Fall 2000

Botched Translation

Catherine Meng
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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 swung 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.