(SELF)TRANSLATED

Magali Sperling Beck

Restless,
a wanderer of sorts,
inhaled by a language
that is not my own,
deciphering a landscape
I sometimes call home,
baffled
by those brilliant goldenrods
blooming
amidst the maroons,
oranges, violets, and reds
of already fallen
leaves.

1 Doutora em Inglês (Literaturas de Língua Inglesa) pela University of Alberta - Canadá. Realizou estágio pós-doutoral em Letras na Trent University - Canadá. Professora Adjunta da Universidade Federal de Santa Catarina - Brasil. ORCID iD: https://orcid.org/0000-0002-2593-0031. E-mail: magalisperling@gmail.com.
Vigilant,  
a collector of sorts,  
I gather  
the muffled whispers  
of falling snow,  
the smoky trails  
of burning cedar,  
the icy shield  
of river waters  
dissolving  
in early Spring –  
unfolding memories I hide  
between the pages of my books.

Determined,  
a calligraphist of sorts,  
I carve a new alphabet  
on ancient rock,  
Precambrian rock,
tracking the layered secrets
of the escarpment.

When language falters,
I paddle the cold waters
of Mazinaw Lake –
its depths,
a sanctuary
for the untranslatable.

Inscribed,
with a foreign topography of sorts,
I am.