with the shivers that remind me of his ubiquity





A Feminist's Response to They Flee From Me

Sarah Powell

I flee from thee that daily does me seek,
With naked thing, stalking me out of chambers
Thy prick too gentle, tame, and meek,
That thou thinks't wild for you do not remember,
It took no time for the wee thing to wake
But failed to make my dear knees quake,
So I did range, busily seeking a pleasurable change.

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise,
Twenty times better; it's been more special,
With literally any other guy's.
By my own hand I can answer my call,
Better than you can, Sir Wyatt, you doll.
With ease you could improve your kiss,
Just simply ask, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

By getting the thoughts of ladies out,
You could become much less of a gout.
It's not so hard, just like your weapon,
But the mud in your mind is too deep to step in.
Thus you call me a dame of forsaking,
And brag of your gentleness all know you're faking;
If your goodness had been good enough,
My vile "strange fashions" you would not rebuff.

They Flee From Me
by Sir Thomas Wyatt

They flee from me that sometime did me seek
With naked foot, stalking in my chamber.
I have seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild and do not remember
That sometime they put themself in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range,
Busily seeking with a continual change.

Thanked be fortune it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once in special,
In thin array after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown from her shoulders did fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small;
Therewithall sweetly did me kiss
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream: I lay broad waking.
But all is turned thorough my gentleness
Into a strange fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness,
And she also, to use newfangledness.
But since that I so kindly am served
I would fain know what she hath deserved.



Translation, etc.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHRIS CLARKE

Chris Clarke is an SFU alumnus, a PhD candidate in French at the Graduate Center (CUNY), and a translator of French Literature. His publications include work by Raymond Queneau (New Directions) and Pierre Mac Orlan (Wakefield Press), and most recently François Caradec's Dictionary of Gestures (MIT Press). He was awarded a PEN/Heim Translation Fund grant in 2016 for his translation of Marcel Schwob's *Imaginary Lives* (Wakefield Press).

Firstly, who is Chris Clarke? Tell us a bit about yourself.

I was born in Victoria, BC, grew up in the Okanagan Valley, in Vernon, and ended up in Vancouver after high school. After most of a decade managing a bookstore in East Van, I went back to school to study French literature and linguistics, with hopes of learning how to translate literature. Those four years completed, I took a chance and moved to New York City to pursue a Masters in Literary Translation at NYU. Knowing that I still had plenty to learn and wouldn't likely go any further with it if I returned to Vancouver, I accepted a PhD fellowship at The Graduate Center (CUNY), where I've spent the last seven years studying French literature and translation studies. Some of those years were spent in New York, some in Paris, and more recently, I've been living with my wife, first in Princeton, NJ, and currently in Philadelphia, PA.

I want to speak to you a bit about your life in French: where and when did you first start learning and speaking in French? What role has French literature and cinema played a role in your life? How did you prepare yourself (consciously or unconsciously) for a career in translation?

I started learning French quite young—pre-school, and then French immersion through 9th or 10th grade. After high school, I let my French slip for quite some time, as you don't encounter much of it during day to day life in Vancouver. Eventually, I started over, first taking a night course once a week as a refresher, then back to university at Simon Fraser, and on from there. Since SFU, or maybe since my SFU exchange to France in 2009, my passion for French film, literature, arts and culture really took over, and having had the chance to live over there for three or four years out of the past ten has really added to this. As for preparation, curiosity and drive are key: read everything. And learn to live ordinary, tumultuous life in

your second language. That's the easiest advice to aspiring translators: live it, read everything, and while you should read as much in your source language as you can and experience as much of the culture, make sure you don't neglect your target language, as that is for the most part the one you'll be writing in.

How do you think your studies at SFU helped to inspire and/or prepare you for your career in translation?

I think it was an important step for me. The fact that the department is split more or less in half between literature and linguistics worked very well for me. I was able to get a solid grasp of French literary theory and literary history, to feel my way around the French canon, but also to look into language from a variety of different angles—syntax, phonology, morphology, and the history of the French language. These courses deepened my curiosity of language, especially comparative and historical linguistics. Which, of course, plays into translation alongside the literary studies. And, most importantly, those four years managed to transform me from a language-curious student into a rabid Francophile, with the exposure to French literature, cinema, art, history, and culture.

You mentioned that you are a PhD candidate. What are your graduate degrees in? How do you see graduate studies in relation to professional, literary translation? Can you tell us a bit about your current studies?

I'm nearing the end of my PhD program, as the end of my dissertation is in sight. Before that, I completed a Masters in Literary Translation (French to English) at NYU, and I picked up an M. Phil in French along the way. I also lucked into an exchange year at the Sorbonne in Paris, which I got a lot out of. As to how practice and

study are related, while the day-to-day practice and the theory/history of literary translation can seem a bit removed from one another in certain ways, there is also a fair bit of overlap. Most importantly, it has meant that when I'm not translating, my work still has me thinking about it, learning about it, talking about it. And, just as importantly, it keeps me in contact with other people who do the same—other translators, scholars of translation, and some who do both. This is a bonus, because translating can be isolating work. I've also translated four books and many shorter texts during years of my program, so that helps to keep a balance. My dissertation is translation-related, as well—I'm writing on the place of translation in the career of French writer, translator, and publisher Raymond Queneau. A dissertation a long process, and a big commitment, but it's fascinating and I'm enjoying it.

Were you always interested in pursuing a career in academia, or was it something that has materialized along the way? And do you consider yourself a translator first or a scholar first, or does one in your position have to strike a balance between the two?

To be honest, I hadn't really considered it at first. The initial plan was to get the training I needed to translate literature, and then to figure out how to put myself in a position to do so. However, once I got to know some career translators, it became pretty clear that most serious translators still have to do something else on the side to make ends meet. Some are academics, work in publishing, as technical translators, or other professions altogether. The reality is that it's pretty uncommon to make a decent living from literary translation alone. I decided to pursue a PhD as a way to extend my training, at the outset, but I've really learned

to enjoy scholarly research during my years of study. Literary history has always been a fascination for me, and it turns out that I've got a real passion for rooting through archives. So, some weeks I consider myself more one than the other, really just depends on what deadline is up next.

What made you want to become a translator and a writer?

I've always been a reader and a writer. When I was a kid, I devoured pretty much anything I could get my hands on, and I remember writing stories on my father's computer back when screens were still monochrome—ours displayed only orange (or amber?). Then it was songs; I wrote songs and played in bands through high school and into my twenties. Growing up bilingual, I think there was always a curiosity about how language works, about how languages fit together (or don't), but it wasn't until much later that I decided to actively follow this curiosity. How I got it into my head that this was what I would do isn't totally clear, but I can remember a few key instances. Perhaps the first time my curiosity about translation really popped was reading an old black-spined Penguin copy of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin, which I have since learned was

translated by Babette Deutsch, and realizing, wait a minute, how is it possible for this 5000+ line poem, written in Russian, to still rhyme in English? Then, when I looked at some of Pushkin's work that he had written in French, I could see the difference right there on the page, I could see the newness of the English poems, their similarities (and differences) when compared to the originals. Then, it was an interview that the CBC ran with Edith Grossman, after her re-translation of Don Quixote; a number of responses she gave stoked that curiosity even further. From then on, I was paying attention, and kept running into the same translators. When I discovered Barbara Wright's work, I was blown away, as the amount of work and creativity that was involved in her translations of writers such as Raymond Queneau, Alain Robbe-Grillet, and Alfred Jarry, was mind-boggling.

Can you speak on your strategy for, or general theory of translation?

Not really. I don't believe in a general theory of translation, an all-encompassing how-to doesn't exist. Literature is an art of exceptions—that's what style is, after all, how one writer uses the language just a little bit differently than others. Instead, I believe that each text will dictate to the translator how it must be approached, and close reading generally unlocks the key. After all, a translation is no more than one reader's reading of a text that can be read in an infinite variety of manners; each culture, each reader brings a different take to what is essentially an open text that exists in flux. I just try to be consistent with my choices within each project, and to be conscious of what strikes me as singular about what I'm translating and what it is I'm trying to produce.

“ LITERATURE IS AN ART OF EXCEPTIONS— THAT'S WHAT STYLE IS, AFTER ALL, HOW ONE WRITER USES THE LANGUAGE JUST A LITTLE BIT DIFFERENTLY THAN OTHERS.

Could you elaborate on that sentiment of the “text... existing in flux”—what’s the translator’s role with respect to that?

We tend to cling to the notion, or the illusion, that if it is effectuated “correctly” or “accurately,” the act of translation can bring a text across the gulf that separates languages. But we have to ask ourselves what an original text is, and in doing so, realize that not only the target text, the product of the translator’s work, will vary depending on the social, cultural, literary, and personal particularities of its author/translator, but that in a way, these particularities also produce variation in the source text. Every reader accesses a text in a way that is exclusive to that reader, and so the source text exists in a multitude of incarnations. This is what we truly mean when we say that all translations are “just a reading.” That is not limited to the results of the translation, the two are intimately bound together.

What does your practice look like? Bring us through a typical day-in-the-life of a translator.

These days it’s translation in the morning, dissertation in the afternoon and evening. That said, even when I’m working full-time on a translation project, it’s hard to give a text the focus it requires for more than about six hours. After that, the work slows down and starts to get sloppy. As to how to do the work itself, again, that depends on the book. Certain texts require a lot of research, some go more quickly than others, some take a while to find the tone or the rhythm, but at the end of all of them is a lot of editing and clean-up.

How do you approach personal style, voice, and creativity in translation? do you believe there is a place for these things in the writing of a translator?

I think translation is a creative act to begin with. Some texts demand (or permit) more personal creativity than others. Constrained writing, of which I’ve translated a bit, tends to demand more: the more out-of-the-ordinary the source text, the more creative one has to be to produce a translation. When it comes to constrained literature, especially “hard constraints” like those employed by Olivier Salon and others, the constraint has to be maintained or replicated in the translation, and often it doesn’t function the same way in English, and so then it becomes a question of substitution, compensation, even re-writing. I try to avoid straying too far when the project doesn’t insist on it; there are other ways to indulge in the creative impulse, such as what we call “creative translation,” which is intentionally using creative or constrained translation methods to produce new texts. Taking part in that sort of creative play helps me to keep my priorities straight, letting me explore my linguistic and creative curiosities in certain contexts, and limiting me to what the project calls for in others.

What are you currently working on?

Right now, I’m focused on my dissertation, but I’m starting a new project soon, an Algerian novel, which I will do in the mornings, and I have a longer, more difficult project lined up for after I defend next spring. Fittingly, a retranslation of a novel by Raymond Queneau that has been out of print for over sixty years. A very tricky text, it should take me through the end of 2020, and it will be released in 2022 by one of my favorite American publishers.

Can you give us a metaphor for the role of a translator with regard to their poet: we have prison; we have marriage; we have traitor; we have ghost and medium... or as your twitter page suggests, taxidermist

Hah, there are so many of them. For some reason, when we speak of translation, it often boils down to metaphors. Jean-Yves Masson, a professor in Comparative Literature at Paris IV, has been compiling a book of them, as they span back to the beginnings of literature. For Cicero, it was the money-changer, which I always liked, although it doesn't function as well with the sort of money we use today. Then, it was equivalent weights: X ounces of gold equaled Y ounces of silver, etc., and the values fluctuated diachronically and geographically. I'm also fond of the metaphor from Don Quixote, which equates a translation to looking at a tapestry from the back side, where the threads are exposed and the colors are inverted. I've been trying to popularize one of my own: the "doner-kebab" (or "gyro") metaphor for translation. You know, where they take the lamb or beef (or both), grind or slice up the meat, and then shape it back into meat, an inverted cone, cook it, and then carve it up all over again to serve it. Surprisingly, I'm not getting much traction on that effort.

The theme for this year's issue of The Lyre is (dis)connection, can you speak on how that might resonate with the act of translation?

Well, I'm sure we can tie it to both (dis)connection and the Lyre itself.

It was Orpheus who perfected the lyre, learning to play it from Apollo, and Orpheus has two clear connections to translation: music and poetry, which are intimately connected. His story also has the idea of a carrying across, as he tries to lead Eurydice across the threshold, across a border and out of the Underworld. It has also been suggested that the etymology of his name comes from one Proto-Indo European root that means "orphan, servant, slave," and a second that means "to change ownership, status, or allegiance." We can definitely build a translation metaphor out of those roots. However, in the translation world we tend to lean towards Apollo's brother Hermes, who stole Apollo's cows. Hermes is the God of translators and interpreters, of travel and boundaries. As for (dis)connection, it's an apt description for translation, with the parentheses. After all, a translation is profoundly connected to its source text, it springs forth from it, but it can never be the source text. It is simultaneously and profoundly connected and disconnected to its source. The translator, too, faces this dilemma; she or he can never claim authorship of what they write, and yet she does write it, she does author it. It is her reading of a text she writes, in a way that no one else can read it or write it. She is deeply and personally connected to it, and yet it can never be hers, not entirely.

“ A TRANSLATION IS PROFOUNDLY CONNECTED TO ITS SOURCE TEXT, IT SPRINGS FORTH FROM IT, BUT IT CAN NEVER BE THE SOURCE TEXT. IT IS SIMULTANEOUSLY AND PROFOUNDLY CONNECTED AND DISCONNECTED TO ITS SOURCE.

And it was Hermes that first build the lyre, giving it to his brother Apollo; so it seems like Hermes is equally implicated in the Orpheus story. Very interesting and fitting, as The Lyre was launched out of and is still very much a part of SFU's World Literature program—where translation is always on our minds.

I only have a couple more questions for you, and I'll keep them simple (but maybe not easy, per se):

First, what's your favourite book; and second, what's your favourite work in translation?

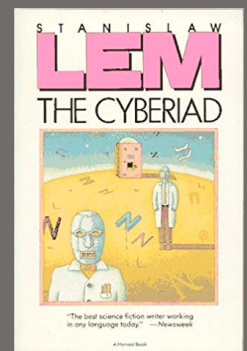
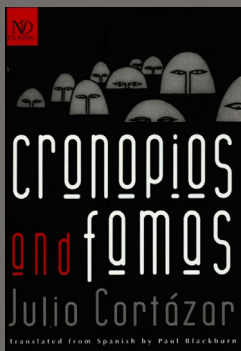
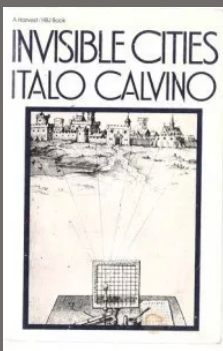
Oh, that's tricky, there are too many that I love and admire. I can list a few that come to mind, but it would likely be a different list the next time I'm asked. And, favorite book vs favorite work in translation is a moot point—I read it in the original if I can, I read it in translation if I can't. And, occupational hazard, often I read both, and sometimes I will read an original and multiple translations if they are available. William Weaver's translation of Italo Calvino's *Invisible Cities* comes to mind as something

I can and do read again and again. Silvina Ocampo's short fiction, a little of which is in print in English in translations by Daniel Balderston, more of which I've read in Spanish or in French translations. Julio Cortázar's *Cronopios and Famas* in Paul Blackburn's translation. Raymond Queneau's *Les Fleurs Bleues* and Barbara Wright's translation *The Blue Flowers* (or *Between Blue and Blue* in the UK). My favorite publication last year was Lara Vergnaud's translation of Ahmed Bouanani's *The Hospital*. And lately I've been rereading Stanislaw Lem, mostly in Michael Kandel's translations. Some more old favorites in English: Kenneth Patchen's *Sleepers Awake*, William Saroyan's *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlow novels, BpNichol's *The Martyrology*, Russell Hoban's *Riddley Walker*.

Thanks, Chris, it was a pleasure.



Follow Chris on Twitter: @chrisclarke1



Invisible Cities (1972), contains 55 prose poems describing fictitious cities as narrated by Marco Polo. *Cronopios and Famas* (1962), is a collection of fantastical and absurd micro-fictions on daily life. *The Blue Flowers* (1973), follows two characters who dream of each other: a contemporary Parisien and the 13th century Duke of Auge. *The Hospital* (1989), depicts a narrator in a hospital, experiencing flashes of childhood memories and fantasies of resurrection. *The Cyberiad* (1965), is a series of science-fiction short stories, with characters that are either robots or intelligent machines.

ON SFU WORLD LITERATURE'S

2019 UNDERGRADUATE CONFERENCE:

Being in Place: Landscape and Identity

Photographs taken by Bahareh Hormandian and Brady Qiu

Written by Molly MacKay



There was an ode to urgency that consumed the Halpern Centre as undergraduates from all corners of SFU flooded its halls—as, after all, there was a conference to be had. The immediate realization of all tasks was encouraged; thus, the quiet and comforting buzz of hard work filled the room, as each of us had little time to stand still. To spin around was to see someone with ink etched across their hand, or another with a camera tucked under their arm, gently trying to capture the flutter of life that roamed freely and methodically in preparation for the event ahead. This amalgamation of academics, constructed by creative minds was the 5th annual of its sort, and upheld an increased participation of papers from various First Nations and French classes, showcasing a more diverse and educational setting.

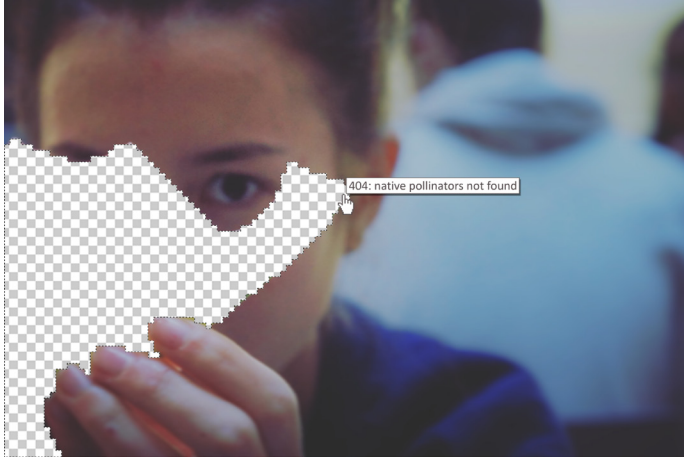
The theme of this year's conference: Being in Place: Landscape and Identity. It was sweetly ironic, as each person involved in the event at hand appeared to be drawn to place, unable to remove themselves from within the building's walls. Topography: in the midst of the chaos that is university life, it felt essential to devote four hours of one's time to celebrating the aspect of our existence that is often subdued from the forefront of our thoughts. In this world, landscapes of both the literal and physical can be muted in one's mind, while screaming loudly in another's. It is a term often concrete in structure, yet fluid in nature.



As such, the sheer vastness of the term manifested itself in the multiplicity of papers presented. Over forty ideas basking in originality were presented that day, and each one tackled the topic through their own lens. From geographical to ideological, the words uttered in the Halpern Centre derived from individuals across vast spectrums of life, humans with experiences and moments etched into them, whose being resonated with the eagerly listening audience. That is precisely what the topic of Being in Place suggests: that one can feel entirely anchored in their landscape while also feeling alienated; a landscape in which the ground beneath their feet feels both urgent and cemented. To take one turn in this lifetime is to invite geography to wobble. The pieces presented stretched from a Sex and the City analysis to Kafka, with some humorous, and others tragic. Nonetheless, what can undeniably be agreed upon is that each student spoke with distinction and truth, filled with a desire to articulate their allegiance to place and express how it moves them.



"Dunce", by Kitty Cheung





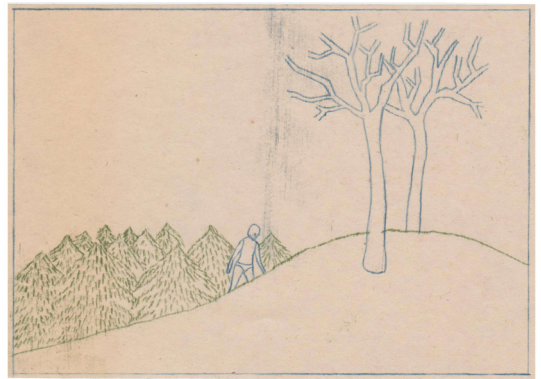
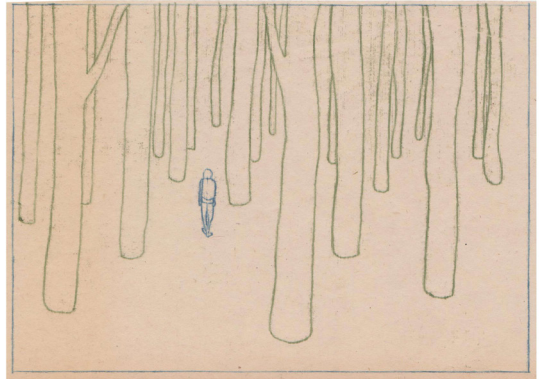
*"Josef K takes a walk" by Anna Lechintan (left)
photograph by Zeh Daruvallab (right)*

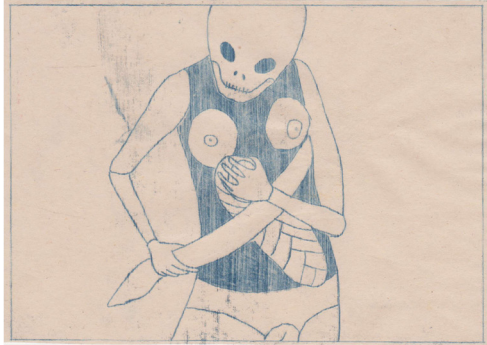
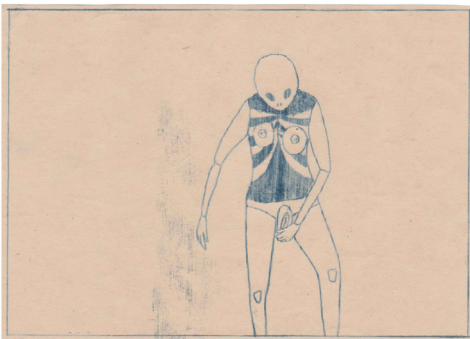
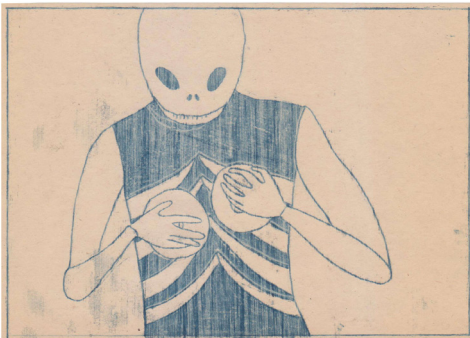
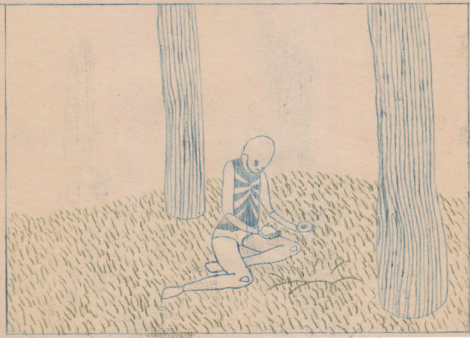
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from "Qui mange des couteaux"

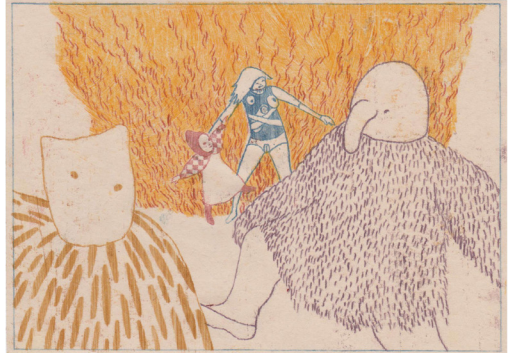
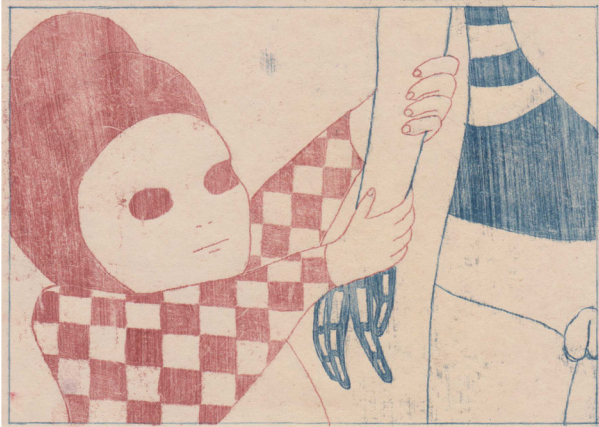
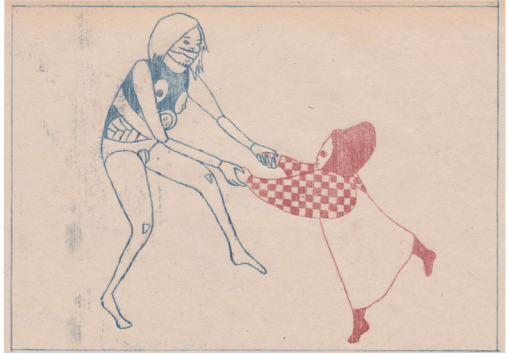
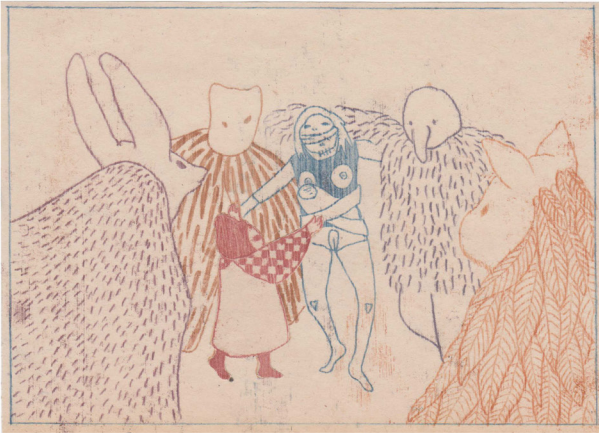
(Fremok Editions, 2016)

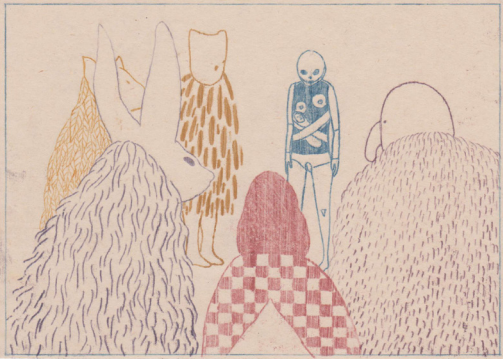
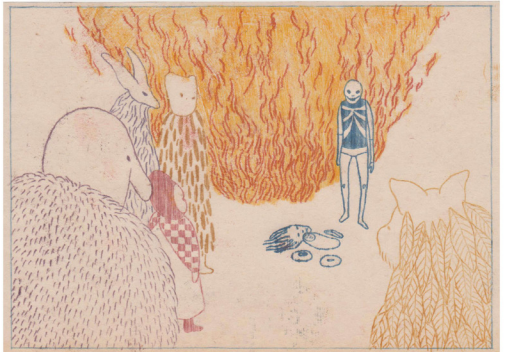
Zoé Jusseret

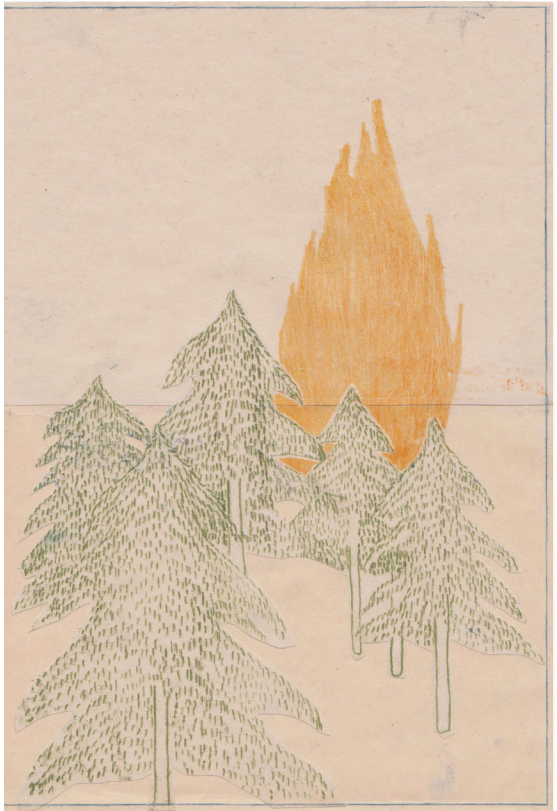


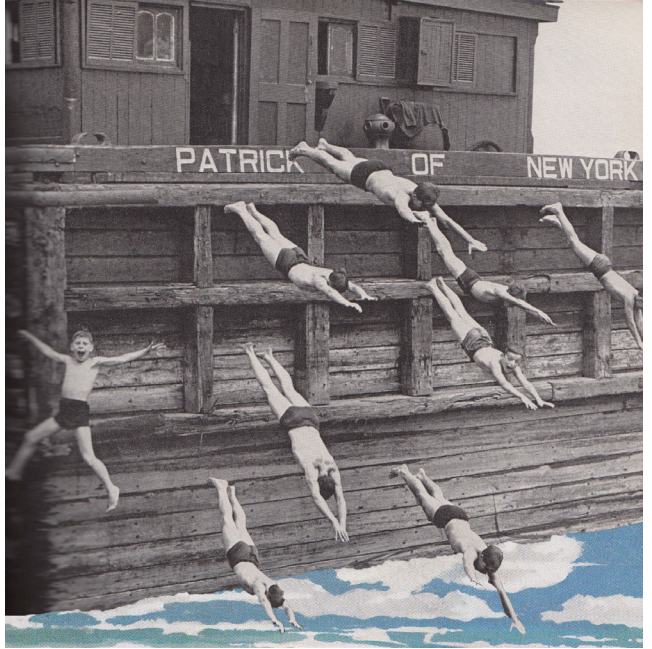












Tocoming

by Henri Michaux

translated from the French by Dawson F. Campbell

Centuries to come

My true present, always present, obsessively present...

I who was born in the epoch when we still hesitated to go from Paris to Peking, when
the afternoon was advanced for fear of not making it in for the night.

Oh! how I see you, centuries to come.

A little century, breathtaking, brilliant, the 1400th century after J.C., let me tell you.

The problem was sucking the moon from the solar system. A pretty problem. It was during
the autumn of 134957—which was a hot one—that the moon began to recede at such
a pace to have illumined the night like twenty summer suns, parting according
to the calculation.

Infinitely distant centuries.

Centuries of homunculi living from 45 to 200 days, as big as a shut umbrella, and, when
convenient, with wisdom at their disposal,

Centuries of 138 species of artificial men, all or most believing in God—naturally!—
and why not? flying around without harm, whether through the stratosphere or across 20
screens of mustard gas.

I see you,

But no, I don't see you. Young girls of the year twelve-thousand, who, since that age when we gaze at ourselves in the mirror, would have learned to mock us for our rigorous efforts to do harm decoupled from the earth.

You already do me harm.

I would give all my life right away to be among you for a single day.

Alas, not a devil to give it to me.

Anecdotes of airplanes (still gasoline—you know, internal combustion), the profound imbecilities of still-childish social experiences were no longer of interest to us, I assure you. We began to detect a radioelectric echo coming from near Sagittarius, 2 250 000 kilometres away and returning every 15 seconds, and another, much subtler, coming from millions of lightyears away—we didn't know what to do.

You who understands man's hyper-hygiene and the ultra-determinants of mind and character. who understands the nervous systems of great nebulae who would communicate with beings more spiritual than we, if they existed who would live, would travel in interplanetary space, Never, Never, no **NEVER**—try as you might, you'll never realise what a miserable ghetto Earth was.

How we were most miserable and ravenous.

The feeling of prison was omnipresent, I promise you.

Don't trust our musings (the professionals, you know...)

We mystified ourselves however we could, it wasn't funny in 1937—though nothing happened then, nothing but misery and war.

We felt at home, nailed to that century,

And who would go on right up to the end? Not many. Not me...

We felt deliverance dawning—far off, far off—for you.

We cried dreaming of you,

We were very few.

In tears we saw an immense staircase of centuries with you at top, us at bottom,

And we resented you; oh! how we resented you and loathed you—one mustn't believe—we loathed you too, we loathed you.

Nine Senryū

Aaron Barry

kayak
going around in circles
kayak

we'll live forever and evergreens

promotion:
the pawn
becomes a kween

payday the peacock begins its display

lavender stalks—
say you'll never leave

y e (e) t

catfishing for compliments

plattitude

arils:
starting to forget you
bit by bit



An Ode to the Death and Life of Benjamin

Lyn Medina

The death of Benjamin occurred curtly past midnight of November the eleventh. Twelve years, a short amount for those of his kind, have lasted longer than the love of the young marriages told about in the stories of my grandmother. The inevitable Graying: she used to say, once a thing like this happens to you, unfolds in moderation, but does not fail in succession.

First, the wood of the *tocador* will lose its sensuous concentricity. The *kamagong* will soon appear more like a *yakal*—made dull, lacklustre, cheapened. Once dense, it will turn hollow; a knock on its side will reverberate a distant echo in a key approximate to B minor. The smooth, unfinished walls of cement, my grandma iterates, already gray, will gradually turn into a shade of domestic eggshell. The floors, despite any effort with a *walis tambo*, or any dusting with an old shirt by way of jerking the foot back and forth in a wiping motion, will gather more dust than was ever possible for an enclosed space. *You will sneeze at once, you will sneeze again, and you will sneeze infinitely.* The space, she adds, will in fact cease to be enclosed. Windows of Capiz shells, once emanating a tenderly eerie light with their tiny frames of mollusk, will at once fall off its hinges—shattering on the ground below as if never connected in the first place.

It all happened just as she had described upon Benjamin's death. In the beginning, it wasn't so terrible. The cavernous drawers were altogether manageable; and although the walls had an air of malaise, it was really the taste of nausea that was the bother. The floors, at first merely gathering dust, were in time swarmed with long strands of hairs. In trying to walk too quickly, a bundle of strands would trip me over—though the pain of falling was nothing compared to the agony of ticklish tresses between the gaps of my toes.

In an attempt to combat the cold, I plastered large posters on the wall. Darlings and idols, amassed over the years, have finally come to some sort of use. Except nearly every evening, a strong gust of wind would blow a hole straight through them (as if a ghost). Thereby at once, I came upon the idea of manufacturing a Frankensteinian plug to fill the break in gluing together: an anthology of poetry by Oliverio Girondo, *Blood on the Tracks*, a Björksnäs bed frame, a pair of avocado-print socks, and a number of articles collected on a trip to Europe from some time ago.

I would be lying if I said that I didn't try to revert Benjamin's death. I heard once that you could fashion a real, working heart by putting together an unopened can of liver spread, processed cheese, some fried galunggong, all soldered together with bits of bronze. Careless as I was, I forgot the part about it needing to be consecrated. Consequently, and though it was in vain, I remembered that I had lost the phone number of my pastor anyway (*it was useless, of course, to ask a stranger to bless your makeshift heart*).

Then, I remembered the uncle of my grandfather, who was said to be a *babaylan*. I imagined him, as my father had once described, whispering mysticisms to the foreign occupiers in the jungles of Luzon, rendering him invisible to their eyes and ready to strike. (*If a tree falls soundlessly in the forest, maybe it was never there*). Or how, in demonstrating the grit of the spirits residing in his body, he would split the heads of beer bottles with his bare teeth, ingesting the shards of glass with a gulp. (*I am, therefore I bite*). And so, with these in mind, I called for his magick; in silent appeal for nearly a day and a half, I prayed to the ancestors of my ancestors.



It was, however, to no avail. So I made up my mind that, perhaps over time, due to an insincere intention, or due to a pure lack of faith, the magick of the ones who had given me my name, in fact, perchance, had an unprecedented date of expiration which my father had—swept in the emotions of his recounts to me—forgotten to disclose.

Still, I was in feverish hope to revive my only and beloved Benjamin. After a number of other futile shortcuts and tactics, I had finally decided to consult an expert on the matter. The meeting involved a lengthy discussion of options: animation was a no on his part, while modifications were a resounding no on my end (and naturally, any kind of freezing or skin-mounting was out of the question).



In the end, we finally agreed on an affordable and yet luxurious stuffing known as Memory Foam™. As I do anticipate, the temporary depression upon any kind of petting will inevitably deform the look of Benjamin. A crater upon his countenance is certainly not ideal in conveying his resurrection. The incremental return to its original state, however, following the slightest bit of pressure, shall have the effect of Benjamin responding as if in vital motion (an advantageous feature).

Admittedly, upon hearing that it would be difficult to hide the scars of the incision, I could not hide my dismay. I did not, by even the slightest means, want to be reminded of his cadaverous state. I knew that my wishes, dire as they were, were idealistic to the point of quixotic.

As such, the expert offered me a kind of compromise. If I truly wanted this illusion to be grounded in reality, I must then commit the ultimate sacrifice of renouncing the privilege of having both of my eyes. Through the surrendering of one eye, one measly eye, for the benefit of Benjamin, I would then be rewarded in two ways.

The first: that in seeing through only one eye, the left eye, my perspective would be entirely skewed in the sense that I will no longer be able to, so much as I might try, notice the scars of the incision. No matter from which angle I attempted as a point of vantage, I shall not see it; it will not be there.

The second: that in donating my other eye, the right eye, to take its place on Benjamin, I shall have the rare and gratuitous honour of seeing the world as it appears from his position. Dubious, I know. I was also curious to see how this would unfold.

Nonetheless, I had consented to the operation before the expert could relay to me as to how exactly it would transpire. What can I say, when the serpent gives you fruit, what else are you to do but to extract that fruit dry? (*As you are reading this, I can only imagine that you are anticipating the the results of my decision. I shall make no further delay in telling you.*)

This double vision, a kind of simulated mirror of the world, as an effect of having each eye in two separate locations, has been miraculous and has entirely transformed the procession of my life. I have become the cinematographer of my own perception; a kind of ad hoc Creator. At any given point, I can choose to close my right eye and view an event from the West; or close my left eye and view it from the East; or see through them both in concurrent dislocation

(which, I have to say, produces a refraction of lights, colours and shadows, a show most pleasing to the senses). The mode of having such a malleable vision is quintessentially surreal—the possibilities of which are incalculable. Its application in any sort of activity involving the visual is manifold; its resources, inexhaustible until I perish.

My preoccupation in testing the limits of this newfound ability has, as an understatement, served well to pass the time. Things do not quite appear the way they used to. They are the same, and yet marginally novel by the minutest sense. (Only last Thursday did I have the queerest experience of seeing my most prized succulent, an Echeveria, grow a surplus limb of a papaya leaf about the size of a thumbnail.)

The Graying, as it were, still remains; though the double vision has transformed its procession from dismal to ephemeral. If I should shut one of my eyes, I could fully neglect half the room.

Best of all, not only have I encased Benjamin into an ultimate and solidifying permanence, (*and lately, I have also been considering my very own transition*) but I have also acquired this cutting-edge vision. A set of lenses so effervescent, imprecise, and absolute; one of incomparable caliber, even to the latest model of a mirrorless Canon.

A "tocador" is a Spanish-style wooden dresser.

"Kamagong" is a type of Filipino wood more prestigious than the "yakal".

"Walis tambo" is a broom native to the Philippines made of soft reed.

Galunggong are tropical fish in the Indo-Pacific region.

The "babaylan" are pre-colonial shamans in the Philippines known to practice black magic.

Three Poems by Do Jong Hwan from

흔들리지 않고 피는 꽃이 어디 있으랴

(Where is There a Flower Which Blooms Unwavering?)

translated from the Korean by Amy Groves

Early Winter

초겨울

This year too, oak leaves fall rustling on the mountainside
This year too, silver grass sways in fields of fallen blossoms; autumn, winter
This year too, birds forego the icy riverbanks
A star floating between the clouds, I live desolately

올해도 갈참나무 잎 산비탈에 우수수 떨어지고
올해도 꽃진 들에 억새풀 가을 겨울 흔들리고
올해도 살얼음 어는 강가 새들은 가고 없는데
구름 사이에 별이 뜨듯 나는 쓸쓸히 살아있구나

Rain Falls Tonight

오늘 밤 비 내리고

Rain falls tonight
The body aches without a sound
Rainwater carries petals away on streams
Time carries the body away on the Western sky
When flowers fall and time passes, what else remains?
On a night when rain falls, there is no place for the mind to turn

오늘 밤 비 내리고
몸 어디인가 소리 없이 아프다
빗물은 꽃잎을 싣고 여울로 가고
세월은 육신을 싣고 서천으로 기운다
꽃 지고 세월 가면 또 무엇이 남으리
비 내리는 밤에는 마음 기댈 곳 없으랴

The Flower Blooms While Wavering

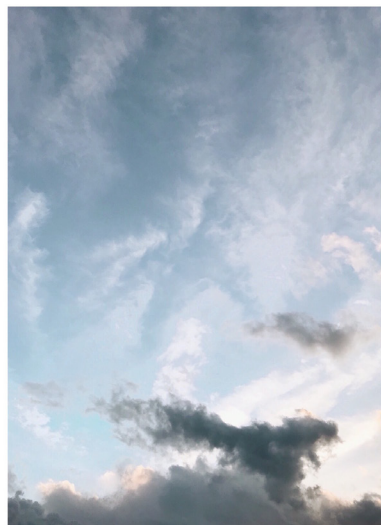
흔들리며 피는 꽃

Where is there a flower which blooms unwavering?
The beautiful flowers of this world
All trembled as they bloomed
and as they swayed, their stems grew upright and strong
Where is there a love which goes unwavered?

Where is there a flower which blooms undampened?
The gleaming flowers of this world
were all soaked, drenched as they bloomed
Dampened by the wind and rain, their petals bloomed warmly
Where is there a life which goes undampened?

흔들리지 않고 피는 꽃이 어디 있으랴
이 세상 그 어떤 아름다운 꽃들도
다 흔들리면서 피었나니
흔들리면서 줄기를 곧게 세웠나니
흔들리지 않고 가는 사랑이 어디 있으랴

젖지 않고 피는 꽃이 어디 있으랴
이 세상 그 어떤 빛나는 꽃들도
다 젖으며 젖으며 피었나니
바람과 비에 젖으며 꽃잎 따뜻하게 피웠나니
젖지 않고 가는 삶이 어디 있으랴



Colloquy

Liam Foster

A translucent silhouette: that echoed luminosity, or, that outline of absent refulgence—a shadow. It spilled off the bench, upon which two men—or women, if you'd like, not that they have to be either—sat, splashing onto the concrete below. There was an amorphous-shaped river and a blue sky, coloured deep cerulean. It was a Wednesday: these days came often, even weekly. If I might only just blazon the serendipity of the moment, the likes of which can hardly be blazoned, that very moment... serendipity!—Oh!—I apologize. Resting on that bench of exquisite oak, or perhaps a faux veneer, the great debate continued...

“A hotdog is not a sandwich,” said the first.

“It is, man!” replied the other, “what else would you call it?”

“A hotdog.”

“But: neither is it hot, nor is it of dog.”

“Unfair. And a sandwich has no sand. But a hotdog is this: a piece of cylindrical encased meat, held horizontally in long sliced bun.” His (or her) mouth watered. He (or she) looked around to appeal to an unseen audience. He (— ok, I give up. Use your imagination if it bothers you) looked back.

“Needless adjectives, I would think,” said the other man

“Necessary. So unbelievably necessary.”

“Necessary only for the hotdog itself. Here's what I'm saying: a hotdog is a kind of sandwich, like a P B & J is a kind of sandwich. Not all sandwiches are P B & Js, but all P B & Js are sandwiches. Sandwich is like one of those umbrella terms. A hotdog is a sandwich”

“No.”

“Yes!”

The man turned away in anguish. “Look. Ugh. Listen. You, saying that a hotdog is ‘only a sandwich.’ That, like, diminishes the majesty of what a hotdog is. Let it breathe for itself: the uniqueness of the hotdog. Have some respect for the dog, man. C’mon.”

“Not how I see it—”

“You don’t even know what hotdogs or sandwiches are, man. You have celiac disease.”

“I don’t need gluten to know a sandwich!”

“You’re getting far too emotionally invested.”

“I’m indifferent.”

“I’m more indifferent!!!”

...The birds sang indistinct songs and the amorphous river ran.

“Let’s start again, shall we?” he said, “lay out your argument.”

“Alright...a hotdog is not a sandwich, because of the seamed nature of the bun and the tubular nature of the protein— the frankfurter. The very structural integrity is, like, completely different. No sandwiches have such a nature. They gotta be categorized differently as all foodstuffs involving bread products gotta be. Would you define, say, a meat in between croissant slices, as a sandwich—yes?—you freak. Never mind: a separate point to disagree on, after lunch. But, my friend, I’ll say

it again: no other sandwich has such a nature; these things must be individually defined,” he concluded.

“Wait—”

“What?”

“—Forget the bun and the seam: what would you call bread holding an Italian sausage?”

“A sausage sandwich”

“Ah! And what about this: tender, marinated roast beef, held in bread?”

“Beef sandwich?”

“What about if, instead of tender, marinated roast beef— a frankfurter?”

“A hotdog.”

“Ah ha! So, essentially, if we switch out the frankfurter for any other meat, it becomes a sandwich.”

“I did not say that.”

“You didn’t not say it.”

“I disagree,” said a bird, conclusively.

The two men laughed and left for lunch, and all the along the breeze, the birds sang their song. Birds sing songs just like writers write (except the birds don’t sing about singing, I imagine). Then it began to rain. The sidewalk became a dark grey mirror. The two men sat silently inside a dry café and ate their cylindrical, tubular sandwiches.

New Growth

Isabella Wang

So here we still stand at the end
of the dry season.

Another month has passed
before I've made sense of it,
though there's been no real change.

Smell of exhaust mixed with diesel fuel,
storm clouds sweeping air
that breathes like twelve
Marlboro cigarettes, all gone.

Still, there sits the summer-spiked
grass tanned like parched
camel skins beside concrete,
and still, down next street,
the lawn mower
makes use of his daily rounds.

And though this climate is no longer
temperate—fog blurring
horizon, maroon skies,
some species have managed
to survive this rainforest desert.

Because that is what we do: survive.
By the fountain,
the pink toddler in yellow
rubber boots trails
her mother
with storybook precision.

Each day, we can tomatoes
from our garden.
Each day, the geese fly
in a V-shaped formation.
Each day, I relocate spiders outside,
dust off cobwebs,
mop residue from window ledges.
Each day, I unscrew
the honey bowl lid
to crystallized ants
crawling to their deaths,
but each day, they keep coming back.

Despite the sunflowers
growing backwards,
dragonflies expanding
their wings,
crows nursing their young
by the dried-up bog
where mud has begun to crack,
we are left with what remains
of the Stanley Park swans
and the geese are migrating elsewhere.

authors

AARON BARRY is an English major, ESL teacher, and, when the stars align, a poet. His humorous haiku and senryu have appeared in *Modern Haiku Magazine*, *Frogpond Journal*, and *The Heron's Nest*, among other fine haiku publications. He may be contacted at aaronteacher1@gmail.com.

AMY GROVES holds an Associate of Arts degree from Douglas College and is currently pursuing a History and World Literature joint major at SFU, after having previously studied for one year at Konkuk University in Seoul.

ANISA MAYA DHANJI is currently completing her double-major program in Linguistics and French along with 2 specialization certificates at Simon Fraser University. Often, you can find her drifting in and out of the present tense. When she isn't daydreaming or with her nose in a school-book, she enjoys the company of these coasts' air, trees and waters nurtured and cared for by the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tsleil-Waututh peoples.

DAWSON F. CAMPBELL has finished his last year of study in French and World Literature at SFU. He is passionate about reading and writing and has developed a preoccupation for putting those two things together in the act of translation—the art of forcing poets to speak his language while moulding his words to speak like theirs.

FELIX RUIZ DE LA ORDEN is a poet and musician living on the unceded territories of the Musqueam, Squamish, and Tseil-Waututh peoples. He currently studies English and World Literature at Simon Fraser University and is developing an interest in both urban and digital spaces. His work has appeared in previous editions of *The Lyre* magazine as well *The Capilano Review*.

ISABELLA WANG is a double major in English and World Literature. She is an editor at *Room Magazine*, and Research Assistant at *SpokenWeb*. Her poetry and prose have appeared in over twenty literary journals, and forthcoming in the *What You Need to Know About Me* anthology (The Hawkins Project, co-founded by Dave Eggers). She is a two-time finalist for *The New Quarterly's* Edna Staebler Essay Contest, and holds a Pushcart Prize nomination for poetry. *On Forgetting a Language* is her debut poetry chapbook (Baseline Press 2019).

JACKLINE OBUNGAH is a diasporic femme, living and working on traditional Coast Salish territory. When not submerged in her International Studies major, you can find her in the coziest spot of the local library. She is a lover of mangoes, African literature and film—oh, and sunshine! Loads of sunshine.

KITTY CHEUNG is an emerging writer and visual artist. She is curious about the use of humour in storytelling from intersectional perspectives. Her writing has been published in SFU's independent student newspaper *The Peak*, as well as numerous youth anthologies.

LAUREN DAWN KATHLEEN WALLACE is a caffeine addict who ended up in World Literature because it seemed to be largely populated by theatre kids and other people up at 3am debating intricacies of critical theory. She is still not entirely sure how she ended up as WLSU President.

LIAM FOSTER is a 2nd year English-History Student at SFU. He occasionally has a thought, but usually doesn't. Mostly just blank here folks.

artists

LYN MEDINA is Apple Cabrera under an alias. Her work, as of late, aims to connect a rich pre-colonial Filipino past to a disenfranchised present in a manner that attempts to be both sensitive and light-hearted. Previously published online with *Ricepaper*, "An Ode..." is her first substantial piece of work.

SARAH POWELL (SFU Bachelor of Arts Undergraduate program, English Major, Kinesiology Minor), is a 23-year-old who has lived in Metro-Vancouver her whole life. This is Sarah's first poem submitted to a public audience. She would like to thank her TA, Maude Vachon-Roy, for her encouragement and support.

ENCINA MEI ROH is a second year Political Science major at Simon Fraser University. She is the founder and co-president of the Writer's Art, which leads free poetry programs at nursing homes and recreation centers throughout the lower mainland. Apart from her work as a legal intern and tutor for SFU, she enjoys writing and painting.

ZOÉ JUSSERET comes from Belgium where she earned a Bachelor's degree in Fine Arts (comics) and a Master's degree in Cultural Management. She moved to Vancouver 4 years ago where she is currently working on some new illustrations and completing the professional development program at SFU to be an art and French teacher in BC. *Qui mange des couteaux* is her first book. You can follow her work on Instagram @zoejusseret.

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ANJALICA SOLOMON
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ANNA LECHINTAN
painting, *Josef K takes a walk*, p. 31

GIANMARCO IUELE
mixed media, *Treasure*, p. 2

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graphic art, *Soul of Theseus*, p. 16-17
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LYN MEDINA
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mixed media, *Indigo Hues*, p. 10

VICTOR YIN
mixed media, *404watermelonsm.jpg*
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ZEH DARUWALLAH
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"The beauty of a living thing is not the atoms that go into it, but the way those atoms are put together."

- CARL SAGAN, *Cosmos*



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