



Ouroboros Review

Volume 1, Winter 2020

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Dear Earth

Translated by Tierney Cunningham

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

So many languages make up this patchwork, blue marble humans call home, but, for some reason, so much of American literature is widely translated into other languages but not vice versa. Our group set about trying to change that troublesome fact by collecting high school, student-translated poems and working with rookie editors alongside professional literary translators who happen to be teachers in our little universe, the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools.

We picked the name “Ouroboros” as our moniker halfway through this long process of assembling our debut issue because we knew what we wanted. Throughout all of the work and time we put into each translation, we knew we wanted to take literature and culture to another level, rising through multilingual boundaries and repurposing them for a broader audience to understand and appreciate. And so we bantered about what that could mean. We settled on a snake eating its own tail, a snake known for symbolizing the circle of life and the never-ending renewal of the old, requiring both old and new parts to be complete.

Then again, we can't get by on symbols alone. As we began our editing process, we quickly learned the importance of focus, dedication, and time-management. After all, creativity can write poems, but it can't put together a manuscript. Over the summer, we spent hours in the Regenstein Library — assembling pages and filling the floor-to-ceiling white-boards with bullet-points and checklists. And yes, it wasn't always fun.

We are not trying to replace the original texts. In our world today, we hear a great deal about appropriation versus appreciation. We want to honor the original text and research the culture and language, so that the original meaning shines through in its new form. We aspire to give English-speaking audiences the chance to honor it as well. Translating and shepherding someone else's words feels restricting, but it turns out that the best creativity is paradoxically born from restricted freedom, and we make sure to maintain the fine line between Cultural appropriation and Cultural appreciation. We strive to new lengths every time we translate in the hope of discovering new ways we can blend the author's words with our own. What we come up with is something truly incredible.

Happy Reading!

Venom

No Reason to Live

Vivere me certe libuit dum viveres ipsa,
sed modo morte tua mors mihi sola placet.

No Reason to Live

Certainly it pleases me to be alive with you while you were alive,
but now with your death, only joining you in death is pleasing to me.

Translated from the Latin by Olivia Griffin

Tejido con gran desvelo

Muerde la carne al beso,
Muerde al silencio tu recuerdo.
Como una carcel viva,
Se refugia en mi voz un lamento.
Tejido con gran desvelo,
Dejaste olvidado tu tiempo.
La esperanza,
Herida como la infancia,
Se fue en busca de un modelo.
Llegó la noche vestida
De humedad y de tormento,
Abrigando con su tiniebla
El dulce sabor de tus besos.
Hambre y desnuda soledad
Quisieron sanarte con huesos.
Un ciclo, una vida, un razonamiento . . .
Por fin, despertaste, y el talento brilló,
Astuto, en tu pensamiento.

Woven with Great Sleeplessness

The flesh bites the kiss,
The silence bites your memory.
Like a living cell,
It takes refuge in the moan of my voice.
Woven with great sleeplessness,
Left your time forgotten.
The hope,
Wounded like your childhood,
Left in search of a hero.
The night arrived clothed
In humidity and in torment,
Enveloping with its darkness
The sweet flavor of your kisses.
Hunger and naked loneliness
Wanted to heal your bones.
A cycle, a life, a reasoning,
Finally, you awoke, and the talent shone,
Cunning, in your thoughts.

Translated from the Spanish by Zain Jansen

Untitled

Очкарику наконец
овчарку дарит отец.
На радостях двух слов
связать не может малец.

После дождя в четверг
бредешь наобум, скорбя.
«Молодой, — кричат, — человек!»
Не рыпайся — не тебя.

Почему они оба — я?
Что общего с мужиком,
кривым от житья-бытья,
у мальчика со щенком?

Где ты был? Куда ты попал?
Так и в книжке Дефо
попугай-трепло лопотал —
только-то и всего.

И по улице-мостовой,
как во сне, подходит трамвай.
Толчея, фонарь на столбе.
«Негодяй, — бубнят, — негодяй!»
Не верти, давай, головой —
это, может быть, не тебе.

Untitled

Finally, four eyes
got a sheepdog as a gift from dad.
The little kid can't say two words
You can't keep him still.

After the rain on Thursday
I'm walking for no reason, in grief.
"Young man" someone's calling,
Don't bother turning back, it's not about you.

Why are both of them me?
What do I have in common with a thug
Screwed up from life,
And a boy with a puppy?

Where have you been? Where are you now?
Like in the book of Defoe,
The talking parrot squawked,
That's all you can say.

And down this paved street
The tram is coming, like in a dream.
The crowd, the lamp post
"Scoundrel!" They mumbled, "Scoundrel!"
Don't shake your head
This probably isn't about you.

Translated from the Russian by Michelle Tkachenko Weaver

Il n'y a plus rien à craindre

Il n'y a plus rien à craindre.
Les oiseaux sont emballés
dans la folie du ciel.
La matière n'indique
direction.
La nuit coule.
Je vois qui souffle sur la cendre
d'une cigarette morte.
Une pensée te quitte pour un ailleurs
trop riche en phosphore.
Secoue les fleurs blanches
de la nuit.
Secoue les grains usés
du silence.
Tu dors sans moi.
Je parle à toi.
La rivière est sombre.

There is nothing else to fear

There is nothing else to fear.
The birds swarm
in the madness of heaven.
None travel in the same
direction.
The night flows.
I see who blows on the ash
of a burnt-out cigarette.
A thought leaves you for somewhere
rich in phosphorus.
Forget the white flowers
of the night.
Forget the used grains
of silence.
You sleep without me.
To you I talk.
The river is somber.

Translated from the French by Carly McClear and Lia Garvey

Tenha

Okumadığım gazetelerin sayfalarından aktı gün
tıka basa söz, fazla resim
Söyleyeceğimi unutunca söylediğim de
siliniyor hafızadan
Günlerin adı olması ne komik
hepsi bir sonsuzlukta asılı kaldıkça

Ne sandın ya
Her dil bir veda aslında
Her dil çoklu çaresizlik

Masumiyet büyük kaçıyor ağzına
küçük bedenleri tüketen Çin
mallarını aldığında
Kâinat düşlemiştin sahi
Hayat Made in China

Sınav çözen sınıf sessizliğindeyim
Bir şey vardı unuttum
ya da çekindim paylaşmaya

Karanlık bir sarnıç var kalbimde
Dışım nasıl kalabalık
içim nasıl تنها

Empty

The day leaked from the pages of unread newspapers
Flooded with words and images.
When my thoughts slip from my memory, my words follow
Isn't it funny, how days have names
Hanging in eternity

What were you expecting?
Every language a farewell, great agony

Innocence doesn't fit your mouth,
For every product you buy, China drains delicate bodies
You really dreamed of quite a universe
Life, "Made in China"

I'm as quiet as a classroom mid-exam.
There was something I forgot,
Or was reluctant to share

A dark cistern dwells in my heart.
How busy my mouth is
How empty I am within

Translated from the Turkish by Berk Oto

Leichtes Gefieder

Vielleicht zu spät, als eine Krähe
unseren Morgen kappt. Ein Schlag.
Und ob sie fällt und ob sie weiterfliegt –
Ich frag zu laut, ob du noch Kaffee magst.
Dein Blick ist schroff, wie aus dem Tag gebrochen.
Es riecht nach Sand. Du fragst mich, ob ich wisse,
dass Krähen einmal weiß gefiedert waren.
Ich lösche die Zigarette aus, ich wünsch mich
weg von hier, ich möchte niemanden,
ich möchte höchstens einen andern sehen.
Du nennst mich: Koronis. Ich zeig zum Fenster:
Sieh doch, die Aussicht hat sich nicht verändert!
Was gehen dich die Stunden an, die du nicht kennst?
Ich will nur Mädchen sein, nicht in Arkadien leben.
Dein Nagel scharrt noch in der Asche,
doch du bist still, als wärst du fort.
Ich bin zu leicht für deine Mythen.

White Feathers

Maybe it was too late when a crow
rattled our morning. A strike.
And as it falls or as it flies —
I ask too loud if you still like coffee.
You look spent, torn by the day.
It smells like sand. You ask me if I knew
that crows were once feathered white.
I smother the cigarette, I wish
I were not here, I wish to see no one,
except you.
You call me Koronis. I point to the window:
See, it looks the same!
What does it matter, the hours you know not?
I just want to be a girl away from Arcadia.
Your nails are still scraping in the ashes,
but you are silent as if already gone.
I am too fragile for your myths.

Translated from the German by Susan Huang

Light Feather

Perhaps too late when a crow
severs our morning. A blow.
And if it falls and flies on —
I ask, too loudly, would you still want coffee?
Your gaze is shaken as if broken out of the day.
It smells like sand. You wonder if I know
That crows were once white-feathered.
I stamp out my cigarette, I wish to get away
from here, I want to see no one,
At most one other person.
You name me: Koronis. I gesture to the window:
But look, the view has not changed!
What do the hours that you do not know matter to you?
I just want to be a girl, not to live in Arcadia.
Your nail still scrapes through the ashes,
But you are silent; you may as well be gone.
I am too simple for your myths.

Translated from the German by Nicky Edwards-Levin

Fangs

Only Ashes

Fumantes iterum cineres quid respicis, hospes?

Only Ashes

Why look back at the smoky ashes, soldier?

Translated from the Latin by Olivia Griffin

En Puerto Rico Heredamos Tus Guerras

maldita sea las peleamos y qué nos diste

debajo de la iglesia de mayagüez hay huesos de taíno
y el padre lo sabe
todos los padres

dijo toma la cinta y mide las dimensiones de la iglesia
dime si vale la pena
por unos huesos destruir la fe
lo que vi cuando caminaba con mi cinta
eran viejitas sentadas rezándole a papito dios
con lágrimas de fe por sus criaturas
malformadas por el deseo
aires de mejorar lo que no basta
vi las caras de santos algunos dulces y otros
tan arbitrarios como la abstinencia
más que todo vi el oro la crueldad

volví al padre tras cubrir la iglesia con la cinta
la escena de una crimen
y bendito no le pedí perdón
ni pude explicarle
el odio nuevo

In Puerto Rico, We Inherit Your Wars

Curse the fight and everything else that you gave us

Now under the Church of Mayaguez there lie the bones of the Taino
And yes, the Father knows
All their parents know

He told me take the tape
and use it to measure the church
And to tell him if it was worth it
For some bones to destroy all faith
When I took the tape and went around the church,
I saw old ladies sitting, praying to God
Their eyes held tears of faith for the creatures
That had been malformed by desire
The desire of wanting to improve what was not enough
I saw the faces of Saints-
Some were sweet
But others
Looked as though they were practicing restraint
What stood out above all, however
Was the gold and its cruelty

I returned to the Father
It's as if the church were the scene of a crime
Blessed as I was, I could not ask for forgiveness
For I could not explain
This new hatred I now felt

Translated from the Spanish by Jayne Crouthamel

In Puerto Rico You Make Us Suffer

Damned, we fought and gave our lives.

Under the church in Mayagüez,
There are bones of the Taino people,
And Father knows
All the mourning parents.

Father told me look around the church.
He asked me if the wretchedness was worth it—
the bones of death destroyed by faith.
When I walked with the tape I saw
old women sitting, praying, and begging to god—
With tears of faith for their children,
deformed by their wishes for more.

I saw the faces of saints,
some sweet, others expressionless.
However, nothing crueler than this.

I then returned to Father
after covering the church with tape.
Then I finally set my eyes on a scene full of crime and sin.
I did not seek forgiveness because
I was not able to explain this new feeling;
Hatred.

Translated from the Spanish by Danny Han

Ecrire Le Cri

écrire le cri
la vie
une chanson promise à la mer
au premier matin du monde
le cri sourd d'un cœur de femme
le cri colère quotidienne
gravit la montagne du mot
en rythmes et poèmes
tripes et voix
lianes et liens

mille attaches meurent
à l'ombre de soupirs
mille attaches manquent
une rencontre
tirent leur révérence
croisée en étincelle

liens brisés parmi le chaos
morceaux épars
débris à coller au corps
dedans le cœur agonise
ô miracle un nouveau départ
se dessine
silhouette au vent
la silhouette salue l'aurore
chemin infiniment beau
de l'éternité à risque
à très haut risque
la vie à deux

Write the Cry

Write the Cry
Of life,
The song once promised to the ocean
On the world's first morning,
The muffled scream of a woman's heart,
of anguish, of fear,
Climbs the mountain of words,
In rhythm and verse
Escaping from the gut in song
plants up a wall, links in a chain

Thousands die together
Hidden In the shadow of others,
Thousands are missing . . .

A gathering
Respectful, in their honor
illuminated by flashes of light

The bonds shatter within the chaos
Fragments pummel the earth
Pieces stick to bodies
a woman's heart screams
with a miracle, a new beginning
a personal design

A silhouette stands against the wind
Greeting the new dawn.
The path before it knows no bounds,
The future at risk
A terrible risk
With the chance of a second life

Translated from the French by Lia Garvey

**Argonnerwald, um Mitternacht
Pionierlied aus dem Weltkrieg, 1915**

Argonnerwald, um Mitternacht
Ein Pionier stand auf der Wacht.
Ein Sternlein hoch am Himmel stand,
Bringt Grusse ihm aus fernem Heimatland.

Und mit dem Spaten in der Hand,
Er vorne in der Sappe stand.
Mit Sehnsucht denkt er an sein Lieb,
Ob er es wohl noch einmal weidersieht.

Und donnernd drohnt die Artill'rie,
Wir stehen vor der Infant'rie,
Granaten schlagen bei uns sein,
Der Franzmann will in uns're Stelling 'rein.

Und droht der Feind uns noch so mehr,
Und ob er auch so stark mag sein,
In uns're Stellung kommt er doch nocht 'rein.

Der Sturm bricht los! Die Mine kracht!
Der Pionier gleich vorwärts macht.
Bis an den Feind macht er sich ran
Und zundet dann dis Handgranate an.

Die Infant'rie steht auf der Wacht.
Bis dass die Hangranate kracht,
Geht dann mit Strum bis an den Feind,
Mit Hurra bricht sie in die Stellung ein.

Argonnerwald, argonnerwald,
Ein stiller Friedhof wirst du bald.
In deiner kühlen Erde ruht
So manches tapfere Soldatenblut.

Argonnerwald at Midnight

The Argonne forest at midnight.
A bright star glares
from his distant homeland.

Spade in hand,
He faces the trench.
Yet he yearns for his love,
Wondering if he will ever see her again.

The artillery thunders
Infantry marches toward us
Grenades gut us
The Frenchmen advance

And the enemy looms again,
Though strong,
Our ranks he will not infiltrate.

The dust-storm breaks! Landmines boom!
The star shifts,
Illuminates the enemy
And ignites the hand grenade.

Our infantry watches
The hand-grenade soars,
Crashes among the enemy,
Erupts with hurray.

Argonne forest, Argonne forest,
a silent graveyard you will soon become.
In your cool earth rest
So many brave soldiers' blood.

Translated from the German by Olivia Griffin and Philip Lengyel

CONTRIBUTORS

Sawyer Anderson was born on March 7, 2003 in Chicago, Illinois. She began attending school at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools in 2006, and will remain there until graduation in 2021. Sawyer was first introduced to Szymborska’s work, whose political and social beliefs fascinated her, by her Polish family friends.

Julia Anitescu is a high school student at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. Her hobbies include swimming, drawing, writing, and passionately expressing her feelings about superheroes. She lives at home with her parents, grandmother, and little sister.

Aman Arain is a current junior at U-High. He likes watching sports, learning chess, and listening to rap music. At school, he is a member of several activities including the Muslim Students Association, Human Rights Club, and Model UN. He also works as a peer facilitator for Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion. Aman has a keen interest in poetry, and particularly enjoys pieces concerning reflection and theology.

Tanella Boni is a poet from the Ivory Coast. She was born on January 1, 1954. She has a Doctorate of Philosophy and is a professor at the University of Abidjan. She has also written many novels and books of poetry. She is originally from Abidjan in the Ivory Coast, but after the start of the civil war, she left and moved to Paris. She wrote the poem “Écrire le Cri” in 2001 which was published in 2002 at the start of the civil war in the Ivory Coast.

Nora Bossong is a German poet. She was a 2001 Fellow of the first Wolfenbüttel literature laboratory. Bossong studied literature at the German Institute for Literature, and cultural studies, philosophy, and comparative literature at the Humboldt University of Berlin, the University of Potsdam, and the Sapienza University of Rome. In 2006, she published her debut novel.

Matthew Chang is a recent graduate from Lab. He has taken Spanish at Lab since the seventh grade and fondly looks back on the many kahoots he never won. He participated in many activities while at Lab, including the Tennis team, Young Life, and the Miyazaki club.

Juanangel Contreras is a member of the Laboratory Schools’ class of 2020 and about as interesting as a potato clock. That being said, he’s got just about as many uses as a spud does and some would say slightly resembles one. The Literary Translation Club’s favorite resident bump on a log, Juanangel enjoys overthinking things, older R&B, and semi-frequent bike rides. While just a little airheaded, Juanangel hopes to expand his peripherals and sees translation as a wonderful way to do just that.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jayne Crouthamel is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She is interested in the idea that poetry can be interpreted in innumerable ways, and enjoys being able to explore the different meanings of poetry. Jayne enjoyed the translation process, and hopes she will have the opportunity to do more translations in the future.

Tierney Cunningham, class of 2021, is a student at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She spends the majority of her time practicing gymnastics, but in her spare time she likes being with her friends, writing, and learning more about photography.

Sofia Damer-Salas is a senior in high school. She joined Literary Translation Club because she wanted to practice her Spanish and help share global literature with the Laboratory Schools. Aside from translation, Sofia enjoys dancing and spending time with her sister.

Mahmoud Darwish was an award-winning Palestinian poet and author and was considered the Palestinian national poet. His family fled to Lebanon in 1948 after the establishment of the State of Israel. In 1970, Darwish traveled to the Soviet Union to complete his education in Moscow. He lived in Cairo, Beirut, London, Paris, and Tunis, before returning in 1996 to live in Palestine. Darwish was imprisoned and later put under house arrest by Israel for his poetry as he was considered to be a resistant poet. He worked heavily with the Palestinian Liberation Organization, as he foresaw a future of peace and coexistence between Israelis and Palestinians that could be achieved through dialogue between cultures.

Born in 1964, **Graham Davies** is a poet who is not afraid of serious and controversial themes, yet isn't flashy about them. Davies spent his adolescent years in a poor mining village and because of this, formed a strong bias against the higher powers/classes that had placed him in such awful conditions. Davies uses his poetry to criticize those higher classes and the falseness of urban media life. Additionally, Davies strives (through his poetry) to give a new worldview on our everyday lives.

Hélène Dorion was born in 1958 in Quebec City. She studied Philosophy at the University of Laval, and published her first poetry collection, called *L'Intervalle prolongé*, in 1983. Since then, her prolific oeuvre – poetry, fiction, essays, children's books – constitutes one of the major achievements in Quebecois literature. She has won numerous Canadian and international prizes for her work. Many of her poems involve a clash between the environment and the individual. Her works have been translated into several languages. The poem translated in this journal was taken from *Editions de La Difference*, 2005, Governor General's Award and Mallarmé.

CONTRIBUTORS

Katja Edwards is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She enjoys reading, practicing sign language, and rewatching NBC's "The Office." Katja is part of an electronic music ensemble and works after school as a teacher's assistant.

Nicky Edwards-Levin is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. He enjoys running track and cross country. Nicky is arts editor for U-High Midway, and listens to classical music. He plays trumpet for fun and tries to see the Chicago Symphony Orchestra as often as he can.

Carlos Gagini was born in Costa Rica in 1865. He pushed forward for progress in anthropology and linguistics research. In his literature, he strove to represent Costa Rica's national identity and writing, rather than looking for European inspiration like many other authors. *La Bruja de Miramar* is one of his "Cuentos Grises" or "Gray Stories." These stories were meant to be allegorical or allude to an aspect of his life.

Sergey Gandlevsky is a poet and author born in Moscow, Russia. He is a contemporary writer known mainly for his works depicting the darker side of daily life under the Soviet regime in the 70s and 80s. He has an innovative style, mixing sophisticated language and slang, as well as traditional and modern references to portray the way life really was back then in a simple and nostalgic way. His poetry and novel have won many Russian and American literary prizes throughout his career.

Lia Garvey is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She enjoys reading, swimming, and listening to music. She has been learning French since she was nine years old. Lia enjoys learning and challenges herself to learn as much as she can. Her favorite subject in school has always been science, and she particularly enjoys marine biology. This past year she was given the opportunity to help start a literary translation magazine and hopes to continue working with literary translation in years to come.

The lyrics of "Argonnerwald" were written by **Herman Albert Gordon** and published in 1914, the first year of World War I. During World War II, the Nazi regime kept the melody that the poem was set to in WWI, but adapted the lyrics to be more applicable to the context of the second World War. This was fairly common for German war songs, as they often reused melodies from different wars by changing the lyrics. Even with Germany's extreme military powers, the content of the lyrics were often about happier topics such as loved ones and having a home cooked meal.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe died in 1832 after pursuing a professional life which included being a poet, playwright, novelist, diplomat, and much more. He lived in Germany and published his first novel in 1774, becoming a successful, recognized novelist at the age of 25. He is the only German writer in his field to have gained such a mastery of literature to be recognized on the same platform internationally as other German authors of philosophy and music.

CONTRIBUTORS

Olivia Griffin, 16

3 miles away

I love laughing.

I love funny socks and questions that make you think.

I love candles and having fun on summer nights that I won't remember but will always think of.

I love my JBL Charge 3 and hearing new music.

I love reading and finding new books.

I strongly dislike people who don't enjoy what life has given them.

Danny Han is a junior at the Laboratory Schools and enjoys indulging himself in Spanish culture. By combining Spanish and poetry together, he was able to be creative through the translation process. Being a varsity tennis player since his freshman year has also shown his fearless mentality against his opponents while experiencing the myriad emotions of his defeated opponent. With the strength of a lion and the heart of a puppy, his strong motivations on and off the tennis courts shape his poetic interests.

Susan Huang is currently a junior in high school who didn't know much about translation before learning about it in her English class. Susan chose to translate Nora Bossong because she was learning German in school and admired Bossong's focus on feminism in her poetry. Susan is now looking to translate Chinese poems to English, since she speaks Chinese at home.

Karin Karakaşlı is a Turkish-Armenian writer and poet born in Istanbul in 1972 and a graduate of Boğazici University's School of Foreign Languages where she studied interpreting and translation. Throughout her life, she has written poetry and fiction, worked as an editor for several bilingual newspapers, and taught the Armenian language at the high school level. She currently lives in Istanbul and is a lecturer at Yeditepe University's Department of Translation, but she frequently writes columns for the *Radikal* and *Agos* newspapers in Turkey.

Zain Jansen, a senior at Lab, is an aspiring DJ/producer who also loves the Spanish language. His interest in Spanish-speaking countries developed overtime in part thanks to his mother's influence and in part from the unique musical styles that come from Latin America and Spain. He wrote his translation as a part of a project in AP Spanish.

Nicolae Labiş was a Romanian poet born in 1935 who published two volumes of poetry, *Primele iubiri* and *Lupta cu inerția*. While his most famous work is *Moartea Caprioarei*, he wrote many other poems alongside the volumes, published in magazines over the years. Labiş is described as Romania's first dissident poet, as his poems did not fit with the Communist party's regime and some suspect that that was the reason for his death in 1956.

CONTRIBUTORS

Vivian Lamarque is an Italian poet and translator born in 1946. She likes to incorporate her own life experiences into her poetry, using her writing as an outlet. She had a tough childhood, so she likes themes of comfort and discomfort in her work, diverging from traditional Italian literature. Her favorite themes revolve around nature, using light-hearted words to mask darker topics. Lamarque also uses her position as a female to influence her poetry, often focusing on female experiences.

Jake Landry prefers to spend most of his time hiding in his room, avoiding most contact from the outside world, especially his little sisters who bother him to no end. Jake also has a need to keep his hands busy, often times fidgeting with things to the point of breaking them but combats this by building models and Lego. When he can't build, Jake also enjoys video games— particularly RPG's. When Jake does venture out of his house, he enjoys spending time with friends, often using his myriad of models to play tabletop war games, playing D&D, or conversing about the latest in Marvel.

Even though **Philip Lengyel** was born in the US, German is a big part of his life. He is a second generation German, as both his parents are from Germany. At home, Philip speaks German with his family, so he speaks the language fluently. Every year he travels to Germany to visit his family there.

Neil Macvurich, born at the beginning of the seventeenth century, comes from a long lineage of furnished bards to the Clanranald. His illustrious family kept a record of their ancestors and, in some of his poems, he writes about the history of the great clans whose records he kept. Macvurich wrote primarily about his heritage and his emotional connection to his homeland. He provides insight into the passions and the preoccupations of the Scottish highlanders during a turbulent time in history.

Martial, or Marcus Valerius Martialis, became extremely popular after publishing his twelve books of Epigrams. While living in Rome as an author, Martial wrote more than a thousand epigrams, giving insight on his upbringing, environment, and peers. Today his epigrams are considered to be the creation of the modern day epigram.

Audrey Snow Matzke is a pretentious art-freak who never shuts up in English class. Her hobbies include reading, writing, and listening to '70s rock music. She is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools, and lives at home with her parents, sister, and two cats.

Carly McClear is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She lives in Hinsdale with her two siblings and labradoodle. She enjoys listening to music and watching Gilmore Girls. In her free time, Carly volunteers at the Hinsdale Humane Society and hangs out with her friends. Her favorite poets are Shel Silverstein and Roald Dahl because their poems are very funny.

CONTRIBUTORS

Stephanie Miller was a U-High graduate in 2019 and will go on to attend Vanderbilt University. During her time at Lab School, she was on the varsity girls basketball team and spent summers at Seeds of Peace.

Orla Molloy is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. Her mother is a native Gaelic speaker from the Isle of Lewis and the Western Hebrides. Orla grew up hearing and learning Gaelic poetry and song. Because of her family heritage and frequent visits to Scotland, Orla has a strong connection to Gaelic culture.

Alexandra Nehme is a junior at Lab. She's familiar with the Arabic language, as her mom is from Jordan and is of Palestinian descent, and her dad is from Lebanon. Alexandra practices Arabic at home with her parents and two sisters. She is on the debate and tennis teams at Lab.

Ketty Nivyabandi is a poet originally born in Belgium in 1978. When she was very young she moved to Burundi. Now she lives in exile in Canada as a result of the conflict in Burundi and she continues to fight for other Burundians. She worked to mobilize women against oppression peaceful demonstrations. On May 13th there was a coup that meant that anyone protesting that day would be labeled as a collaboration in the coup and so she was forced to leave her country. She is a poet, activist and feminist. She uses her poetry to spread knowledge of the conflict and to promote women in Burundi.

Berk Oto was born into a family who had immigrated to Texas from Turkey merely two years before he was born. Even though he was born in the United States, his first and native language was Turkish and he learned English during his pre-school years at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools after he moved to Chicago. This is Berk's first time translating poetry.

Stratis Paschalis was born in 1958, and is an award winning Greek poet. He studied political science at Athens Law school and is known best as a poet, novelist, and translator. His poetry has a deep sense of musicality, and generally portrays the intersection between city life and nature.

Emelia Piane is a junior in high school.

Likes: Long walks on the beach, bass-y music, thunderstorms.

Dislikes: Smooth jazz, taking life too seriously, lukewarm coffee.

Magaly Quiros lives in San José, Costa Rica with her children. She is a poet and a painter. Her work has been displayed in Mexico and Panama. Ms. Laura Damer's AP Spanish class translated some of her poems. The class also had the opportunity of interviewing Magaly Quiros via Skype to talk about the theme and motivation for her poems. Magaly Quiros answered questions and walked around her studio showing the students her beautiful paintings. Her personal life and struggles are the inspiration for her poems.

CONTRIBUTORS

Ana Ristic is a Serbian poet and translator. She is best known for her witty, feminist commentary, as well as how she explores the mundane through the lens of poetry. Born in 1972, she has written eight books of original poetry, as well as 18 books of translations. In 2005, she won the Hubert Burda Prize for young Eastern European poets.

Raquel Salas Rivera was born in Puerto Rico and now lives in Philadelphia. They were longlisted for the National Book Award in poetry in 2018. Their poetry is powerful, tackling themes that include gender nonconformity, love, Puerto Rican culture, identity, and more. Rivera writes poetry with the intention of making their readers truly feel after reading their poems. Their poems force the readers to see the unseeable and the sophisticated. They often translate their own works, like the one in this journal, using the translation of the original to improve both versions. The book from which these poems were translated was from the Bilingual press and was the winner of the 2018 Ambroggio prize.

Saeyanni Simmons is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She is an editor in her photojournalism class and is a public relations representative of the Black Students Association. She enjoys writing about social justice issues and the influence of pop culture in American society.

Chika Sagawa was one of the first modernist female poets in Japan. She studied to become an English teacher but decided to join her brother, who was already known in the literary world, in Tokyo. Sagawa's real name was Aiko Kawasaki but she took on the pen-name after writing one of her famous pieces, "Left Bank of the Seine." Sagawa wrote many poems and was published in the most prominent magazines and literary journals of her time, but sadly Sagawa developed cancer at the age of 24 and died leaving a library of poems and translations that would later be published in dozens of different languages.

Izzy Kaufman-Sites is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. She has been studying French for eight years, and is very interested in French translation. She hopes to become fluent by the time she graduates high school, and plans to continue studying French literature in college.

Wisława Szymborska was a Polish poet born in Kórnik Poland on July 2, 1923, but moved to Kraków in 1931 where she stayed. She began writing short stories in 1943 while working as a railroad employee and as an illustrator for English language textbooks. In January of 1945 Szymborska began studying Polish literature and then sociology at Jagiellonian University in Kraków. There she became involved in literary circles and published her first poem in March of that year. Szymborska adhered to socialist ideologies until Polish Communist Party became national communists. Szymborska won the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1996 and continued to write and publish poetry until her death in 2012 at the age of 88.

CONTRIBUTORS

David Tapper is a junior at the University of Chicago Laboratory Schools. He is an award winning poet whose work has been recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards (2019) and the Austin International Poetry Festival (2018). David is a classics enthusiast and especially enjoys translating Latin poetry into English. His latest translations include poetry by the Latin poet, Martial.

Elise Turcotte was born on June 26, 1957 in Canada and currently lives in Montreal. She is most well known for her short stories and novels, but she started her career as a poet. She received her BA and MA in literary studies at the University of Quebec and her doctorate at the Universite de Sherbrooke. She currently teaches literature at a technical college in Montreal.

Lilah Wallach, translating from // Greek, with dictionary's help, // made this translation of "Blooming Mosaic" be.

Graham Waterstraat is a junior at the Laboratory Schools of the University of Chicago. Born in Omaha, Nebraska, he moved to Chicago with his family before eighth grade. He is a member of the varsity swim team, multiple school choirs and serves as master of properties for the theater department. Graham is of some Welsh descent; however, he does not speak Welsh and is learning German in school instead.

Michelle Tkachenko Weaver is a junior at the University of Chicago Lab Schools. Both her parents are from Odessa, Ukraine, so she grew up speaking Russian as her first language. She is very interested in studying languages and takes French in school. When she was younger, she was involved in a Russian theater to maintain her language skills. Michelle spends most of her time in the high school theater and has done both acting and crew over the years. She also competes on the varsity fencing team at Lab. This is her first time writing and publishing a literary translation. She also has a cat named Alysa, and who is very cute.

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Ouroboros Review welcomes submissions
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