Miss Traduction

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Often I am moved into homophonic (mis)translation when I want to set in motion or highlight the sonic elements of the poem in compositional play. I want to make a composition in a parallel practice to being a musical composer (not someone who teaches "English composition".) I hear a sonnet as a 'little song', an epic as a long one.

This compositional strategy is one of my favorite practices because play and song, together, make the action of my work. It's a kind of mental singing. Every written word gestures towards sound. The letters, as marks on the page are musical notations. I want to call attention to the nature of what's on the page in a kind of expanded reading practice.

My poetry often points to the possibility of anyone hearing and seeing poetry all around them.

In (mis)translation, the playmate is the original text and language itself. I just read it—and write down what I see and hear or imagine it *might* be. It's a rebellious practice, a playful one, a naughty one, a kind of game that never grows old.

Homophonic poetry is not homophobic. It's a playfully 'queer' constructivist practice.

It's related to the desire to read and rewrite things in my own way. The deeply rebellious part of me that has been there since childhood plays her hand—delighted with the possibilities unfolding before me.

Sick Boys Alter My Sleep [1]

to all the Lees & Alices

in secret and profound affection

Part First

Anchors give lawyers static children, imagine ...

Gem, my brother, he lives about a third of the time in a kind of sinister funk. When wars glide past, he is timorous and schmatters around with his football: he just doesn't seem to know what to do with it. He reaches to the left then glides, rhyming a little bit puerile, stops short of destroying it; on foot or running, he dorsally swims to his left facing an angel again with his body, until he polices himself, striving parallel to all things. My, that Gem is not important for nothing: he's a bastard continually carrying a geocache, carrying passengers or pretending to be a pal of words.

Boy, when the years furiously transcend and taunt the polestars ornately recording and racoonteuring, ogling all that's discussed or eaten erroneously swiftly around things, killing turning. The second I commence to try and do it all, the cause is delegated to Ewell, my Gem, he who four times a year prays to me to divert bisonly, laughing moltenly, praying between his teeth, preciously all stately in his capital of Dill and his cousin who deeded the idea of far usura of the house of Boo Radley.

My goodness! Ribald Ionesco says seas turn properly rinsable all original, perching non-directly cuz the culprit is none other than this era's Andrew Jackson? See that General Jackson was not averse to incalculably gliding down Indian Creek lugging a rusty cello, Simon Finch nonverbally ribbing and laughing at his Alabama conman ways with his pierogies, him diving ceremoniously nuts, in quest of gold? Eras of vamoose all grand, ornate, per resolving controversies of the bottle; consulting our father Atticus, and his disses key birdlike raging all day.

Sitcoms erroneously vomit to the South, per alcohol of nuts in family era fonts of vertiginous ill fatties of non-contrary antenna keys, daily one of the other part, averse combative to Hastings. Non-birdlike as Simon Finch, a pharmacist catcher of pellucid windows, a daily 'Cornholio', the one who religiously becomes supernumerary sultan in a daily Taconic area. In England, Simon did not want to be a pinchhitter of persecution nor confront poor liberals, and pointed against his sensitive methods, to be decisive and atavistic all the way to the Atlantic, to be sub-barcoded first to Philadelphia, poised in Jamaica and quaintly mobile, and infinitely averse

1. Editor's note : homophonic translation of the first few paragraphs of *To Kill a Mocking Bird* translated in Italian.

Two Homophonic SONICS

When in doubt, translate.

—Barbara Guest

Current Wheat

(after du Bellay's translation of Shakespeare's Sonnet 48)

O combing east hero key to next constraint of fiends,
Seeking verily to lay a constraint day pincher,
Etta Kailey: "Respect!" dune coon nose offender.
Neigh poet, Lady Liberty, dis a plum con train!
Lass, pour a quaff, dey say node-sense. Jay lay me in, Ettienne Dre,
K-wand mess justice regrets. Shay suicide commencement?
I ate, poured quaff, naysay poot moan aim dispenser,
Day neigh center, son. Male, where days in pepper plain dress?
On May Donne lay a genie, ate see nose crier,
On May vote tournament, ate see nose prior.
Con ate pity day moths. O pain high subject!
Ill nest few see ardent cane foe key east enclosed;
Ill nest see facists male coon key tint Los Alamos,
Ate nest see grand dollar coon dollar moo ate.

Sewn Net

(after Edna St. Vincent Millay's sonnet, "Sweet love, sweet thorn, vain lightly to my heart")

Sweet lug, Sweet horn, vain lights be to my heart
Eyes stuck ewe's thrust, Furby essence aim slash,
Andalusian shoveled in the glass, a heart,
Ace hard-ended thang bed wrenched bite ears and drain
While brainy levening rips two missed knights,
& missed knights to clocked mourning jeer,
& clods the hearse a cross the garter snakebite,
Aunt Birdy crows nauseously and the son is a pear—
Hate eyes bethunk my den, sweet lug, sweaty horn,
Howl sharply in English events at the behest of
Wham! Awl's requiem & even da few teachahs swear
"It's happy hour"—cant's leaves whiten the beast:
Ahab is nutso, came strumming at the Awl
Uova won hula offs meal ittle i'ff atall.