

(SELF)TRANSLATED

Magali Sperling Beck¹

Restless,
a wanderer of sorts,
inhabited 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.

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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.