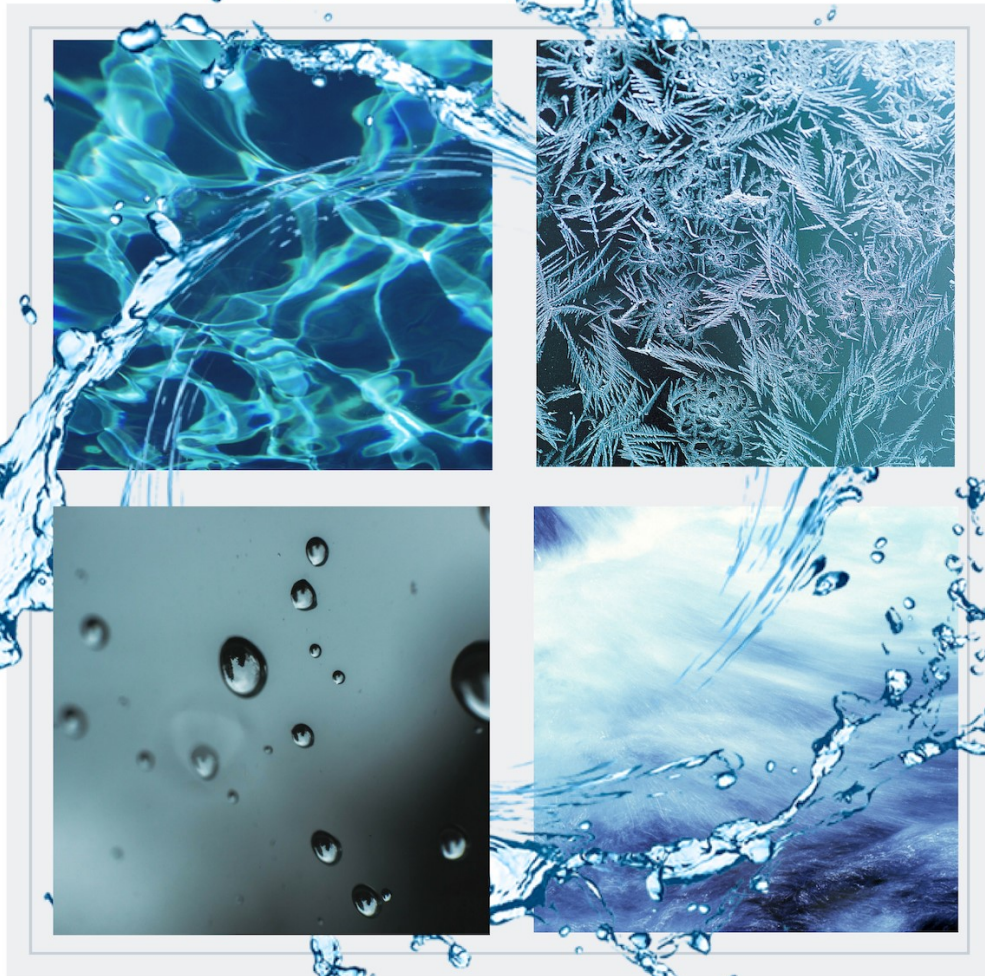


INTERNATIONAL WATER POETRY AND SONG CELEBRATION



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3RD | COOK-DEWITT 6:00PM



Program

Patricia Clark Poem: *The River Motet* (by Patricia Clark)

Isabelle Cata (accompanied on piano by Don Sikkema) Song: *The Sea* ▪ Chanson: *La Mer* (music and lyrics by Charles Trenet) & Poem: *My Former Life* ▪ Poème: *La Vie antérieure* (by Charles Baudelaire)

Deborah Grochowalski Poem: *Rain in the Pinewoods* (by Gabriele D'Annunzio) - Poesia: *La pioggia nel pineto*

Rebeca Castellanos Poem: *New Rhapsody (for Médar)* ▪ Poema: *Nueva Rapsodia (para Médar)*
(by Rebeca Castellanos)

Amorak Huey Poem: *The Observer Effect Is Not the Same as the Uncertainty Principle* (by Amorak Huey)

Don Sikkema (accompanied on piano by Cyndi Butler) Song: *The Sea is Infinite* ▪ Chanson: *La mer est infinie*
(poem by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont and music by Gabriel Fauré); Song: *Fog* (poem by Carl Sandburg and music by Roy Harris); Song: *The Trout* ▪ Lied: *Die Forelle* (poem by Christian Schubart and music by Franz Schubert)

Médar Serrata (accompanying himself on guitar) Song: *Under the Palm Trees* ▪ Canción: *Bajo un palmar*
(by Pedro Flores)

Cordy Crawford Poem: *The Spring Fell from the Rock* ▪ Poème: *La source tombait du rocher* (by Victor Hugo)

Tess Worthington Poem: *Navy Blue* (by Tess Worthington)

Zulema Moret Poem: *River's Alphabet* (by Zulema Moret)

Julie Eggerding, Stephanie Whitaker, Andrea Sanchez, Lauren G. Smith, and

Hope Mramo Poem: *The Toucan and the River* ▪ Poema: *El tucán y el río* (by Julie Eggerding, Stephanie Whitaker, Andrea Sanchez, Lauren G. Smith, and Hope Mramo)



Program

Lauren Jolly, Laura Hill, Lauren Rineer, and Abbey Wozny Poem: *Magic Bubbles* ▪ Poema: *Burbujas mágicas* (by Lauren Jolly, Laura Hill, Lauren Rineer, and Abbey Wozny)

Natalie Greenwood, Meghan Collins, Kelly Klouw, and Alivia Shumaker Poem: *Under the Sky* ▪ Poema: *Bajo el cielo* (by Natalie Greenwood, Meghan Collins, Kelly Klouw, and Alivia Shumaker)

Riley Lantis and Veronica Marquez-Brown Poem: *Polluting the World* ▪ Poema: *Contaminando el mundo* (by Riley Lantis and Veronica Marquez-Brown)

Ryan Lannon Song: *A March Drizzle* ▪ 歌曲: 三月里的小雨 (song by Steven Liu/Liu Wen-cheng and lyrics by Xiaoxuan) - (歌手: 劉文正 作詞: 小軒)

Josita Maouene Poem: *Evening News* ▪ Poème: *Les nouvelles du soir* (by Philippe Jaccottet)

W. Todd Kaneko Poem: *Fish are Jumping* (by W. Todd Kaneko)

Tanisha Islam (accompanying herself on piano) Song: *Never Let Me Go* (by Florence + the Machine)

Kahrlee Kozan Poem: *The Yellow River Blocked by Ice* ▪ 诗: 汴河阻冻 (by Du Mu) - (作家: 杜牧)

Kristen Strom Poem: *The Pike* ▪ Poème: *Le Brochet* (by Robert Desnos)

David Álvarez Selections from Poem: *Boarding/Collision* ▪ Selecciones de Poema: *Abordaje* (by Abderrahman El Fathi)

Janel Pettes Guikema Poem: *The Port* ▪ Poème: *Le port* (by Charles Baudelaire)

Jeremy Robinson Three untitled poems (by The Priest Mansei, Ki no Tsurayuki, and Kamo no Chômei)



Program

Séverine Ward Poem: *Fish* ▪ Poème: *Poisson* (by Paul Eluard)

Thomas Spica Poem: *Erosion* ▪ Poema: *Erosión* (by Thomas Spica)

Nikki Rakestraw Poem: *Draw Her Out from Living Water's Womb* (by Nikki Rakestraw)

Rachael Les Poem: *The River Reflects* ▪ Poema: *El Río nos Refleja* (by Rachael Les)

Anne Caillaud Poem: *Whale Hunt* ▪ Poème: *La pêche à la baleine* (by Jacques Prévert)

Ivo Šoljan Poem: *The House of the Coast Guards* ▪ Poesia: *La Casa dei Doganieri* (by Eugenio Montale);
Poem: *The Sea* ▪ Pjesma: *More* (by Vladimir Nazor); & Poem: *Grand Haven in Winter* (by Ivo Šoljan)

Taylor Crowley Poem: *I Went on an Adventure* (by Taylor Crowley)

Alyssa Spafford Poem: *Welcome Rain on a Spring Night* ▪ 诗: *春夜喜雨* (by Du Fu) - (作家: 杜甫)

Maria Mckee Poem: *Graduation Poem* (by Maria Mckee)





Writers/Musicians

Patricia Clark is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *The Canopy* (2017). She has new poems forthcoming in *North American Review*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Smartish Pace*, and *Valparaiso Poetry Review*. She is GVSU's poet in residence and professor in the Department of Writing.

Louis Charles Auguste Claude Trenet (1913- 2001) was a French singer and songwriter. He was most famous for his recordings from the late 1930s until the mid-1950s, though his career continued through the 1990s. In an era in which it was unusual for singers to write their own material, Trenet wrote prolifically and declined to record any but his own songs. Trenet's best-known songs include "Boum!", "La Mer", "Y'a d'la joie", "Que reste-t-il de nos amours?", "Ménilmontant" and "Douce France". His catalogue of songs is enormous, numbering close to a thousand. While many of his songs mined relatively conventional topics such as love, Paris, and nostalgia for his younger days, what set Trenet's songs apart were their personal, poetic, sometimes quite eccentric qualities, often infused with a warm wit. His song "La Mer", which according to legend he composed with Léo Chauliac on a train in 1943, was recorded in 1946. Trenet explained in an interview that he was told that "La Mer" was not *swing* enough to be a hit, and for this reason it sat in a drawer for three years before being recorded. "La Mer" is Trenet's best-known work outside the French-speaking world, with more than 400 recorded versions. The song was given unrelated English words and under the title "Beyond the Sea" (or sometimes "Sailing"), was a hit for Bobby Darin in the early 1960s, and George Benson in the mid-1980s. "Beyond the Sea" was used in the ending credits of *Finding Nemo*. "La Mer" has been used in many films such as Bernardo Bertolucci's 2003 *The Dreamers*, the 2010 German film *Animals United*, and in the closing scene of *Mr Bean's Holiday*. A Julio Iglesias version plays in the final scene of the 2011 spy film, *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy*. The song was also used in the opening credits of the 2007 film, *The Diving Bell and the Butterfly*, which used the song to highlight the paralysing effects of a stroke that felled his fellow Frenchman, Jean-Dominique Bauby. Both Trenet songs "La Mer" and "Vous qui Passez sans me Voir" were featured prominently in Henry Jaglom's 1971 *A Safe Place*. It was also used as the opening title song in Steve Martin's *L.A. Story* in 1991.

Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867) was a French poet and critic. He is noted for *Les Fleurs du mal* (1857), a series of 101 poems that explore isolation and melancholy and the attraction of evil and the macabre.



Writers/Musicians

Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), was an Italian poet, novelist, dramatist, and short-story writer, in Italy in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. He tried all genres with success. His poetry reveals his search for sensuality with a touch of virtuosity in the use of the rhymes. D'Annunzio wrote many poems such as *Primo vere* (1879), *Canto novo* (1882), *Poema paradisiaco* (1893), the five books of *Laudi del mare, del cielo della terra e degli eroi* (1903-1912). The poem, *La pioggia nel pineto*, is from *Alcyone*, the third book of the *Laudi*. Two of his well-known novels are, *Il Piacere* (1889) and *L'innocente* (1892.)

Rebeca Castellanos Professor of Spanish and poet. She has published *Eva 2000* (Torre de papel, 2000), *Sueños de Nebuhla* (Zona de Tolerancia, 2005), and *Los instrumentos del gozo* (Isla Negra Editores, 2016).

Amorak Huey is author of the poetry collections *Boom Box* (Sundress, 2019), *Seducing the Asparagus Queen* (Cloudbank, 2018), and *Ha Ha Ha Thump* (Sundress, 2015), as well as two chapbooks. He is co-author of the textbook *Poetry: A Writer's Guide and Anthology* (Bloomsbury, 2018) and teaches writing at Grand Valley State University.

Jean de la Ville de Mirmont (1886-1914) was a French poet who died at the age of 27 defending his country during World War I, at Verneuil. Jean de La Ville de Mirmont grew up in Bordeaux and at the age of 22, he moved to Paris, where he renewed his childhood friendship with François Mauriac (the latter was to recall the former frequently, most notably in *La Rencontre avec Barrès*, 1945). He held a government post at the prefecture of the Seine where he was responsible for assisting the elderly. In 1914, he was called to the front with the rank of sergeant of the 57th Infantry Regiment. He died buried by a shell explosion on the 28 November of the same year, on Chemin des Dames. His main works are: *Les Dimanches de Jean Désert* (1914), a novel inspired by his career as a civil servant, and building on the 8 short stories of his *Contes* (1923) and *L'Horizon chimérique* (1920), a posthumous poetry collection with woodcuts by Léon Dusouchet (1876-1936). Four of the poems, including the famous "Vaisseaux, nous vous aurons aimés", were set to music by Gabriel Fauré in a song cycle of the same name. More recently his poems were set by Julien Clerc in the album *Si j'étais elle*.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924), a composer, organist, pianist and teacher. One of the foremost composers of his generation, his style was eminently influential. One of his mentors and friends was Camille Saint-Saëns.



Writers/Musicians

Carl August Sandburg (1878-1967) was an American poet, writer, and editor. He won three Pulitzer Prizes: two for his poetry and one for his biography of Abraham Lincoln. During his lifetime, Sandburg was widely regarded as "a major figure in contemporary literature," especially for volumes of his collected verse, including *Chicago Poems* (1916), *Cornhuskers* (1918), and *Smoke and Steel* (1920). He enjoyed "unrivaled appeal as a poet in his day, perhaps because the breadth of his experiences connected him with so many strands of American life," and at his death in 1967, President Lyndon B. Johnson observed that "Carl Sandburg was more than the voice of America, more than the poet of its strength and genius. He was America."

Roy Ellsworth Harris (1898 –1979) was an American composer. He wrote music on American subjects, and is best known for his Symphony No. 3. Harris composed at least 18 symphonies, though not all of them are numbered and not all are for orchestra.

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739-1791), was a German poet, organist, composer, and journalist. He was repeatedly punished for his writing and spent ten years in severe conditions in jail.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828) was an Austrian composer of the late Classical and early Romantic eras. Despite his short lifetime, Schubert left behind a vast oeuvre, including more than 600 secular vocal works (mainly Lieder), seven complete symphonies, sacred music, operas, incidental music and a large body of piano and chamber music. His major works include the Piano Quintet in A major, D. 667 (*Trout Quintet*), the Symphony No. 8 in B minor, D. 759 (*Unfinished Symphony*), the three last piano sonatas (D. 958–960), the opera *Fierrabras* (D. 796), the incidental music to the play *Rosamunde* (D. 797), and the song cycles *Die schöne Müllerin* (D. 795) and *Winterreise* (D. 911). Appreciation of Schubert's music while he was alive was limited to a relatively small circle of admirers in Vienna, but interest in his work increased significantly in the decades following his death. Felix Mendelssohn, Robert Schumann, Franz Liszt, Johannes Brahms and other 19th-century composers discovered and championed his works. Today, Schubert is ranked among the greatest composers of the 19th century, and his music continues to be popular.



Writers/Musicians

Pedro Flores (1894 -1979) is one of Puerto Rico's best known composers of ballads and boleros. In 1926, Flores went to New York City without any formal musical education and joined another Puerto Rican composer, Rafael Hernández in his Trío Borinquen. In 1930, Flores formed his own trio which he named "Trío Galón", and whose music and songs had a faster beat than the "Trío Borinquen". He also lived in Mexico and Cuba for a short period of time. Among those who have performed his songs are Benny More, Los Panchos, Celia Cruz, Marc Anthony, and Shakira.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885), French poet, novelist, and dramatist. He is considered one of the most well-known French Romantic writers. In France, he is well-known for his poetry especially the two volumes *Les Contemplations* and *La Légende des siècles*, and in the United States for his novel *Les Misérables* (1862).

Tess Worthington is a first year at Grand Valley and is majoring in Writing. Her favorite genre of writing is poetry and she has been writing poems since 2015. This is Tess's first poetry performance.

Zulema Moret Poet and narrator, has published seven poetry books: *Cuaderno de un viaje solitario*, *Apenas épica*, *Cazadora de sueños*, *Un ángel al borde del volcán ardiendo*, *Poemas del desastre*, *Lo gris*, *Poesía reunida: La mujer de la piedra*. She has read her poetry in international festivals in India, México, Argentina, Spain, France, Germany, Austria, and in national festivals (Washington, Chicago, Grand Rapids, etc.). Her poetry was translated into Italian, Germany, French, Catalan, English.

Julie Eggerding is from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Her major is Legal Studies with a minor in Spanish.

Stephanie Whitaker is from Grand Rapids. Her major in Biomedical Sciences with a minor in Spanish. Her favorite things to do are spending time with friends and studying in the library. She is learning Spanish because she does not want language to be a barrier between herself and other people or opportunities.

Andrea Sanchez is a Freshman and currently studying Art. She's from Grand Rapids but lives in East Lansing. She loves her pets, to color and draw, and her favorite food is Mexican.



Writers/Musicians

Lauren G. Smith is from Grand Rapids. She studies English, Education and Spanish. She likes reading and writing poetry.

Hope Mramo is a freshman at GVSU, but is originally from South Bend, Indiana. She will be majoring in Marketing and minoring in Spanish. One of her favorite hobbies is playing instruments and listening to music.

Lauren Jolly is from Geneva, Illinois which is a small town outside Chicago. Her major is Clinical Exercise Science and she is double minoring in Spanish and Psychology. She hopes to become a physical therapist. She likes to write and prefers it over public speaking.

Laura Hill is a Freshman and a Nursing major. She is from Lake Zurich, Illinois which is a suburb about 45 minutes northwest of Chicago.

Lauren Rineer is from the Detroit area and is a Nursing major. She enjoys writing and reading poetry!

Abbey Wozny is a freshman from Commerce, Michigan. Her major is Behavioral Neuroscience and she enjoys reading, writing and running.

Natalie Greenwood is a freshman, majoring in Nursing and minoring in Spanish. She is from Chicago, Illinois. She enjoys learning about sciences related to the body, and life in general, like biology.

Meghan Collins is majoring in Biomedical Sciences and is from La Grange, Illinois. Her favorite animal is a dog.

Kelly Klauw is from Grand Haven, Michigan. She is currently undecided with her major, but thinking about majoring in Marketing and minoring in Spanish.

Avilia Shumaker is from Marshall. Her major is Natural Resource Management.



Writers/Musicians

Riley Lantis is from Brighton, Michigan and his major is Biomedical Sciences.

Veronica Marquez-Brown is 19 years old and majoring in Marketing and International Business. She is from Farmington Hills, Michigan.

Steven Liu (1952-) is a former Taiwanese singer and actor who has released 40 albums in his time in show business.

Philippe Jaccottet (1925-) is a Francophone poet and translator from the Canton of Vaud, in Switzerland. He studied at the university of Lausanne. He lived most of his life in Grignan, Drôme (France). He has translated numerous authors and poets into French, including Homer, Goethe, Hölderlin, Mann, Leopardi, Rilke, Unagretti. In 2014, Philippe Jaccottet became the fifteenth living author to be published in the *Bibliothèque de la Pléiade*. After Rousseau, Cendrars, Ramuz, he is the fourth Swiss author to be published in this prestigious collection. He conceives the poet as a translator of the world around him, considering language as essentially inefficient. He transmits his perceptions of the world expressing an aesthetic of . For him, the beauty of poetry resides in the knowledge that language does not say everything.

W. Todd Kaneko is the author of *The Dead Wrestler Elegies* (Curbside Splendor, 2014) and *This Is How the Bone Sings* (Black Lawrence Press, 2020), and co-author with Amorak Huey of *Poetry: A Writer's Guide and Anthology* (Bloomsbury Academic, 2018). A Kundiman fellow, he is co-editor of *Waxwing* magazine and lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan where he teaches in the Writing Department at Grand Valley State University.

Florence + the Machine is a British indie rock band that formed in London in 2007. The band's music is renowned for its dramatic and eccentric production and also Florence Welch's powerful vocal performances.

Du Mu (803-852) was a late-Tang dynasty poet who was active around the mid-9th century.

Robert Desnos (1900-1945) was one of the founding members of the Surrealist movement in Paris in the 1920s. He composed numerous volumes of poetry and prose embodying Surrealist themes of mad love, dreams, and the marvelous. He also composed a book of animal and flower poems for children, including *Le Brochet* (The Pike). During World War II, he was arrested by the Nazis for his involvement in the French Resistance. He died at the Theresienstadt concentration camp shortly after it was liberated by the Soviets.



Writers/Musicians

Abderrahman El Fathi (Tetuán, 1964-) is a Spanish-language Moroccan poet and professor of Spanish literature at the University of Tetuán. He has published several volumes of poetry. In 2000, his book of poems, *Abordaje* (*Boarding/Collision*) won the Rafael Alberti Prize for Poetry, awarded by the Spanish Embassy in Rabat.

The Priest Mansei (ca. 720) Little is known about the Priest Mansei aside from his secular name, Kasa no Ason Maro, and his poetry itself, included in the earliest extant collection of Japanese poetry, the 8th century *Man'yôshû*.

Ki no Tsurayuki (872-945) is best known as the compiler of the first Imperial Japanese Poetry Anthology, the 10th century *Kokinwakashû* (*Collection of Japanese Poems Ancient and Modern*). Together with his preface to the collection, the first explication of Japanese poetic theory, it became the model for elegant poetic practice for centuries after.

Kamo no Chômei (ca. 1153-1216) was known in his own time as both a poet and a scholar of poetry, but now he is best known for his *Hôjôki* (*An Account of my Hut*), which chronicled the war and disasters around the end of 12th century Japan. Japanese school children are still made to memorize the opening lines as a model of elegant poetic prose.

Paul Eluard pseudonym of Eugène Grindel, (1895-1952), French poet, one of the founders of the Surrealist movement and one of the important lyrical poets of the 20th century.

Thomas Spica is an adult student at GVSU majoring in Liberal Studies who enjoys creating works using digital mediums in his spare time. He appreciates musical performances, watching movies, and taking long walks in the wooded areas of northern Michigan.

Nikki Rakestraw is a senior writing student with a passion for words and the power they hold. She believes that they have the power to create and give life. In a world where death and heartache and weariness are so present, Rakestraw desires to breathe life and hope back into people's spirit through her writing. She firmly believes that her words are not her own, but like every good thing in life they are gift from God, therefore she wants to make it her lifework to offer her words back as a life-giving gift to others.



Writers/Musicians

Rachael Les is a first-year student at GVSU, and she's majoring in Psychology and Spanish. She has been passionate about writing for as long as she can remember, as it provides a great escape. She loves the ocean because she enjoys looking for treasures in the sand, particularly shark teeth, and swimming among the waves. She also loves to bake cakes because watching the ingredients come together and make something great provides a similar escape that writing gives her. Lastly, she loves her family and friends more than baking, the ocean AND writing combined.

Jacques Prévert (1900-1977) France's most widely read poet since Victor Hugo, was born in Paris in 1900. He left school in 1915 and worked at various jobs until 1920 when he served in the military in Lorraine and with the French occupation forces in Turkey. In 1925 he began to associate with the surrealists, including André Breton and Louis Aragon. *Paroles*, Prévert's first collection of poetry, appeared late in 1945. Patched together by René Bertelé from forgotten newspapers and reviews, cabaret songs, and scribbles from the backs of envelopes and the paper tablecloths of cafés, *Paroles* is widely considered Prévert's best work. By the mid-1960s more than a million copies of it and other collections of his poems were in print.

Eugenio Montale (1896-1981), the 1975 Nobel Prize Winner in Literature, is arguably the best of the Italian 20th century poets. Born in Genoa, on the Italian Ligurian Coast, Montale was, throughout his richly intellectual life, steeped in powerful, ever-expanding, poetic visions of the Mediterranean. Although his thematic range was much broader than a Mediterranean "creature", his maritime vistas and the powerfully rendered atmosphere of that special world have an unmatched appeal.

Vladimir Nazor (1876-1949), one of the top Croatian poets of the entire canon of Croatian poetry (15th to 21st century) and certainly one of the three-to-four leading poets of the Croatian Modern Poetic Movement (The Moderna--in Croatian). Born on one of the historically, very significant, Croatian/Dalmatian islands, the Island of Brac (pronounced Brach), he wrote more than 500 poems, many of them inspired by his native Adriatic Sea, throughout various historical periods.



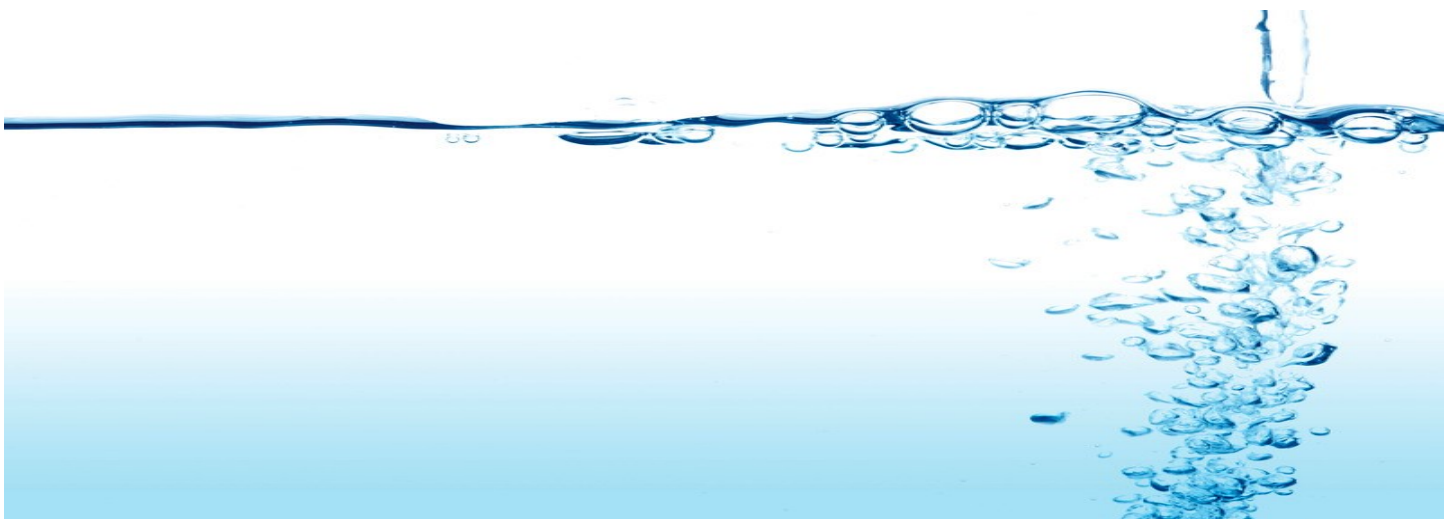
Writers/Musicians

Ivo Šoljan (pronounced Sholyan) (1947-) born in a fascinating Mediterranean City of Split (Spalaton) Croatia, on the East Coast of the Adriatic, which used to be ruled by the Venetian Republic, of four hundred years, until Napoleon destroyed Venice, as a world power. The city was originally built as the fortified retirement palace/villa of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, in the early 4th century. It is, therefore 17 centuries old and has become, in the 20th and 21st century's one of the very attractive tourist destinations, even for some American celebrities. Šoljan is primarily a literary translator, from several language; he is a professor of the English Renaissance Literature, primarily Shakespeare at GVSU, since 1991. He has published his own poetry and voluminous literary criticism. He lives in Grand Haven, with his wife Vinka, and this poem, "Grand Haven in Winter", has been inspired by the beautiful and often terrible waves on Lake Michigan.

Taylor Crowley is a senior at GVSU and is graduating in April with a BA in Writing. She loves poetry, rainy days, and writing poetry on rainy days.

Du Fu (712-770) was a high-Tang dynasty poet.

Maria McKeel is a senior writing major and poetry lover who is graduating this April.





Performers

Patricia Clark is the author of five books of poetry, most recently *The Canopy* (2017). She has new poems forthcoming in *North American Review*, *Alaska Quarterly Review*, *Smartish Pace*, and *Valparaiso Poetry Review*. She is GVSU's poet in residence and professor in the Department of Writing.

Isabelle Cata has been teaching French literature and language at GVSU since 1993. She loves literature and music, and particularly enjoys the challenge of learning a song twice a year for *Mélodies*. She started learning to sing and learn the piano after meeting Don Sikkema and admiring him singing art songs. Her first singing performance was in 2012. It was her idea to create this event and include all languages.

Deborah Grochowalski is a junior at Grand Valley State University. She is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts degree in music. Deborah is a soprano vocal performer and has participated in many venues around her hometown of Grand Rapids. These performances include; singing regularly in churches, a Christmas benefit concert at David's House Ministries, and weddings. She has also been a part of Grand Valley State University's production of Euripides' *Helen* in 2017. Deborah loves singing and performing and hopes to use her vocal talents in a future singing career.

Rebeca Castellanos Professor of Spanish and poet. She has published *Eva 2000* (Torre de papel, 2000), *Sueños de Nebuhla* (Zona de Tolerancia, 2005), and *Los instrumentos del gozo* (Isla Negra Editores, 2016).

Amorak Huey is author of the poetry collections *Boom Box* (Sundress, 2019), *Seducing the Asparagus Queen* (Cloudbank, 2018), and *Ha Ha Ha Thump* (Sundress, 2015), as well as two chapbooks. He is co-author of the textbook *Poetry: A Writer's Guide and Anthology* (Bloomsbury, 2018) and teaches writing at Grand Valley State University.

Don Sikkema began studying singing as a young boy. After receiving a B.A. from Calvin College, he earned a B.A. in Music from GVSU where he received a solid foundation in the pronunciation of the French language from Professor Feyt. From the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago, he received a Master of Music in Voice and established an important association with the pianist and coach, William Browning. Mr. Sikkema has had a many faceted career as a solo singer specializing in art song, chorister, choir director, pianist, organist, and teacher of singing and piano.



Performers

Cyndi Butler's interest in music was sparked when, as a young child, she played on an antique pump organ in her grandma's attic. Piano and organ lessons soon followed. By age eleven she was playing for Sunday school, then for services, and school ensembles. Mrs. Butler attended the Grand Rapids School of the Bible and Music and GVSU, earning a degree in music education. In addition to teaching piano, she continues to perform. A highlight was accompanying a choir to China to perform at the Shanghai Oriental Arts Theatre and the World's Fair. Mrs. Butler and husband, Greg, have eleven grandchildren whom they love and care for daily, attending all their sports and school events.

Médar Serrata is an Associate Professor of Spanish at Grand Valley State University. He received his Ph.D. from the University of Texas at Austin, where he was also the lead singer of the Caribbean Music Ensemble. His scholarly work focuses on the cultural production of the Hispanic Caribbean. As a poet, Professor Serrata has published the books *Las piedras del ábaco* (1986) and *Rapsodia para tontos* (1999).

Cordy Crawford is a first year French student. She returned to GVSU after earning her Bachelor's Degree in History and Classics to attain fluency in the French language. She plans to study Egyptology in France and wishes to earn her doctorate in the field. She is also interested in translation and loves working on her own translations of Homeric Hymns and French poetry.

Tess Worthington is a first year at Grand Valley and is majoring in Writing. Her favorite genre of writing is poetry and she has been writing poems since 2015. This is Tess's second poetry performance. She performed in *Mémoires* on March 20, 2019.

Zulema Moret Poet and narrator, has published seven poetry books: *Cuaderno de un viaje solitario*, *Apenas épica*, *Cazadora de sueños*, *Un ángel al borde del volcán ardiendo*, *Poemas del desastre*, *Lo gris*, *Poesía reunida: La mujer de la piedra*. She has read her poetry in international festivals in India, México, Argentina, Spain, France, Germany, Austria, and in national festivals (Washington, Chicago, Grand Rapids, etc.). Her poetry was translated into Italian, Germany, French, Catalan, English.

Julie Eggerding is from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Her major is Legal Studies with a minor in Spanish.



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Stephanie Whitaker is from Grand Rapids. Her major is in Biomedical Sciences with a minor in Spanish. Her favorite things to do are spending time with friends and studying in the library. She is learning Spanish because she does not want language to be a barrier between herself and other people or opportunities.

Andrea Sanchez is a Freshman and currently studying Art. She's from Grand Rapids but lives in East Lansing. She loves her pets, to color and draw, and her favorite food is Mexican.

Lauren G. Smith is from Grand Rapids. She studies English, Education and Spanish. She likes reading and writing poetry.

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Performers

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Riley Lantis is from Brighton, Michigan and his major is Biomedical Sciences.

Veronica Marquez-Brown is 19 years old and majoring in Marketing and International Business. She is from Farmington Hills, Michigan.

Ryan Lannon is a second year student at Grand Valley. He is a History major and is minoring in Chinese language. Ryan enjoys learning about Chinese language and culture; and is involved in the Chinese Language and Culture Club (CLCC). With his history interest, he likes learning about pre modern civilizations; and hopes to narrow down a more specific period before pursuing a masters degree.

Josita Maouene was born the year Marilyn Monroe died, in Montreux, Switzerland. The lake of Geneva, the Alps and the vineyards still define today very much of what she likes. She is a researcher in developmental psycholinguistics. Before that she taught children, teenagers and adults for 10 years and she was a social worker for eight years. She moved to the US in 2003, an old dream of hers, after completing a Ph.D. in psychology at the University of Lausanne, her alma mater. She left with two suitcases and in her luggage she had three books, Marc Aurele's *Soliloquies*, Seneca's *Consolations* and Annick Valin's *Histoires pour faire grandir les humains*.

W. Todd Kaneko is the author of *The Dead Wrestler Elegies* (Curbside Splendor, 2014) and *This Is How the Bone Sings* (Black Lawrence Press, 2020), and co-author with Amarak Huey of *Poetry: A Writer's Guide and Anthology* (Bloomsbury Academic, 2018). A Kundiman fellow, he is co-editor of *Waxwing* magazine and lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan where he teaches in the Writing Department at Grand Valley State University.



Performers

Tanisha Islam is a senior at GVSU, who is majoring in Psychology with a minor in Sociology. She is an international student from India, and her coming all the way to the United States to pursue her college education was a major turning point in her life. In her free time, Tanisha likes to spend time with her friends, read novels, play instruments and sing.

Kahrlee Kozan is a senior at Grand Valley originally from Ann Arbor, Michigan. She is majoring in Chinese Studies with minors in International Business and Anthropology. She is currently in her third year of Chinese and spent the past year studying abroad in Shanghai. Kahrlee is interested in East Asian cultures, languages, and art.

Kristen Strom is Professor of Art History at Grand Valley State University, where she specializes and teaches a course in Surrealism. She is the author of *The Animal Surreal: The Role of Darwin, Animals, and Evolution in Surrealism*, as well as the translator and illustrator of *Apple Blossom and Nightingale: Poems for Children by Robert Desnos*, which she hopes to publish in the near future as a children's book. She is also a musician and dancer, who has set numerous poems by Desnos to music and dance.

David Álvarez is Professor of English at Grand Valley State University, where he teaches undergraduate and graduate courses in contemporary world literature, with a special focus on migration. A native of Gibraltar, he researches and publishes on representations of clandestine crossings of the Strait of Gibraltar in Spanish and Moroccan literature and the arts.

Janel Pettes Guikema has been a faculty member at GVSU since 2003, teaching French at all levels and several courses in foreign language acquisition and teaching methods. Her research focuses on multi-/digital literacies, game-based learning for foreign languages, and social justice in language education. While she is an applied linguist by trade, she also loves travel, running, and reading, and she admits to writing poetry in French years ago when she had nothing better to do. These poems are hiding somewhere in her attic and will likely never make an on-stage appearance.



Performers

Jeremy Robinson completed his Ph.D. in 2004 at the University of Michigan with a dissertation focused on the influence of Chinese poetry on the earliest collection of Japanese poetry, the 8th century *Man'yôshû* (*Collection of Ten Thousand Leaves*). He teaches both Japanese language and literature and East Asian Studies courses at Grand Valley and currently serves as unit head for the Department of Modern Languages and Literatures.

Séverine Ward has been teaching French at GVSU since 2009. Her research interests include eighteenth-century literature, Business French, the use of technology and puppetry in the foreign language classroom.

Thomas Spica is an adult student at GVSU majoring in Liberal Studies who enjoys creating works using digital mediums in his spare time. He appreciates musical performances, watching movies, and taking long walks in the wooded areas of northern Michigan.

Nikki Rakestraw is a Senior writing student with a passion for words and the power they hold. She believes that they have the power to create and give life. In a world where death and heartache and weariness are so present, Rakestraw desires to breathe life and hope back into people's spirit through her writing. She firmly believes that her words are not her own, but like every good thing in life they are gift from God, therefore she wants to make it her lifework to offer her words back as a life-giving gift to others.

Rachael Lee is a first-year student at GVSU, and she's majoring in Psychology and Spanish. She has been passionate about writing for as long as she can remember, as it provides a great escape. She loves the ocean because she enjoys looking for treasures in the sand, particularly shark teeth, and swimming among the waves. She also loves to bake cakes because watching the ingredients come together and make something great provides a similar escape that writing gives her. Lastly, she loves her family and friends more than baking, the ocean AND writing combined.

Anne Caillaud has been teaching at GVSU for over 28 years. Her research focuses on gender representations in medieval literature. Besides teaching a range of language courses, conversation, French history and culture, she enjoys teaching the Introduction to Literature class and courses with a focus on medieval and renaissance literature. She loves Jacques Prevert's poetry because it is playful, modern and irreverent.



Performers

Ivo Šoljan (pronounced Sholyan), born in 1947, in a fascinating Mediterranean City of Split (Spalaton) Croatia, on the East Coast of the Adriatic, which used to be ruled by the Venetian Republic, of four hundred years, until Napoleon destroyed Venice, as a world power. The city was originally built as the fortified retirement palace/villa of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, in the early 4th century. It is, therefore 17 centuries old and has become, in the 20th and 21st century's one of the very attractive tourist destinations, even for some American celebrities. Šoljan is primarily a literary translator, from several language; he is a professor of the English Renaissance Literature, primarily Shakespeare at GVSU, since 1991. He has published his own poetry and voluminous literary criticism. He lives in Grand Haven, with his wife Vinka, and this poem, "Grand Haven in Winter", has been inspired by the beautiful and often terrible waves on Lake Michigan.

Taylor Crowley is a senior at GVSU and is graduating in April with a BA in Writing. She loves poetry, rainy days, and writing poetry on rainy days.

Alyssa Spafford is a third year student who is majoring in International Relations and double minoring in Chinese and Hospitality Tourism Management. Before coming to Grand Valley, her knowledge of the Chinese culture and language were very basic. With each class she took, she became more intrigued with the language and culture. With the help and support of her parents and Chinese professors, Alyssa will study abroad in Shanghai this summer.

Maria McKeel is a senior writing major and poetry lover who is graduating this April.



Performances

The River Motet

Poem by Patricia Clark

I.
The imp of the divine lives along the river,
democratic, among the tumbled chunks
of concrete, trees broken in half by last year's
storm, the asphalt path made smooth so the blind

can walk there and veterans from the Home
nearby. Why do you linger? To watch
the lovers bend to kiss, to see how wind
frets the water, to idle away an hour or two.

II.
Any town with a river is a good one
said a solid man I knew, one who understood
water, its riffs, mysteries, and its soul,
knew how the trout find still pools to lie
in, close together, their tails languid in a side-
to-side motion keeping their heads
always pointed upriver. Wisdom is moving water.

III.
A summer downtown evening, stepping outside
late, the city long since emptied. A traffic light blinks,
turns red. You might be caught off guard each time^¾
the O-ka-lee! of the redwinged
blackbird sounds a second or third time

before you turn your head. Musical, more punctual
than the moonrise, it devotes itself
to making a life along the water, nesting in brush
and rock near a blue bridge, and still singing.

IV.
First light or winter light, at midnight
when only streetlight glow burns on,
or in snowlight—which is like the light
within fog—and in all this long time

the river moves, sinuous, refusing to be
slowed at all, its face reflecting sky and
wind—now slate, or blue-gray-green, then
charcoal and silver, finally cast-iron dark.

V.
If you would, let the path take you down
to water, to the moving force, alive, that keeps
speaking—sometimes a whisper
only, sometimes rushing, turbulent,
and a few times nearly silenced by the heavy
dark of winter—though never for long and even
then, moving deep under ice—this
living thing, go down there, bend your knee.



Performances

La Mer

*Musique et paroles de Charles Trenet
Chanson interprétée par Isabelle Cata
Accompagnée au piano par Don Sikkema*

La mer
Qu'on voit danser Le long des golfes clairs
A des reflets d'argent
La mer
Des reflets changeants
Sous la pluie

La mer
Au ciel d'été confond
Ses blancs moutons
Avec les anges si purs
La mer
Bergère d'azur, infinie

Voyez
Près des étangs
Ces grands roseaux mouillés
Voyez
Ces oiseaux blancs
Et ces maisons rouillées

The Sea

*Music & lyrics by Charles Trenet
Song performed by Isabelle Cata
Accompanied on the piano by Don Sikkema*

The sea,
We see dancing along the shores of clear bays,
Shimmers with silver
The sea
Changing shimmers
Under the rain

The sea
With the summer sky
Mixes up her white horses
With the angels so pure
The infinite azure shepherdess
Sea

See
By the ponds
Those big wet reeds
See
Those white birds
And those rusty houses



Performances

La mer
Les a bercés
Le long des golfes clairs
Et d'une chanson d'amour
La mer
A bercé mon cœur pour la vie

La mer
Qu'on voit danser
Le long des golfes clairs
A des reflets d'argent
La mer
Des reflets changeants
Sous la pluie

La mer
Au ciel d'été confond
Ses blancs moutons
Avec les anges si purs
La mer
Bergère d'azur, infinie

Voyez
Près des étangs
Ces grands roseaux mouillés
Voyez
Ces oiseaux blancs
Et ces maisons rouillées

La mer
Les a bercés
Le long des golfes clairs
Et d'une chanson d'amour
La mer
A bercé mon cœur pour la vie

The sea
Has cradled them
Along the shores of clear bays
And with a love song
The sea
Has rocked my heart for life



Charles Trenet



Performances

La Vie antérieure

Poème de Charles Baudelaire
Poème récité par Isabelle Cata

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir, aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes,
Au milieu de l'azur, des vagues, des splendeurs
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

My Former Life

Poem by Charles Baudelaire
Poem recited by Isabelle Cata

For a long time I dwelt under vast porticos
Which the ocean suns lit with a thousand colors,
The pillars of which, tall, straight, and majestic,
Made them, in the evening, like basaltic grottos.

The billows which cradled the image of the sky
Mingled, in a solemn, mystical way,
The omnipotent chords of their rich harmonies
With the sunsets' colors reflected in my eyes;

It was there that I lived in voluptuous calm,
In splendor, between the azure and the sea,
And I was attended by slaves, naked, perfumed,

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palms
And whose sole task it was to fathom
The dolorous secret that made me pine away.



Performances

La pioggia nel pineto

Poesia da Gabriele D'Annunzio

Poesia recitata da Deborah Grochowalski

Taci. Su le soglie
del bosco non odo
parole che dici umane;
ma odo parole più nuove
che parlano gocciole e foglie
lontane.

Ascolta. Piove
dalle nuvole sparse.
Piove su le tamerici
salmastre ed arse,
piove su i pini
scagliosi ed irti,
piove su i mirti
divini,
su le ginestre fulgenti
di fiori accolti,
su i ginepri folti
di coccole aulenti,
piove su i nostri volti silvani,
piove su le nostre mani
ignude,
su i nostri vestimenti leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l'anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri
t'illuse, che oggi m'illude,
o Ermione.

Rain in the Pinewoods

Poem by Gabriele D'Annunzio

Poem recited by Deborah Grochowalski

Be silent. At the edge
of the woods I do not hear
the human words you say;
I hear new words
spoken by droplets and leaves
far away.
Listen. It rains
from the scattered clouds.
It rains on the briny, burned
tamarisk,
it rains on the pine trees
scaly and rough,
it rains on the divine
myrtle,
on the bright broom flowers
gathered together,
on the junipers full of
fragrant berries,
it rains on our sylvan faces,
it rains on our bare hands
on our light
clothes,
on the fresh thoughts
that our soul, renewed,
liberates,
on the beautiful fable
that beguiled you
yesterday, that beguiles me today,
oh Hermione.



Performances

Odi? La pioggia cade
su la solitaria
verdura
con un crepitio che dura
e varia nell'aria
secondo le fronde
più rade, men rade.

Ascolta. Risponde
al pianto il canto
delle cicale
che il pianto australe
non impaura,
né il ciel cinerino.
E il pino
ha un suono, e il mirto
altro suono, e il ginepro
altro ancóra, strumenti
diversi
sotto innumerevoli dita.

E immersi
noi siam nello spirto
silvestre,
d'arborea vita viventi;
e il tuo volto ebro
è molle di pioggia
come una foglia,
e le tue chiome
auliscono come
le chiare ginestre,
o creatura terrestre
che hai nome
Ermione.

Can you hear? The rain falls
on the solitary
vegetation
with a crackling noise that lasts
and varies in the air
according to the thicker,
less thick foliage.

Listen. With their singing,
the cicadas
are answering this weeping,
this southern wind weeping
that does not frighten them,
and nor does the grey sky.
And the pine tree
has a sound, the myrtle
another one, the juniper
yet another, different
instruments
under countless fingers.

And we are immersed
in the sylvan spirit,
living the same
sylvan life;
and your inebriated face
is soft from the rain,
like a leaf,
and your hair
is fragrant like the light
broom trees,
oh, terrestrial creature
called
Hermione.



Performances

Ascolta, ascolta. L'accordo
delle aeree cicale
a poco a poco
più sordo
si fa sotto il pianto
che cresce;
ma un canto vi si mesce
più roco
che di laggiù sale,
dall'umida ombra remota.
Più sordo e più fioco
s'allenta, si spegne.
Sola una nota
ancor trema, si spegne,
risorge, trema, si spegne.
Non s'ode voce del mare.
Or s'ode su tutta la fronda
crosciare
l'argentea pioggia che monda,
il croscio che varia
secondo la fronda
più folta, men folta.

Ascolta.
La figlia dell'aria
è muta; ma la figlia
del limo lontana,
la rana,
canta nell'ombra più fonda,
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!
E piove su le tue ciglia,
Ermione.

Listen, listen. The song
of the flying cicadas
becomes fainter
and fainter
as the weeping
grows stronger;
but a rougher song
rises from afar,
and flows in
from the humid remote shadow.
Softer and softer
gets weaker, fades away.
One lonely note
still trembles, fades away.
No one can hear the voice of the sea.
Now you can hear the silver rain
pouring in
on the foliage,
rain that purifies,
its roar that varies
according to the thicker,
less thick foliage.

Listen.
The child of the air
is silent; but the child
of the miry swamp, the frog,
far away,
sings in the deepest of shadows
who knows where, who knows where!
And it rains on your lashes,
Hermione.



Performances

Piove su le tue ciglia nere
sicché par tu pianga
ma di piacere; non bianca
ma quasi fatta virente,
par da scorza tu esca.
E tutta la vita è in noi fresca
aulente,
il cuor nel petto è come pesca
intatta,
tra le palpebre gli occhi
son come polle tra l'erbe,
i denti negli alveoli
come mandorle acerbe.

E andiam di fratta in fratta,
or congiunti or disciolti
(e il verde vigor rude
ci allaccia i malleoli
c'intrica i ginocchi)
chi sa dove, chi sa dove!

E piove su i nostri volti
silvani,
piove su le nostre mani
ignude,
su i nostri vestimenti
leggieri,
su i freschi pensieri
che l'anima schiude
novella,
su la favola bella
che ieri
m'illuse, che oggi t'illude,
o Ermione.

It rains on your black lashes
as if you were weeping,
weeping from joy; not white
but almost green,
you seem to come out of the bark.
And life is in us fresh
and fragrant,
the heart in our chests is like a peach
untouched
under the eyelids our eyes
are like springs in the grass
and the teeth in our mouths
green almonds.

And we go from thicket to thicket,
at a time together, at a time apart
(the vegetation, thick and vigorous,
entwines our ankles
entangles our knees)
who knows where, who knows where!

And it rains on our sylvan
faces,
it rains on our
bare hands
on our light
clothes,
on the fresh thoughts
that our soul, renewed,
liberates,
on the beautiful fable
that beguiled me
yesterday, that beguiles you today,
oh Hermione.



Performances

Nueva Rapsodia (para Médar)

Poema por Rebeca Castellanos

Parnasiana no, abolerada algo,
celebro hoy la llegada de las yolas
llegada a puerto feliz
nada trágico
las guerras ya terminaron
se acabó el vestirse de negro y el gusto Nietzscheano

Celebro la llegada bienaventurada a la ínsula, digo isla,
Llego a tu puerto flotante de boleros, versos, y besos

Vamos por agua y le cantamos al mar
Celebramos el mar
mar caribe mar dominicano mar haitiano

El mar es una avenida
caliente de comunicación

Llegamos juntos a la ciudad
Salimos en busca de pan

Vamos cantando
la nueva ciudad
 aventura repentina
 aventura de dos
 aventura compartida

certeza de tu mano en la mía
de tu mejilla suave en la mía

Rapsódica jazzeada abolerada

declaro:
hemos llegado al puerto

New Rhapsody (for Médar)

Poem by Rebeca Castellanos

Not Parnassianism, no, I would bolero-ize something,
I celebrate today the arrival of the yawls
their happy arrival in port
nothing tragic
the wars are over
I stopped dressing in black and the pleasures of Nietzsche

I welcome the blessed arrival to the insular... I mean island,
I arrive at your port buoyed by boleros, verses, and kisses

Let's go to the water and sing to the sea
We'll celebrate the sea
Caribbean Sea Dominican Sea Haitian Sea

The sea is an avenue
hot with announcements

We arrived together in the city
We left in search of bread

We go on singing
the new city
 sudden adventure
 adventure of two
 shared adventure

assurance of your hand in mine
your soft cheek on mine

rhapsodic jazzed-up bolero-ized

I declare:
We have arrived in port



Performances

The Observer Effect Is Not the Same as the Uncertainty Principle

Poem by Amorak Huey

The family moved to town after all the bridges had been replaced, skeletons of the old ways looming beside the new. The rivers dried up. The family tried to understand where they had arrived, what their neighbors did for wonder. So much rain in the spring. So much death in the summer. Hard to see both at the same time. They hired a dowser. Where his stick bobbed they dug a well, then dug another. It was not the stories they needed to understand, it was the space between. Learning to use that space is how we keep our species alive. At the edge of the dry riverbed, a great blue heron stood each morning. Waited, for fish that had died a full season before. The sun sustains what it cannot destroy.





Performances

La Mer est infinie

*Poème de Jean de la Ville de Mirmont
Musique de Gabriel Fauré
Chanson interprétée par Don Sikkema
Accompagné au piano par Cyndi Butler*

La mer est infinie et mes rêves sont fous.
La mer chante au soleil en battant les falaises
Et mes rêves légers ne se sentent plus d'aise
De danser sur la mer comme des oiseaux soûls.

Le vaste mouvement des vagues les emporte,
La brise les agite et les roule en ses plis ;
Jouant dans le sillage, ils feront une escorte
Aux vaisseaux que mon cœur dans leur fuite a suivis.

Ivres d'air et de sel et brûlés par l'écume
De la mer qui console et qui lave des pleurs
Ils connaîtront le large et sa bonne amertume ;
Les goélands perdus les prendront pour des leurs.

The Sea is Infinite

*Poem by Jean de la Ville de Mirmont
Music by Gabriel Fauré
Song performed by Don Sikkema
Accompanied on the piano by Cyndi Butler*

The sea is infinite and my dreams are mad.
The sea sings to the sun while it beats against the cliffs,
And my light dreams couldn't feel happier
To dance on the sea like tipsy birds.

The vast movement of the waves carries them away,
The breeze tosses them and rolls them in its folds;
Playing in the wake, they will make an escort
For the fleeing vessels which my heart has followed.

Intoxicated with air and salt, and stung by the foam
Of the sea which consoles and washes away tears,
They will know the open sea and its good bitterness;
The stray seagulls will take them as their own.



Performances

Fog

Poem by Carl Sandburg

Music by Roy Harris

Song performed by Don Sikkema

Accompanied on the piano by Cyndi Butler

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.





Performances

Die Forelle

*Gedicht von Christian Schubart
Musik von Franz Schubert
Lied gespielt von Don Sikkema
Am klavier begleitet von Cyndi Butler*

In einem Bächlein helle,
Da schoss in froher Eil'
Die launische Forelle
Vorueber wie ein Pfeil.
Ich stand an dem Gestade
Und sah in süsser Ruh'
Des muntern Fishleins Bade
Im klaren Bächlein zu.

Ein Fischer mit der Rute
Wohl an dem Ufer stand,
Und sah's mit kaltem Blute
Wie sich das Fischlein wand.
So lang dem Wasser helle
So dacht' ich, nicht gebricht,
So fängt er die Forelle
Mit seiner Angel nicht.

Doch endlich ward dem Diebe
Die Zeit zu lang.
Er macht das Bächlein tückisch trübe,
Und eh' ich es gedacht
So zuckte seine Rute
Das Fischlein zappelt dran,
Und ich mit regem Blute
Sah die Betrog'ne an.

The Trout

*Poem by Christian Schubart
Music by Franz Schubert
Song performed by Don Sikkema
Accompanied on the piano by Cyndi Butler*

In a clear brooklet,
With happy haste,
A moody trout
Darted by like an arrow.
I stood on the bank
And watched contentedly
The merry little fish's bath
In the clear brooklet.

A fisher with his rod
Also stood on the bank
And sees, cold heartedly,
How the little fish twists about.
As long as the clear water,
I thought, is not disturbed,
He will not catch the trout
With his hook.

But, finally, for the thief,
The wait was too long.
He slyly muddies the brooklet
And, before I knew it,
He jerked his rod
And the little fish struggles on it,
And I, with raging blood,
Beheld the deceived one.



Performances

Bajo un palmar

*Canción por Pedro Flores
Canción interpretada por Médar Serrata y también
toca la guitarra*

Yo tuve un sueño feliz
quise hacerlo una canción
y mi guitarra cogí...
puse todo el corazón
concentré, pensando en ti,
volaron las palomas del milagro
y escucha dulce bien lo que escribí.

Era en una playa de mi tierra tan querida
a la orilla del mar.
Era que allí estaba celebrándose una gira
debajo de un palmar.
Era que estabas preciosa
con el color de rosa
de tu traje sencillo y sin igual.
Era que eras novia mía
y que yo te sentía,
nerviosa entre mis brazos suspirar.
Era que todo fue un sueño
pero logré mi empeño
porque te pude besar.

Sueño feliz
bajo un palmar.

Under the Palm Trees

*Song by Pedro Flores
Song performed by Médar Serrata on the guitar*

I had a happy dream
I wanted to make it into a song
and I took up my guitar.
I put my heart into it,
concentrating my thoughts on you.
The doves flew
signaling the miracle.
Now my love, listen to what I wrote.

[The dream] was in one of the beaches of my beloved country
at the sea side.
There was group having a holiday under the palm trees.
You looked beautiful
in the rose color
of your simple dress beyond compare.
You were my sweetheart,
and I felt
you sigh nervously in my arms.
It was all a dream
but I achieved my goal
because I was able to kiss you.

Happy dream
under the palm trees.



Performances

La source tombait du rocher

Poème de Victor Hugo

Poème récité par Cordy Crawford

La source tombait du rocher
Goutte à goutte à la mer affreuse.
L'Océan, fatal au nocher,
Lui dit: -Que me veux-tu, pleureuse?
Je suis la tempête et l'effroi;
Je finis où le ciel commence.
Est-ce que j'ai besoin de toi,
Petite, moi qui suis l'immense?
La source dit au gouffre amer:
-je te donne, sans bruit ni gloire,
Ce qui te manque, ô vaste mer!
Une goutte d'eau qu'on peut boire.

The Spring Fell From the Rock

Poem by Victor Hugo

Poem recited by Cordy Crawford

The spring fell from the rock
Drop by drop into the dreadful sea.
The ocean, deadly to the ferryman,
said to it: -What do you want of me, weeper?
I am the tempest and the terror;
I end where the sky begins.
What could I need of you,
So small, when I am immense?
The spring said to the bitter abyss:
-I give to you, without noise nor glory,
that which you lack, o vast sea!
A drop of water that one can drink.

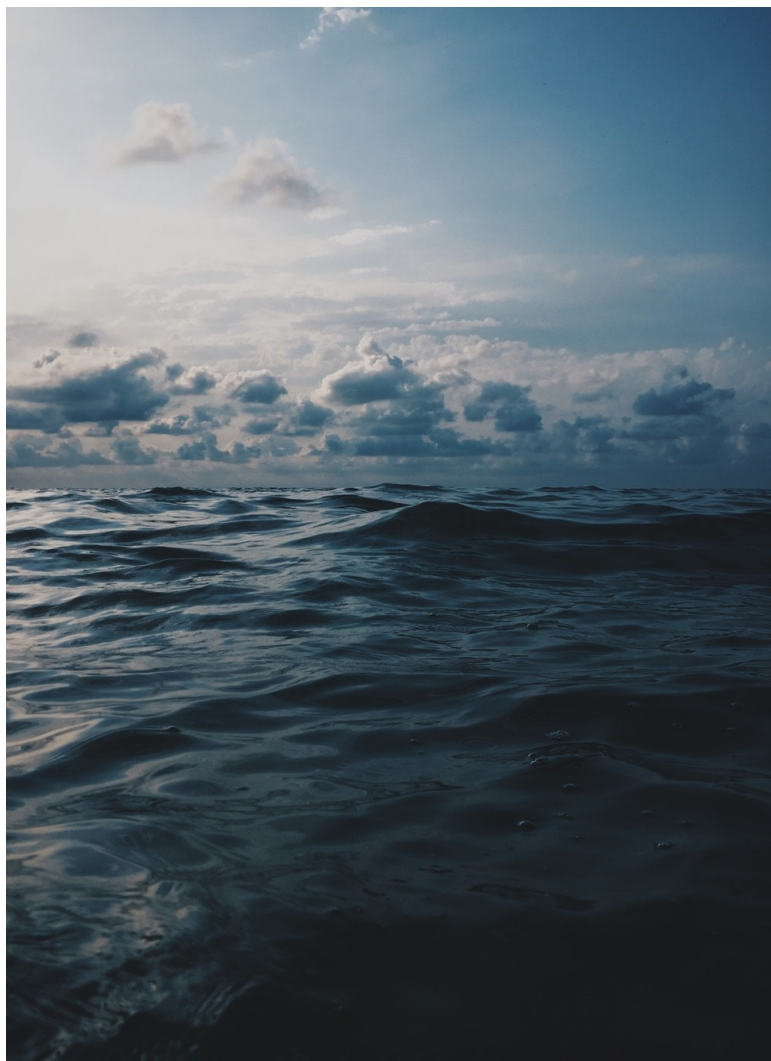
A dynamic splash of water in shades of blue, with many small droplets and bubbles, moving from the top left towards the center of the page.

Performances

Navy Blue

Poem by Tess Worthington

There is something about the ocean; vast and dark
Far as the eye can see
Black void, like it could swallow you whole
But the waves – calm, swishing and singing
Breathe in peace
Crash again
Fall asleep



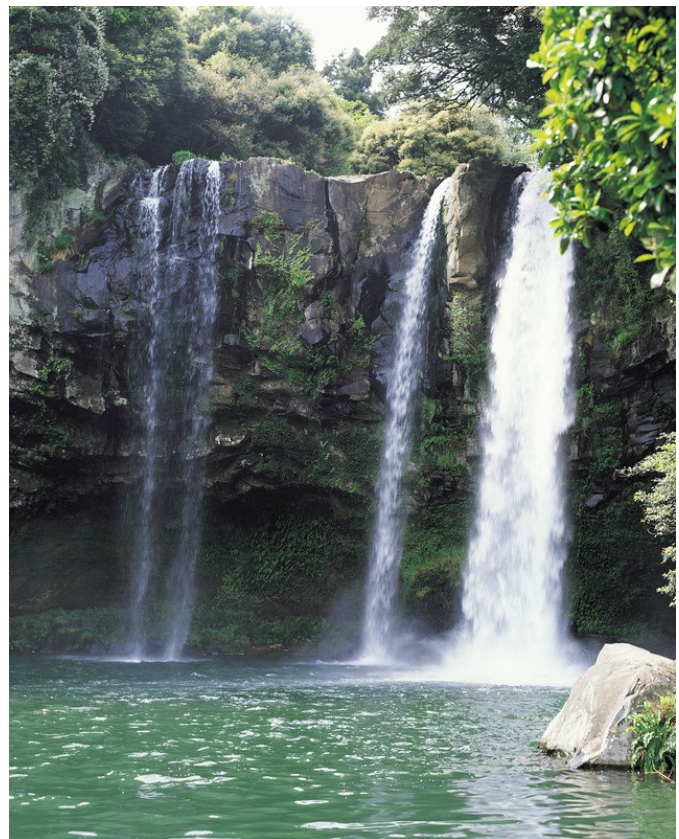


Performances

River's Alphabet

Poem by Zulema Moret

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| Amazonas | Lena |
| Banks | Mekong |
| Bed | Meander |
| Cliff | Mouth |
| Channel | Negro |
| Dam | Olenyok |
| Danube | Pollution |
| Delta | Quillayute |
| Estuary | Rill |
| Erosion | Silt |
| Flood | Trunk |
| Ganges | Uruguay |
| Headwater | Volga |
| Japura | Waterfall |
| Iça | Xingu |
| Kura | Yamuna |
| | Zambezi |





Performances

El tucán y el río

Poema por Julie Eggerding, Stephanie Whitaker, Andrea Sanchez, Lauren G. Smith, y Hope Mramo

El tucán se relaja en el árbol.
Sus plumas brillan negras, amarillas, anaranjadas,
como el atardecer
Con su pico largo grazna

EERRAAAK

El árbol viejo vigila el río
Las vidas bailan en el viento
Las montañas rompen la niebla
Y alcanzan el cielo
El río tranquilo fluye entre las montañas
La cascada abraza el río.

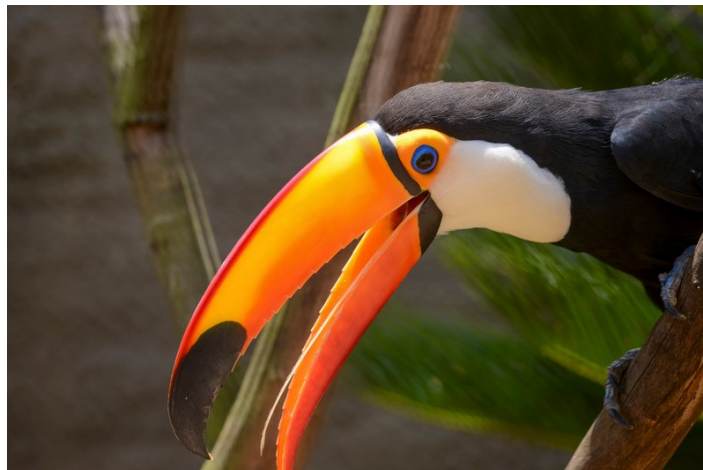
The Toucan and the River

Poem by Julie Eggerding, Stephanie Whitaker, Andrea Sanchez, Lauren G. Smith, and Hope Mramo

The toucan relaxes in the tree.
His black, yellow and orange feathers bright
like the sunset
With his long beak he caws

EERRAAAK

The old tree keeps vigil on the river
The vines dance in the wind
The mountains break the clouds
And reach the sky
The calm river flows through the mountains
And the cascades embrace the river.





Performances

Burbujas mágicas

Poema por Lauren Jolly, Laura Hill, Lauren Rineer, y Abbey Wozny

Los niños lavan sus manos
En el lavabo mágico de su imaginación
El chico de pelo corto lleva
 Una sonrisa grande
La risa del niño canta en el aire
 Como una canción
La chica con pelo castaño y ojos oscuros está seria
Hay un reflejo de sus ojos oscuros
 En las burbujas
Las burbujas llenan el lavabo y
El cuarto de paredes anaranjadas, azules, y rosadas
El agua ruge mientras inunda el lavabo
 Como un río

Magic Bubbles

Poem by Lauren Jolly, Laura Hill, Lauren Rineer, and Abbey Wozny

The children wash their hands
in the magic sink of their imagination
The short-haired boy wears
 A big smile
The boy's laugh sings in the air
 Like a song
The girl with dark brown hair and eyes is serious
There is a reflection of her dark eyes
 In the bubbles
The bubbles full the sink and
The room with orange, blue, and pink walls
The water roars while it floods the sink
 Like a river





Performances

Bajo el cielo

Poema por Natalie Greenwood, Meghan Collins, Kelly Klouw, y Alivia Shumaker

Siete pájaros anaranjados vuelan sobre el río
Los pájaros cantan canciones ruidosas y dulces
En el cielo azul brillante sin nubes
Un caballo anaranjado está comiendo el césped
El caballo está en silencio,
Pero se oye el césped entre de sus dientes
Las olas del río no son rápidas
Es profundo, limpio, y azul claro
Fluye hacia el sur.
Las lechugas más verdes oscuras y más altas crecen cerca
del río.
Las plantas verdes en el campo bailan con el viento.

Under the Sky

Poem by Natalie Greenwood, Meghan Collins, Kelly Klouw, and Alivia Shumaker

Seven orange birds fly over the river
The birds sing loud and sweet songs
In the bright, blue sky, without clouds
An orange horse is eating the grass
The horse is silent
But you can hear the grass between its teeth
The waves of the river are fast.
The deep, clean, and light blue river
Flows toward the south.
The very dark green, tall lettuce grows near
the river.
The green plants on the farm dance with the wind.





Performances

Contaminando el mundo

Poema por Riley Lantis y Veronica Marquez-Brown

Encima del mar flotan barcos
Los barcos ensucian el agua
Como las fábricas ensucian el aire
Los barcos se reflejan en el agua
La contaminación oscurece el mundo
El mar y la gente respiran la contaminación
Que infecta al mundo como una enfermedad

Polluting the World

Poem by Riley Lantis and Veronica Marquez-Brown

On top of the ocean boats float
The boats pollute the water
Like the factories pollute the air
The boats are reflected in the water
The contamination darkened the world
The ocean and the people breathe in the pollution
That infects the world like a disease





Performances

三月里的小雨

歌手: 劉文正

作詞: 小軒

Song performed by Ryan Lannon

三月裡的小雨
淅瀝瀝瀝瀝瀝
淅瀝瀝瀝下個不停
山谷裡的小溪
嘩啦啦啦啦
嘩啦啦流不停
小雨為誰飄
小溪為誰流
帶著滿懷的淒清
三月裡的小雨
淅瀝瀝瀝瀝瀝
淅瀝瀝瀝下個不停
山谷裡的小溪
嘩啦啦啦啦
嘩啦啦流不停
小雨陪伴我
小溪聽我訴
可知我滿懷的寂寞
請問小溪
誰帶我追尋
追尋那一顆愛我的心

A March Drizzle

Lyrics by Xiaoxuan

Music by Steven Liu/Liu Wen-cheng

Song performed by Ryan Lannon

There is a drizzle in March
It is pitter-pattering.
It is pitter-pattering and never stopping.
There is a flowing stream the valley.
It is flowing and rushing.
It is flowing and rushing and never ending.
For whom is the rain drizzling?
For whom is the stream flowing?
Bringing sorrow with it.
There is a drizzle in March
It is pitter-pattering.
It is pitter-pattering and never stopping.
There is a flowing stream in a valley.
It is flowing and rushing.
It is flowing and rushing and never ending.
The drizzle keeps me company.
The stream listens to me.
I'm full of loneliness.
I'd like to ask the stream.
Who will bring me searching,
Searching for someone who loves me with all of their heart.



Performances

Les nouvelles du soir

Poème de Philippe Jaccottet

Poème récité par Josita Maouene

l'heure où la lumière enfouit son visage
dans notre cou, on crie les nouvelles du soir,
on nous écorche. L'air est doux. Gens de passage
dans cette ville, on pourra juste un peu s'asseoir
au bord du fleuve où bouge un arbre à peine vert,
après avoir mangé en hâte ; aurai-je même
le temps de faire ce voyage avant l'hiver,
de t'embrasser avant de partir ? Si tu m'aimes,
retiens-moi, le temps de reprendre souffle, au moins,
juste pour ce printemps, qu'on nous laisse tranquilles
longer la tremblante paix du fleuve, très loin,
jusqu'où s'allument les fabriques immobiles...
Mais pas moyen. Il ne faut pas que l'étranger
qui marche se retourne, ou il serait changé
en statue : on ne peut qu'avancer. Et les villes
qui sont encor debout brûleront. Une chance
que j'aie au moins visité Rome, l'an passé,
que nous nous soyons vite aimés, avant l'absence,
regardés encore une fois, vite embrassés,
avant qu'on crie « Le Monde » à notre dernier monde
ou « Ce Soir » au dernier beau soir qui nous confonde...
Tu partiras. Déjà ton corps est moins réel
que le courant qui l'use, et ces fumées au ciel
ont plus de racines que nous. C'est inutile
de nous forcer. Regarde l'eau, comme elle file
par la faille entre nos deux ombres. C'est la fin,
qui nous passe le goût de jouer au plus fin.

Evening News

Poem by Philippe Jaccottet

Poem recited by Josita Maouene

the time when light buries his face
in our neck, the shouted evening news
skinned us. The air is sweet. As people passing
through this town, we can just sit back a little
on the banks of the river where a greening tree moves,
after eating hastily; will I even have
the time to make this trip before winter,
to kiss you before leaving? If you love me,
hold me back, the time to take a breath, at least,
just for this spring, leave us follow
along the trembling peace of the river, far away,
until the immobile factories light up...
But no way. The stranger
who walks back, should not, or he would be changed
into a statue: we can only move forward. And cities
who are still standing will burn. A chance
that I visited Rome last year,
that we rushed loving each other, before the absence,
watched each other once again, quick embrace,
before we are shouted "The World" to our last world
or "Tonight" at the last beautiful evening that confounds us...
You will leave. Already your body is less real
that the current wears it off, and these fumes in the sky
have more roots than us. It's useless
to force us. Look at the water, as it runs
by the gap between our two shadows. It is the end,
who passes us the taste of playing at the finest.

Performances

Fish are Jumping

Poem by W. Todd Kaneko

The fish in the river are all beautiful
fish, obsidian-scaled trout, koi
with the evil eye, salmon with shiny tongues.

I am not singing about fish,
but about your ancestors
who once lived in the land of the dead.

Call the trout *grandfather*
and he will carry you downstream
on his back. Call the koi *grandmother*
so she will use her magic to protect you
in the overcrowded waters.

Call the salmon *uncle* and *auntie*—
they will swallow you in pieces
to keep you safe.

There is a place on the river
where the fish jump straight into
the fishermen's nets because there is
no river, just fish squirming together,
a volt of fins and scales in the dirt.

Go to sleep now, and one of these
mornings, you will ask me how high
a fish can jump out of the water.

I'll say there are no fish. I'll say
there is no such thing as jumping.





Performances

Never Let Me Go

*Song by Florence + the Machine
Song performed by Tanisha Islam on piano*

[Verse 1]

Looking up from underneath
Fractured moonlight on the sea
Reflections still look the same to me
As before I went under

And it's peaceful in the deep
Cathedral where you cannot breathe
No need to pray, no need to speak
Now I am under all

[Pre-Chorus]

And it's breaking over me
A thousand miles down to the sea bed
Found the place to rest my head
Never let me go, never let me go
Never let me go, never let me go

[Chorus]

And the arms of the ocean are carrying me
And all this devotion was rushing out of me
And the crashes are heaven, for a sinner like me
But the arms of the ocean delivered me

[Verse 2]

Though the pressure's hard to take
It's the only way I can escape
It seems a heavy choice to make
And now I am under, oh

[Pre-Chorus]

And it's breaking over me
A thousand miles down to the sea bed
Found the place to rest my head
Never let me go, never let me go
Never let me go, never let me go

[Chorus]

And the arms of the ocean are carrying me
And all this devotion was rushing out of me
And the crashes are heaven, for a sinner like me
But the arms of the ocean delivered me

[Bridge]

And it's over and I'm going under
But I'm not giving up, I'm just giving in
I'm slipping underneath
So cold and so sweet

Performances



And the arms of the ocean so sweet and so cold
And all this devotion I never knew at all
And the crashes are heaven for a sinner released
And the arms of the ocean delivered me

[Outro]

Never let me go, never let me go
Never let me go, never let me go
Delivered me
Never let me go, never let me go
Never let me go, never let me go
Delivered me
Never let me go, never let me go
Never let me go, never let me go
Delivered me
Never let me go, never let me go
Never let me go, never let me go





Performances

汴河阻冻

诗 作家：杜牧

诗 朗诵者 *Kahrlee Kozan*

千里长河初冻时，
玉珂瑶佩响参差。
浮生恰似冰底水，
日夜东流人不知。

The Yellow River Blocked by Ice

Poem by Du Mu

Poem recited by Kahrlee Kozan

When a thousand miles of long river first freeze over,
from jade chimes and agate pendants come the irregular echoes.
Our life adrift resembles exactly the waters beneath this ice:
flowing on eastward by night and day and no one knows.

--translated by Stephen Owen





Performances

Le Brochet

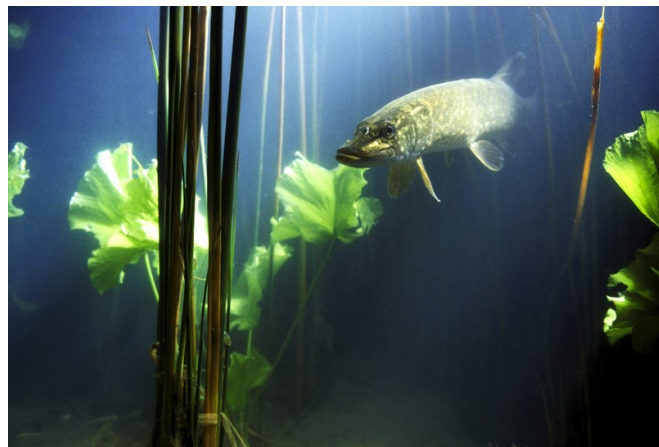
*Poème de Robert Desnos
Poème récité par Kristen Strom*

Le brochet
Fait des projets.
J'irai voir, dit-il,
Le Gange et le Nil,
Le Tage et le Tibre
Et le Yang-Tsé-Kiang.
J'irai je suis libre
D'user de mon temps.
Et la lune?
Iras-tu voir la lune?
Brochet voyageur,
Brochet mauvais cœur,
Brochet de fortune.

The Pike

*Poem by Robert Desnos
Poem recited and translated by Kristen Strom*

The pike
made plans
He said, "You'll see,
I'll go to the Tiber in Italy.
I'll see the Ganges and the Nile
The Yangtze might be nice for a while
And then I'll go to the Tagus, too
I'm free to do what I want to do!"
And what about the moon?
Will you see the moon?
Pike who voyages
Pirating pike
Adventurous pike of fortune.





Performances

Selecciones de Abordaje

*Poema por Abderrahman El Fathi
Poema recitado por David Álvarez*

Emigré al Estrecho
para vivir en su profundidad;
mi casa es una cueva
con peces y corales;
mi refugio se haya en
una red.
Entro y salgo, floto.

Una muchacha encontró
el anillo.
Se casó. Su novio se puso
el anillo.
Emigró el novio.
Una muchacha encontró
en la playa
un anillo
una historia
una amarga travesía.

Selections from Boarding/Collision

*Poem by Abderrahman El Fathi
Poem recited and translated by David Álvarez*

I emigrated to the Strait
to dwell in its depths;
My house is a sea-cave
adorned with fishes and corals.
I find refuge inside a net.
I enter, emerge,
and I float along.

A young woman found
the ring.
She got married. Her betrothed wore
the ring
Her betrothed emigrated.
On the beach
a young woman found
a ring,
a story,
a bitter crossing.



Performances

Se dieron un abrazo,
fumaron un cigarrillo,
compartieron una mesa,
bebieron de la tetera.
Se apagó la vela
Y los tragó el Estrecho.

Mi promesa es volver
nuestra distancia,
esa luz.
El destino de la salida
está en mi regreso. Esta vez volveré
con todos los dedos,
con mis ojos,
con mi sueño,
en mi barca,
sin la patera,
sin sal.
Seco.

They embraced.
They smoked a cigarette.
They shared a table
and drank some tea.
The candle went out.
They were swallowed whole by the Strait.

I promise to journey back
Along the distance we traveled,
along that shaft of light.
The fate of my departure
Lies in my homecoming. This time around
I'll come back with
All ten fingers on my hands
With my eyes and dreams intact.
I'll return in my own boat,
not in a *patera*,
and not drenched in salt,
but dry as bone.



Performances

Te fuiste un amanecer
casi de noche.
Llegaste, casi a la orilla.
Te mojaste entero.
Recogieron la patera
a la luz del día.
Casi te vieron.
Surcaste mares.
nunca llegaste a la orilla.
Tu cuerpo flota como las pateras.
Te fuiste un amanecer
Llegó tu cuerpo
una mañana cualquiera.

You left early one dawn,
It was still almost nighttime.
You arrived. You almost reached shore.
You were drenched to the bone.
They recovered the *patera*
in the clear light of day.
They almost caught sight of you.
You crossed whole seas.
But you never reached dry land.
Your body floats like a *patera*
You left early one dawn
and your body arrived ashore
on some forgotten morning.

Llora clamorosamente.
Lanza un grito al mar
embravecido, asesino.
Penetra su llanto
en todas las profundidades.
En lo alto de sus crestas
se elevaron cadáveres
del Estrecho
y el de su hijo
No apareció.

She weeps and wails,
Hurls an anguished cry
at the storm-tossed sea:
“You murdered him!”
Her howl penetrates
the sea’s hidden depths.
The Strait’s corpses were carried along
On the crests of its surging wave
But her son’s body
Was never seen again



Performances

Le port

Poème de Charles Baudelaire

Poème récité par Janel Pettes Guikema

Un port est un séjour charmant pour une âme fatiguée des luttes de la vie. L'ampleur du ciel, l'architecture mobile des nuages, les colorations changeantes de la mer, le scintillement des phares, sont un prisme merveilleusement propre à amuser les yeux sans jamais les lasser. Les formes élancées des navires, au grément compliqué, auxquels la houle imprime des oscillations harmonieuses, servent à entretenir dans l'âme le goût du rythme et de la beauté. Et puis, surtout, il y a une sorte de plaisir mystérieux et aristocratique pour celui qui n'a plus ni curiosité ni ambition, à contempler, couché dans le belvédère ou accoudé sur le môle, tous ces mouvements de ceux qui partent et de ceux qui reviennent, de ceux qui ont encore la force de vouloir, le désir de voyager ou de s'enrichir.

The Port

Poem by Charles Baudelaire

Poem recited by Janel Pettes Guikema

A port is a delightful place of rest for a soul weary of life's battles. The vastness of the sky, the mobile architecture of the clouds, the changing coloration of the sea, the twinkling of the lights, are a prism marvelously fit to amuse the eyes without ever tiring them. The slender shapes of the ships with their complicated rigging, to which the surge lends harmonious oscillations, serve to sustain within the soul the taste for rhythm and beauty. Also, and above all, for the man who no longer possesses either curiosity or ambition, there is a kind of mysterious and aristocratic pleasure in contemplating, while lying on the belvedere or resting his elbows on the jetty-head, all these movements of men who are leaving and men who are returning, of those who still have the strength to will, the desire to travel or to enrich themselves.



Performances

Untitled Poem

Sami Mansei no uta
Jeremy Robinson katarite

yo no naka wo
nani ni tatoen
asaborake
kogiyuku fune no
ato no shiranami

Untitled Poem

Ki no Tsurayuki no uta
Jeremy Robinson katarite

sode hichite
musubishi mizu no
kôreru o
haru tatsu kyô no
kaze ya tokuramu

Untitled Poem

Poem by The Priest Mansei
Poem performed by Jeremy Robinson

This uncertain world
To what does it compare?
In the hazy dawn,
as a boat rows out it leaves
only a white wake behind.

Untitled Poem

Poem by Ki no Tsurayuki
Poem performed by Jeremy Robinson

Sleeves soaked
as I scooped to drink water
now frozen.
Might this warm spring breeze
now thaw it once again?



Performances

Untitled Poem

*Kamo no Chômei no uta
Jeremy Robinson katarite*

yuku kawa no
nagare wa taezu shite
shikamo moto no
mizu ni arazu
yodomi ni ukabu
utakata wa
katsu kie katsu musubite
hisashiku todomaritaru
tameshi nashi
yo no naka ni aru
hito to sumika to
mata kaku no gotoshi

Untitled Poem

*Poem by Kamo no Chômei
Poem performed by Jeremy Robinson*

In the passing river
the flow of the water is ceaseless
yet it is never
the same water.
Rising to the surface
the bubbles of foam
break apart, then come together,
but never remain
as they are for long.
No different from this
are man and all his dwellings
in this uncertain world.



Performances

Poisson

*Poème de Paul Eluard
Poème récité par Séverine Ward*

Les poissons, les nageurs, les bateaux
Transforment l'eau.
L'eau est douce et ne bouge
Que pour ce qui la touche.

Le poisson avance
Comme un doigt dans un gant,
Le nageur danse lentement
Et la voile respire.

Mais l'eau douce bouge
Pour ce qui la touche,
Pour le poisson, pour le nageur, pour le bateau
Qu'elle porte
Et qu'elle emporte.



Fish

*Poem by Paul Eluard
Poem recited by Séverine Ward*

The fish, the swimmers, the boats
Transform the water.
The water is still and only moves
For those who touch it.

The fish moves
Like a finger in a glove,
The swimmer dances slowly
And the sail breathes.

But the still water moves
For what touches it,
For the fish, for the swimmer, for the boat
That she carries
And takes away.





Performances

Erosión

Poema por Thomas Spica

Sentí el escándalo en la distancia
Era la roca
Suavemente rozan mis lados
Soy la piedra
Devorarán mi ser
Yo seré la arena

Erosion

Poem by Thomas Spica

I sensed their din in the distance
I was the rock
They softly brush my sides
I am the stone
They will consume my form
I will be the sand





Performances

Draw Her Out From Living Water's Womb

Poem by Nikki Rakestraw

mah'yim chayim | living water

she found herself floating
in water that was living
as in a womb, she grew
her wounds healed, faded
scars from her father's death
childhood drowned in a memory
but he taught her
how to swim, for the water
passed through her asleep
like baby in the womb, life
in the water

moshe | draw out

draw her out of the water
when she has grown
when her wounds have closed
when her tears no longer
tear through her body in the grocery
store, her tears in a bottle
and reminder her
pain is not without purpose
storm not without salvation's
hand pulled her
from her drowning
planted her in womb
so now she smiles
at the rain





Performances

El Río nos Refleja

Poema por Rachael Les

Bailo hacia el río
Y veo mis ojos azules, mi piel pálida.
El río nos refleja.

Tú y yo vestidos de blanco
Bailando por el bosque mientras llueve.
El río se forma con pequeñas gotas de agua.

Y refleja los errores que hice
Los errores que hiciste
La verdad, heridas en mi espalda.

El río significa una mordedura en la mano,
Serpientes de agua.
Mira pero no toques.

The River Reflects

Poem by Rachael Les

I dance towards the river
And I see my blue eyes, my pale skin.
The river reflects.

It reflects you and I dressed in white
Dancing through the forest while it rains.
The river is made of tiny drops of water.

And it reflects the mistakes I made
The mistakes you made
The truth, wounds in my back.

The river means a bite on my hand,
Water snakes.
Look but don't touch.



Performances

La pêche à la baleine

Poème de Jacques Prévert
Poème récité par Anne Caillaud

À la pêche à la baleine, à la pêche à la baleine,
Disait le père d'une voix courroucée
À son fils Prosper, sous l'armoire allongé,
À la pêche à la baleine, à la pêche à la baleine,
Tu ne veux pas aller,
Et pourquoi donc?
Et pourquoi donc que j'irais pêcher une bête
Qui ne m'a rien fait, papa,
Va la pèpé, va la pêcher toi-même, puisque ça te plaît,
J'aime mieux rester à la maison avec ma pauvre mère
Et le cousin Gaston.
Alors dans sa baleinière le père tout seul s'en est allé
Sur la mer démontée...

Voilà le père sur la mer,
Voilà le fils à la maison,
Voilà la baleine en colère,
Et voilà le cousin Gaston
qui renverse la soupière,
La soupière au bouillon.

Whale Hunt

Poem by Jacques Prévert
Poem recited by Anne Caillaud

Off to catch a whale, we're off to catch a whale,
Said the angry father to his son
Prosper, dozing under the wardrobe,
Off to catch a whale, we're off to catch a whale,
And you don't want to come, why not?
Why should I go and catch a fish?
That never troubles me
Father, go and catch the whale
Yourself, you're sure to like the sail.
I'd rather stay at home with my poor mom
And cousin Gaston.
So in his whaleboat all alone the old man sailed
And the tide rolled out to sea...

The old man's in the boat,
The young son's at home,
The wild whale's in a temper,
And here is cousin Gaston
who tips the soup bowl over,
the soup bowl full of soup.



Performances

La mer était mauvaise,
La soupe était bonne.
Et voilà sur sa chaise Prosper qui se désole :
À la pêche à la baleine, je ne suis pas allé,
Et pourquoi donc que j'y ai pas été?
Peut-être qu'on l'aurait attrapée,
Alors j'aurais pu en manger.
Mais voilà la porte qui s'ouvre, et ruisselant d'eau
Le père apparaît hors d'haleine,
Tenant la baleine sur son dos.
Il jette l'animal sur la table,
une belle baleine aux yeux bleus,

Une bête comme on en voit peu,
Et dit d'une voix lamentable :
Dépêchez-vous de la dépecer,
J'ai faim, j'ai soif, je veux manger.
Mais voilà Prosper qui se lève,
Regardant son père dans le blanc des yeux,
Dans le blanc des yeux bleus de son père,
Bleus comme ceux de la baleine aux yeux bleus :
Et pourquoi donc je dépecerais une pauvre bête qui m'a
rien fait?
Tant pis, j'abandonne ma part.

Puis il jette le couteau par terre,
Mais la baleine s'en empare, et se précipitant sur le père
Elle le transperce de père en part.

The storm was very bad,
The soup was very good,
And on his chair Prosper is feeling sad :
How I wish that I had sailed away with dad to catch a whale.
Why didn't I go?
We really might have caught a whale
And I could have eaten some.
But suddenly the entry door opens.
Dripping like a fountain,
There's the old man out of breath
With the whale, on his back, he flings it on the table.
A beautiful whale with blue eyes.

It's the sort of whale that's rare these days.
Lifelessly the old man says :
Hurry up and carve it up,
I'm hungry, thirsty, need to eat.
But Prosper stands up straight
And looks in the whites of his father's eyes,
In the whites of his father's bright blue eyes
As blue as the eyes of the blue-eyed whale :
Why should I carve a poor old fish
That never troubles me?
Nevermind, I don't want my share.

He throws the knife down on the floor
But the whale grabs it and attacks the wild old man
Stabbing him through and through.



Performances

Ah, ah, dit le cousin Gaston,
On me rappelle la chasse, la chasse aux papillons.
Et voilà
Voilà Prosper qui prépare les faire-part,
La mère qui prend le deuil de son pauvre mari
Et la baleine, la larme à l'œil contemplant le foyer
détruit.
Soudain elle s'écrie :
Et pourquoi donc j'ai tué ce pauvre imbécile,
Maintenant les autres vont me pourchasser en
moto-godille
Et puis ils vont exterminer toute ma petite famille.
Alors éclatant d'un rire inquiétant,
Elle se dirige vers la porte et dit
À la veuve en passant :
Madame, si quelqu'un vient me demander,
Soyez aimable et répondez :
La baleine est sortie,
Asseyez-vous,
Attendez là,
Dans une quinzaine d'années, sans doute elle
reviendra...

Oh! Says cousin Gaston,
It reminds me of hunting, catching butterflies
And here we are.
Prosper sits addressing many letters edged with black,
The mother gets into mourning clothes
And the whale, with tear-stained eyes, looks around the
Shabby wreck
And sobs :
Whatever made me kill that wretched silly ass?
Now all the rest will chase me in their
motor-boats and cars
And exterminate my race and my family tree
Then, bursting into laughter in a strange and frightening way,
It goes to the door.
And says as it glided pas the widow :
Madam, If anyone should ask
For the whale, be polite,
Say it's just gone out.
Tell them to be comfortable,
Tell them to wait,
Tell them I'll look in again in fifteen years or so...



Performances

La Casa dei Doganieri

*Poesia da Eugenio Montale
Poesia recitata da Ivo Šoljan*

Tu non ricordi la casa dei doganieri
sul rialzo a strapiombo sulla scogliera:
desolata t'attende dalla sera
in cui v'entrò lo sciame dei tuoi pensieri
e vi sostò irrequieto.

Libeccio sferza da anni le vacchie mura
e il suono del tuo riso non è piu lieto:
la bussola va impazzita all'avventura
e il calcolo dei dadi piu non torna.
Tu non ricordi; altro tempo frastorna
la tua memoria; un filo s'addipana.

Ne tengo ancora un capo; ma s'allontana
la casa e in cima al tetto la banderuola
affumicata gira senza pietà.
Ne tengo un capo; ma tu resti sola
né qui respire nell'oscurità.

Oh l'orizzonte in fuga, dove s'accende
rara la luce della petroliera!
Il varco è qui? (Ripullala il frangente
ancora sulla balza che scoscende...)
Tu non ricordi la casa di questa
mia sera. Ed io non so chi va e chi resta.

The House of the Coast Gaurds

*Poem by Eugenio Montale
Poem recited and translated by Ivo Šoljan*

You do not remember the Coast Guards' house
high up above the steeply sinking reef.
It's been waiting for you, empty and lost in grief,
Since the evening in which there entered a swarm
of your thoughts, and disquietly remained there.

For years the old walls have been lashed by southern gales
and the happy ring of your laughter has become rare;
driven crazy, the compass now only fails,
and those numbers of the dice return no longer.
You do not remember; some other time is pulling stronger
at your memory; a thread is stretching away.

I hold an end; but further and further away
vanishes the house, and the sooty weathervane
on the roof-top is spinning without respite.
I still hold an end; but all alone you remain
and do not breathe in darkness, without light.

O the horizon in flight, where from time to tome
flares up a dim light of a tanker!
Is this the passage? (Up the crumbling cliffs
the foaming waves incessantly climb...)
You do no remember the house of this eve.
And I do not know who will stay and who will leave.



Performances

More

*Pjesmu Vladimir Nazor
Pjesmu recitirala Ivo Šoljan*

Moj je susjed sad najbliži more.
Kada noću muklim glasom uji,
Ja se budim, dižem, i prozore
Sve otvaram vjetru i oluji.

Ono praska, grmi tutnji, bruji,
A na njemu vodene se gore
Grade, ruše; crna r'jeka struji
Iz ponora, pada u ponore.

Ja i nekog dalekoga gata
Svjetionik sa crvenim okom
Jedini smo usred toga sata,

Što slušamo divlji huk iz tmice:
On ne mičuć nikad trepavice,
Ja sav drščuć dušom mi dubokom.

The Sea

*Poem by Vladimir Nazor
Poem recited and translated by Ivo Šoljan*

The sea is my nearest neighbor now.
When its powerful voice is heard in the night,
I wake up, get out of my bed, and allow,
Through my windows, to enter the storm's might.

It thunders and howls and roars and wails,
And the giant water mountains it rolls,
Rises and falls; the black river travails;
From one chasm into new chasms falls.

It is only myself and a distant
Lighthouse, on the wharf, with its one red eye.
Two of us, all alone, in that instant,

Listen to the savage roar from the night,
The lighthouse flashing its unchanging light,
While my elated soul trembles, soaring high.



Performances

Grand Haven in Winter

Poem by Ivo Šoljan

Musical waters lie frozen;
Handel's splendors turned ice;
On Dewey's Hill the angels are deep asleep;
Grey waters rustle under the grey skies;
And—locked in the grey-bluish ice,
Two red fingers point to the grey void...

But it is still warm and cosy;
The promises are germinating in silence.



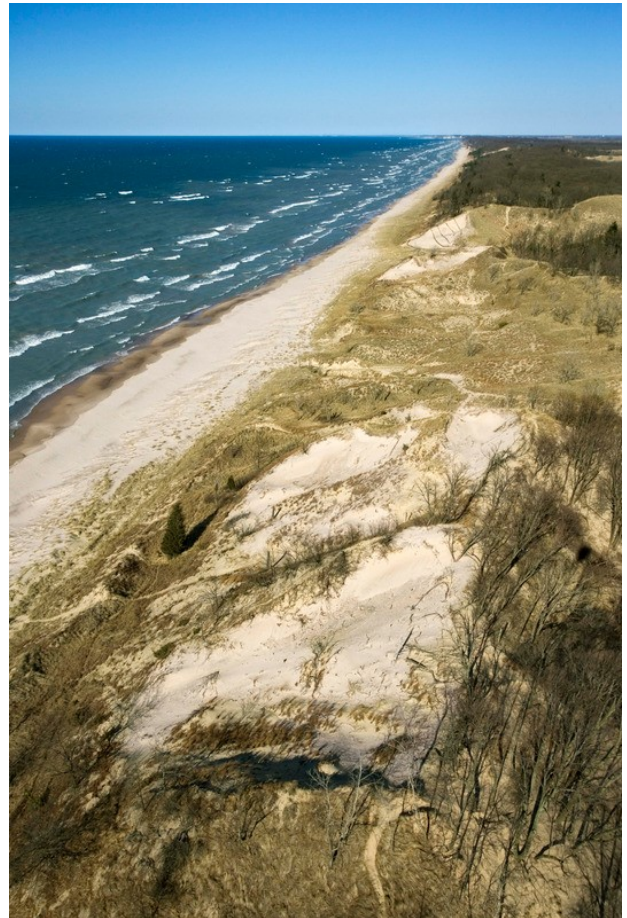


Performances

I Went on an Adventure

Poem by Taylor Crowley

a morning at the coffeeshop
coworker tells me I did not grow up
on the same lake she did
when it got cold enough
I froze the water of lake Michigan
turned it to ice like Medusa would to stone
made a path from Grand Haven to Chicago
walked it barefoot
carried a journal
talked to the fish below me
“hello, fish” I say
but they don’t respond
because they are fish
I got lonely on this trip
traveling by myself
when I got to West Beach Dunes
I found young five-year-old me
sitting in a sand seat we made
when Mom and Dad were still together
I showed her my journal, of the places
we’d been and in her dandelion swimsuit
she smiled, teeth that were missing
have now grown back into the mouth
of a twenty-one-year-old who has kissed
boys thousands of times and read poems
to people she doesn’t even know
she pushed her nose into mine
we shut our eyes together
and hoped that one day
thirty-five-year-old us will still
revisit this shoreline.





Performances

春夜喜雨

诗 作家：杜甫

诗 朗诵者 *Alyssa Spafford*

好雨知时节
当春乃发生
随风潜入夜
润物细无声
野径云俱黑
江船火独明
晓看红湿处
花重锦官城

Welcome Rain on a Spring Night

Poem by Du Fu

Poem performed by Alyssa Spafford

The good rain knows its season,
When spring arrives, it brings life.
It follows the wind secretly into the night,
And moistens all things softly, without sound.
On the country road, the clouds are all black,
On a riverboat, a single fire bright.
At dawn one sees this place now red and wet,
The flowers are heavy in the brocade city.
—translated by Stephen Owen

Note: brocade city refers to Chengdu



Performances

Graduation Poem

Poem by Maria Mckee

Call me butterfly.
Call me the dirt I cried for.
Call me by my stale name
that's been lost for years,
tangled in roots and trying to breathe
something sour, a swell
caving on water's pearls.
Child, I want to call myself butterfly for you.
Can't you see the soft
shell of my past creep
into light and cast shadows
under my eyes? Can't you crawl
into my soft skin, twist yourself inside
without getting stuck? Cling to my scrapes
and ridges and blindly dive beyond
what you know about me. Now I've soured this lesson
for you. Boil me down
and look at me for real: how dense and shaken
my eyes become seconds before
seeing you. How cries don't fend off this tide
that comes each time I want to sing.
Call me fading light,
child. I've tried so hard for you
to have every leafing vine,
to skip every stone twice
as far as the last.





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