

Fall 2000

Botched Translation

Catherine Meng

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Meng, Catherine (2000) "Botched Translation," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 54 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss54/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

BOTCHED TRANSLATION

I must winter my need to translate the lime growth
fizzling the shapes of trees.
Exposure through pried blinds.
Or how the alley transforms,
puddled night-like and gravel gagged.
Once more longing has gone to the jump of each clasp come
undone,
as I jimmy the words from their recesses.
I'm still wondering
on how the boy *swang* the golf club.
Because it's more angled and Chinese than
I'd ever imagined a stroke could be.
I've diagnosed these eyes broke,
so I maim the tongue to fit the sight.
We are all aslink and wanting from our windows,
kaleidoscope passed rigid in a failed attempt to share design.

I think if the wind has a voice, it doesn't sound like wind
chimes.