



**Literary Translations and Original Poems
by MAIA Students
2016**

SPARKS

Literary Translations and Original Poetry

by Chinese ESL Students

*Ms. Gjika's Class: Literary Translation
Fall 2016*



**Massachusetts
International
Academy**

*“What I do is to strike the two stones of English and German against each other,
for as brief a time as possible. Most of my time is spent,
and almost all my enjoyment comes from, blowing on the tiny flames.”*
--Michael Hofmann

CONTENTS

Preface by Geli Zhou (Gary).....	4
Translations from the Chinese Language.....	5
Translations from the Albanian Language.....	18
Translations from the Greek Language.....	24
Original Student Poetry.....	29

PREFACE

This chapbook was created and edited by Ms. Gjika and her literary translation class students, at Massachusetts International Academy, Fall 2016.

Those students have different cultural backgrounds and come from all over China. They also have different insights and perspectives. This collection covers those students' masterpieces.

The purpose of writing this book is to give students a chance to appreciate the beauty of poetry and translate it via individual understanding and cultural background.

The significance of Literary Translation Class has gone beyond a normal class: students cultivated their abilities to have an in-depth understanding of language and promptly applied that knowledge. This class is a bridge with rhythm, not only did it link the students and university life, but also it was a pivot into different languages and cultures.

Once readers find a peaceful place and read this chapbook, they can really see the fusion of different types of works. This collection includes the translation of ancient Chinese poems, the translation from the Albanian of Luljeta Lleshanaku's poem "January 1st, Dawn", the translation from Ancient Greek of Sappho's poem "Fragment 31" and an original poem, "Dear ...", written by the students themselves.

There are a thousand Hamlets in a thousand people's eyes. I firmly believe these translations and original writings are unique and the experience was one akin to emerging from broken cocoons.

--Geli Zhou (Gary)

Part I

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

MAPLE BRIDGE NIGHT MOORING
by Zhang Ji (Tang Dynasty)
Translated by Jiawei Li (David)

The moon sets, a crow caws, mist creeps up around.

Maples by the side of the river, fisherman's lantern blinks, sleepless with grief.

Beside the Gusu city lies a Hanshan temple.

At midnight, a chime lingers on the ferries.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS

by Ma Zhiyuan

Translated by Jiawei Li (David)

Crows wreath a rattan-covered rot tree at dusk,

Near a cottage, a picturesque bridge lies on the flowing stream,

Leading a lean house on the ancient road, a cold blast rushing through.

The sun is sinking,

I'm homesick at the end of the world.

DRINKING: 7th
by Tao Qian
Translated by Shuyi Tan (Lesley)

The hue of chrysanthemums is ravishing in autumn.
Bathed in dew, I pluck the petals.
Steeping them in the wines, *my sorrow is wiped away.*
My nostalgia of the mundane world recedes.
I gulp a cup of wine alone,
as if the flagon could refill my empty cup.
All of the nature returns home with the sunset's afterglow.
Returning birds warble when flying toward the forest.
I belt out complacently in the eastern corridor,
wondering in what day I could attain my life again.

EXCELLENT SENTENCES

by Du Fu

Translated by Shuyi Tan (Lesley)

How magnificent the landscapes infused with sunshine in spring !

The aroma of blossom and grass suffuses the air.

Swallows hover above the moistened mud.

Lovebirds drift off into dreams on the snug sand.

FROST AND MOON
by Yu Guangzhong
Translated by Geli Zhou (Gary)

Bleak wind in the frigid autumn.
Is frost goddess really going to battle with moon goddess?
An absolutely cold war,
with the most gorgeous weapons.
the shiny moon confronts with the sparkly crystal.
Yet the most favorable bleacher for the spectators.
is the pavilion, besides the brook with the moonlight crossing within.
Inside and out of the fantastic dream, until dawn.
Who is more glorious? Who is more callous?
Who knows who will landslide the victory.

No.7
by Tao Chien
Translated by Jiaju Tan (Tom)

Chrysanthemums of the Fall have delicate color,
I pluck the flower that is wet with dew.

Floating its petals in a cup of wine to forget the sorrows,
left the world attachment far away.

Although (I) drink one glass of wine with loneliness,
The flagon fills the empty glass again.

Sun fades away, for all animals to rest,
the returning birds fly toward the forest chirping.

I howl with pride under the eastern window,
I can find my purpose of life again by doing so.

DRINKING, 7th
by Tao Chien
Translated by Boyuan Wang (Bryan)

Fall chrysanthemums have beautiful colors,
Dew still on them, I pluck the blossoms.
Float them on this drowner of disturbances,
It makes me feel farther than ever from the universe.
Though I'm alone as I pour by myself,
When the cup's empty, somehow the jar tips itself.
The sun has set, all moving things stilled,
Birds are going home, singing through the woods.
And I whistle jauntily under the eastern eaves,
Another day
I get to live this life.

DECEMBER

by Yu Guangzhong

Translated by Boyuan Wang (Bryan)

In the frigid autumn,

Does Rhea really want to compete with Phoebe?

It's absolutely a cold war,

by weapons of enchantment:

shiny frost and stainless moonlight.

The best place for feasting your eyes on this ,

is the balcony bathed in the glistening light of waves.

In a trance, in the sobriety, through the night,

who is more comely, who is more ruthless,

who is the loser, who is Caesar,

who can tell?

EASY LIFE IN THE PAST

By Xin Mu

Translated by Yingyan Wang (Cheryl)

I still cherish the memory of my teenage period.
People were pure-hearted.
Days when a promise was a promise.
I still remember the train station at dawn.
The endless dark streets without pedestrian's tracing.
Only street vendors preparing breakfast.
In the past, sun sets gently.
Vehicles, horses, mail, too, moved at a slow pace.
A whole lifetime to love the same person.
In the past, locks were intricately beautiful.
Keys, too, had an intricate design.
Once you locked, others understood.

DRINKING WINE, No. 7
By Tao Chien
Translated by Yafeng Chen (Finn)

Fall chrysanthemums have beautiful colors:
Dew still on them, I pick the flowers,

Float them on this drown of care
It makes me feel farther than ever from the world.

Although I drink my wine alone,
When the cup's empty, the kettle will incline.

The sun has set, all moving things are resting.
Homing birds hurry to the woods, singing.

And I whistle jauntily in the eastern window
Another day I get to live this life again.

FROST AND MOON

by Li Shangyin

Translated by Yingyan Wang (Cheryl)

Bleak breath in the raving autumn
is Aura really going to battle with Cynthia?
A genuine cold war
with the most charming weapons:
the shiny moonbeam clashes with the sparkly frost.
Yet the most favorable space to watch the spectacle
is the pavilion, near a lake within the splendid splendor
inside and out of the fantasy, until dawn.
Who is more glorious? Who is more callous?
Who knows who landslides the victory.

No. 7

by Qian Tao

Translated by Yingyan Wang (Cheryl)

The chrysanthemums in autumn in a burst tempting tinge
I pluck a heavy bloom tearful with dew
And long for consigning misery to oblivion
Escaping from mundane life
I tend to drink a jug of wine alone
while the flagon topples itself after a glass of bitter wine
The animals swarm and dwell with sun sets
and the birds swiftly return home with singing chorus
Delighted in my solitude on the east corridor
I grasp the genuine essence of fortune in a flash.

Part II

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE ALBANIAN LANGUAGE

JANUARY 1ST, DAWN
by Luljeta Lleshanaku
Translated by Shuyi Tan (Lesley)

Everyone immerses in their dreams finally
after the revelry of celebrations,
silencing the television and telephone.
with the digits on the calendar corrected.
Between the final night and the first day,
A serrated sky,
like the ringent mouth of a whale.
In the abdomen of her and in the abdomen of time,
there is no need to suffer from anxiety.
You drift with it. She knows her path unambiguously.
Inside her, you are annihilated dilatorily, indolently.
And if you are blessed like Jonah,
she'll sneeze you out to the shore without hesitation,
along with tons of inorganic waste.
Everyone sleeps. A sweet hypothermic dormancy.
However, those few who are still awake,
might hear the melancholic creak of the wheelbarrow,
someone stealing stones from the rubble
for the construction of a new wall several meters away.

JANUARY 1ST, DAWN
by Luljeta Lleshanaku
Translated by Geli Zhou (Gary)

After the celebrations, everyone sleeps finally:
People, TV channel ,telephones,
And the year's recently corrected digit.
Between the final night and the first day,
A toothy piece of sky,
As if seen from the open mouth of a whale.
In her belly and inside the belly of time.
There is no reason to disappear my mind.
You move with her and she knows her course.
And inside her, you are digested slowly and painlessly.
And if you lucky as prophet Jonah,
Certainly, she'll sneeze
Along with the dozens of inorganic waste.
All sleep, a sweet hypothermic sleep.
But those few still awake,
Could hear the gloomy creaking of a dolly.
Someone stealing stones from ruins.
For a building only a few meters away.

January 1st, Dawn
By Luljeta Lleshanaku
Translated from Albanian by Haoran Zhang (Steven)

After the celebration, finally, everyone sleeps:
People, TV channels, Telephones
and the timepiece of a year has been reset to zero.

Between the last night and the first day
a piece of sky teared its mouth open and the tooth showed up.
as if seen from an open mouth of a whale
In her belly, the belly of time
I give up thinking
I move with it; she knows her route
and inside her, I am digested slowly unconsciously.

And if you are fortunate like Jonah,
Certainly, sometimes you will be spitted out on a shore.
Together, with lots of waste.

Everyone sleeps, a hypothermic sleep.
But for those who are still awake,
they might hear the melancholic creaking of the wheelbarrow
that steals stones from a rubble
for a new building, only few meters away.

JANUARY 1st, DAWN
by Luljeta Lleshanaku
Translated by Jiawei Li (David)

All the world falls asleep after the celebrations:
People, TV channels, telephones
And the sands of time is reversed again.

Between the last night and the first day of the year,
A crescent-shaped piece of sky
As if overlooking in a whale's open mouth.
Time inside the whale's belly,
Everyone living like lotus-eaters;
You move with it; she knows the road to take
And you are imperceptibly digested inside the whale.

And if you're as lucky as Jonah,
The whale will spit you out on an island,
At the same time with a bunch of inorganic waste.

All the world falls asleep. A sweet hypothermic sleep.
But people who are still awake,
Might see the rapid growth of the future.
Rooting in the past firmly
And building a future.

Part III

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK LANGUAGE

FRAGMENT 31
by Sappho
Translated by Shuyi Tan (Lesley)

He seems to enjoy God-like status in my heart
Whoever sits facing you
Who listens closely to your luscious speaking
And intoxicating laughter.
My heart is thudding against my ribcage.
The moment I gaze at you
I become inarticulate.
My tongue is tied in a knot.
Blazing fire under my skin courses through my flesh.
Darkness permeates my sight.
What I hear is thunderous noise.
Breaking out in brimming cold sweats,
I'm struck by a shiver.
Anemic as moribund grasses,
It seems that life is just bleeding out of me.

A POEM FRAGMENT FROM GREEK LANGUAGE
By Sappho
Translated by Haoran Zhang (Steven)

Almost equivalent to the gods for me,
he's the man who are talking face to face with you.
Sitting closely, listening to your sweet whisper.
My heart feels like flying away from my chest
— your laughter is like the songs of Siren.
Even a moment, when I'm looking at you;
although I have thousands of words, I just can't speak it out.
I got tongue-tied,
fire is racing under my skin.
My eyes are filled with darkness and fear, thunders are roaring in my ears.
Cold sweat flows all over my body, trembling seizes me.
What a violent sense of envy !
As for me, my life being almost lost.

FRAGMENT 31

By Sappho

Translated by Jiawei Li (David)

Gods favor that man deeply,

He sits shoulder to shoulder with you,

Enjoys your sweet melody.

Your lovely laughing crushes my heart all over again,

Every time as I gaze at you,

My voice was stole.

Fire is racing under skin,

Empty hovers eyes and drumming fills ears.

Cold sweat is broke out with tremble,

I'm ashes after fire,

Mind slips as life wither.

I must dare.

FRAGMENT 31

By Sappho

Translated by Yingyan Wang (Cheryl)

I identify the man as the god
Who's so handsome and locks eyes on you soulfully.
You lean close to him with charming voice
And slavish compliance.

Your tempting laugh seems to be an illusion
My heart billows with tears in my chest.
Whenever I gaze upon you, even in a flash,
I'm nothing but choked.

My tongue trembles into fragments.
Raving flames burn below my skin.
Eyes are like two hollows
And ears feel thundery.

My cold sweat breaks out and shivering
Entirely seizes me.
I am near death
Little by little.

I dare not survive with your absence.

Part IV

ORIGINAL STUDENT POETRY

DEAR GRANDPA

Written by Dongliang Guo (Wilson)

Today you look the same as you were in my mind.
Though your laughter is dimmed,
Your smiling face is a seal in my soul.
If you don't believe me,
You should come and talk to me in my dream.
Every bird flies in the direction of the end of the day,
And you too were raptured to heaven.
Have you ever thought about what Shakyamuni looks like?

The supermoon the other night looked like a moon cake,
And that's your favorite.
When you enjoying the moonlight,
I hope there are some moon cakes around you.

When spring returns next year,
You don't need to hesitate for the moment of parting.
And when the gentle rain begins to talk like your edification,
I will always pay attention.
You used to sleep all day long in the springtide,
But remember, you may miss the leisure morning to be with me.

By the way,
You will never need to worry about your grandchild's life abroad.
Now he is stronger than that little boy you knew,
And he is matured, enough to overcome any snag.
This is not the only thing that I want to tell you,
But would it be the same if I see you in heaven?

DEAR LESLEY

Written by Jiawei Li (David)

Today you look like a snowflake, elegant and delicate.

Why does God hide paradise in your eyes?

Your mellifluous voice intoxicates me.

If you don't believe me, ease your pace.

If the moon casts its light,

If the breeze cuddles the flowers,

If ripples quiver across the surface of the pool,

They all testify my words.

Every bird flies in the direction of freedom,

And you too, someday you will soar in your life.

Do you ever think about death?

Flowers always flourish when spring returns,

Beauty must ebb and fade as time goes by.

When spring returns next year, don't be sentimental with the past.

And when the drizzle begins to dance on the palm of your hand,

May the iridescent rainbow always find you.

DEAR HONEY

Written by Fu Tuokuan (Jackie)

Today you look like a lost child
your mouth is licking the caramel
but your face is full of sorrow
If you don't believe me, you should look at my eyes.
Every bird flies in the direction of different woods to find its habitat.
And you too, someday will be nervous because of the unknowns
Do you even think about my existence?
The super-moon the other night turned the night into day.
I hope it wasn't too light to hurt you or scare the inane ideas in your heart
If you just don't know where to stay
Then I will hug you, give all my best to you
But remember, everything is temporary and your strongest enemy is still yourself
When spring returns next year, don't get stuck thinking of last winter
And when the little rain begins to talk like some naughty guys whispering
I will always just watch you
And you will never be hurt from rumours in my heart
This is how I show my love and belief to you.
You are the only one I can see in this crowded world.
I love you.

DEAR FRIEND

Written by Shi Kuangdi (David)

Today you are such a gentleman
Your eyes are brilliant
But your smooth face is still great
If you don't believe me, you should take a look at me.
Every bird flies in the direction of home
And you too someday will be back
Do you ever think about your fate?
The supermoon the other night looked like a kind of moon cake.
I hope it didn't influence or disturb you too much.
If you move to another place then you will be more pleasant,
But remember, do not try to miss someone
When spring returns next year don't be sad
And when the lucky rain begins to talk like an adult
I will always listen
And you will never be hopeless and helpless
This is what you want and how your life is going to be.

FOR MY DEAR DREAM LOVER
Written by Geli Zhou (Gary)

Today you look so fascinating,
Your smile is so hearty.
But your charming face seems to hide a secret,
If you don't believe, you should find the answer in my dreamland.
Every bird fly in the direction of bright and warmth,
Do you ever think about the darkness and chilliness of my dream without you?
The super-moon the night was my love letter,
I hope it did not disturb you too much.
If you are tired then open your eyes and back to your real life.
When spring returns next year, do not remember me,
And when the drizzle begins to hit the window like a reminder
I will always keep you in my heart.
But you will never realize it,
This is how I treasure you so much and never stop my longing missing.
Although we always miss each other.

DEAR MS. UNKNOWN
Written by Jiaju Tan (Tom)

Today, you look like a stunner as always.
Your body is curvy,
But your reddish face is baby-fat kind.
If you don't believe, you should believe me.

Every bird flies in the direction of your room windows.
And you too someday will fly, away from me.
Do you ever think about that? Away from me?

You said the super moon the other night looked like
a basketball that I played with because
you liked the way how I played,
But I don't play anymore.

I hope it didn't bother or irritate you too much.
If you don't feel irritated or bothersome,
You shall keep reading this poetry-like confession.

And do remember, I can still interest you
Because of my unparalleled intelligence.
When Spring returns next year,
Let us hope it doesn't come too early.

And when the boundless rain begins to sing your favorite melody,
I will always be beside you,
And the same to you.
This is how we screwed up,
As a Chinese idiom says, "Distance engenders beauty."

DEAR OLD FRIEND

Written by Zhen Zhang (Lucas)

Today you look more emotional.
Your life is completely changed,
but your innocent face is the same as usual.
If you don't believe me , you should trust what is in your mind.
Every bird flies in the direction of the sun,
and you too someday will reach the place that is full of sunlight.
The super-moon the other night seems like the only thing we can share.
I hope it didn't sadden or please you too much.
If you don't want to think about too much, just forget me.
When spring returns next year, don't think of me.
And when the heavy rain begins to pour down,
I will always be with you,
but you will never know how I exist.
This is how I live in your life.

DEAR RAY☺☐:

Written by Haoran Zhang (Steven)

Today you look the same as usual;

Your hair is black,

But your face looks a little paler than before.

If you don't believe me, just go and check in the mirror!

Every bird flies in the direction of your nesting hair.

And you some day will let it turn grey.

Do you ever think about dyeing it another color?

The super moon the other night looked like a new color for your hair.

I hope it didn't upset or disturb you too much.

If you choose a right color, then you will feel refreshed.

But remember, green is never a wise choice.

When spring returns next year, don't let your hair grow at will,

And when the pouring rain begins to talk like a witch.

I will always remind you that it's time for a haircut.

And you will never forget to dye it.

This is how we can always be the most shining star in the sky.

DEAR FRIEND

Written by Kerui Xie (Ray)

Today you look like the flawless moon.
Your eyes are bright,
but your pretty face is pale.
If you don't believe me,
you should look in the mirror.
Every bird flies in the direction of the sky,
and you too someday will go to some places.
Do you ever think about leaving alone?
The super moon the other night looks like a time mark.
I hope it didn't disturb or change you too much.
If you change yourself, maybe you will be a stranger for me.
But remember, you are always in my mind.
When spring returns next years,
don't miss me so much.
And when the spring rain begins,
we will meet each other soon.
I will always listen to you,
and you will never lie to me.
This is how we trust each other deeply.

DEAR SELF:
Written by Kaipei Wu (Walker)

Today you look stressed out,

your life is monotonous,

and your fatigued face is insipid.

If you don't believe me, you should try anything once,

every bird flies in the direction of a fresh start.

And you too someday will arrive,

do you ever think about the past?

The supermoon the other night looked deserted,

I hope it didn't disquiet or grieve you too much.

But remember, live the way you like.

When spring returns next you don't need to do disinclined things.

And when the vital rain begins,

To talk like a tough pedestrian.

I will always keep going,

And you will never run away,

This is how we live.

DEAR SELF

Written by Ruoyi Bai (Ada)

Dear self,
Today you look a little different.
Your emotion is elusive
But your gentle face is glamorous.
If you do not believe me, you should look at yourself on the river.
Every bird flies in the direction of their nests.
And you too excited, someday will fly back home.
Do you ever think about the time we spent together?
The super moon the other night looked like the bright future you always desired.
I hope it did not leave you in a fancy universe or puzzle you too much.
If you give up striving for yourself then you will be trapped in a dilemma.
But remember winter must disappear.
When spring returns next year, do not waste it.
And when the soft rain begins to talk like persuading you into abandonment.
I will always encourage you.
And you will never lose yourself in the deep dark night.
This is how I company you forever.

DEAR SOLDIERS

Written by Yafeng Chen (Finn)

Today you look like iron,
Your eyes' expression is nightmare of enemies
Even though you are general children of your parents,
defending the motherland is in your mind.
If you don't believe me, you should ask the civil in your back.
Every eagle files in the direction of your barracks.
And you too someday will sacrifice or retire.
Do you ever think about if we don't have you.
The super moon the other night looked like signal which remind you miss your family.
But the gun, in your hand, also is a signal which reminds you're a soldier.
I hope it didn't make you sad or hurt you too much,
If you remember your family, you can notice your comrades who also are family.
But remember, no one could forget your glory.
When spring returns next year, the war may break out,
And when the first rain begins, you might fall down from bullet of enemy,
To talk like elegy.
I will always remember you, and you never leave us.
Because the motherland is exchanged by your hot blood.