

THE HOMOPHONE TRANSLATOR

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Contents

Preface	iii
<i>Silver Linear Cloud</i>	1
<i>Chinese</i>	3
<i>Polish</i>	4
<i>French</i>	5
<i>Lithuanian</i>	6
<i>Chinese</i>	7
<i>Spanish</i>	8
<i>R1</i>	9
<i>Swedish</i>	11
<i>French</i>	13

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Preface

I realised I could use the sounds of a Polish man speaking to write poetry in English. This was the seed of the idea of *The Homophone Translator*. As a basis for the translation project, I wrote a short story, *Silver Linear Cloud*, in English. Then, I asked several competent translators to translate one or more of the nine sections of the story into other languages. I provided recordings of the English sections and they returned recordings of their language translation.

Once I received the foreign language translations, I “homophonically” translate the recorded words back into English. To do this, I listened to the sounds repeatedly until English words or sounds emerged I was interested in the process of constructing new poems, being inspired by sounds, rather than following the stereotypical path of seeing translation as an accurate transportation of meaning.

Silver Linear Cloud

1:

Thoughts. Of pick pockets, stomach lining, golden ; crow.
In the distance (picking away the petals). Brought me eyes; a view.
Due date. By Tree. Meet me there.
When taking the apple for a crunch, mouth opens up like arms of nature.
Communication. . . on the transmission. Receiving end lends base to throat.

2:

Plant a pip in a field. A body of a world. Upon earth,, trek the tumour of trench,
the forestry speaks in pretty deep chatters. Awake eyes, sense urge; a shape creates many patterns.
Energetic tribes arise a sun to form a glaze upon the eyes as 'just woke up', from the dark.

3:

Birds a pear, softly does it. "Swoop", the leaves, don't leave me here. Nest is cold, abandoned.
Mother of Earth has been called to protest the summit. Sink not basin tears, away from puddles.
Eye lets out and up-sticks to a new scene.
Because the branches are broken and the living, gone starved.

4:

Oh pretty, hold your tongue. It's stable. Even the surface is dry. Go take a swim in the ocean;;
full of chemicals and beer cans and trolleys and also trolled tourists on cruises. Make a wreck,
tongue tied,, leave be lost for world and world. Space be shun,
and lonely I am to gather fires and burn all inner scents; they smell for.

5:

Because they feast with their eyes and try to hunt the horns.
Because they are horny for gold.
I could bank on it, and they probably plan to do this as well.
We spit the rancid taste away and see the swallowing's mid swoop,, under the clouds.
Look up again, to hope: a seagull comes by and gives you luck or even 'look'.

6:

Or to even steal your food at coast side. Because you always carried a chip on the shoulder.
Rest the head now; on few stones; knocked out with, thinking of those places far away.
Implanted asteroids — Do you believe in sacrifice? My tiny little child's of the world will
draw a better place for us. Let's colour the houses lavender, smell of; under pillow.
Rest now, we are to travel and transcend.

7:

In come the cranes. RAM BULL! Dozen,, dose off now — past cocoa and cockatoo.
The florist awaits a real travel. Forwards through vortex. Speak voices of the unknown.
So much their vibrations tickle you. And the daisies upon the chin give you allergy.
Irregular sneezing saturates, many cars used to pass, and cough grey clouds.
The kaleidoscope suggests we head left. The troops grab bags and take the turn.

8:

Away from the lay figure, upright; sat pianist who serenades us as we pass his bush. The 'must dash' language makes us look ignorant. Little attention paid, laid the lanterns to govern us.
WATCH OUT! WE ARE ABOUT TO HIT BRICKS. WATCH OUT! We have driven the oil hole too deep. Out of talk, out of forest. . . because now we are in the grey world where the people pass and the rain falls and the people sigh.

9:

A mad-hatter comes and dances in the puddles. Merry thoughts and tribulations. The mesh suggest too much fun is being had. So they declare a smile as being illegal but grant the use of plants legal due to the gold eggs can be laid. And charged with wrong words. I state it is ONLY the artificial and chemical, and world — ruin plants that they are in favour.
The real is too rich that it is worthless. So the flower in you wilts; being starved of good life.

Chinese

Thoughts. Of pick pockets,
stomach lining, golden ; crow. In
the distance (picking away the
petals). Brought me eyes; a view.
Due date. By Tree. Meet me
there.

When taking the apple for a
crunch, mouth opens up like
arms of nature.

Communication. . . on the
transmission. Receiving end lends
base to throat.

思想。挑的口袋，
胃砌，金；。
在距离(摘走了花
瓣)。我的眼睛
；。截止日期。
由。那里我。
苹果一危机，
嘴里辟了像大自
然的怀抱。……
的通信。接
收端借到喉的基
地。

Seize young, shows yen, then cold air. Wai'til y'see,
chee', onion, philanthrop'y. . . be, chase all over quartaz.
Diamonds will be dancing
shi* hole. 'ceder duality. Yeah I'm sure. Not only
tengo. "Ping" o leg your lazy shi*. Soy lung hydro list
all dance and land, go cry ball.
Do, try and assure, the tons see,
see shores dirty lore, 'home' all on the tv.

Polish

Plant a pip in a field. A body of a
world. Upon earth,, trek the
tumour of trench, the forestry
speaks in pretty deep chatters.

Awake eyes, sense urge; a shape
creates many patterns.

Energetic tribes arise a sun to
form a glaze
upon the eyes as 'just woke up',
from the dark.

Roslin nasienie w polu.
Cialo swiata na ziemi,
wedrowka guza z wykopu
mowi pieknie ,dosc gleboko.

Obudzcie oczy ,poczujciekszalt
tworzacy wiele wzorow.

Energiczne plemiona i
pojawiajace sie slonca tworza
szkliwo glazury na oczach jak
dopiero sie obudzilem ' z
ciemnosci

Rushing nastiness polo. Chows theatre
Now Jamie, Ben's a conquerors of the couple.
More re-peering neighbours to go on buckle.
Oh butchers you're altered but with sticks out
frozen — they led us on
And larg-ish non cran(i)um
boy had me on "TO SHINS 1, 2"

frozen scribbled glass awe on the 'all traffic'
Do pair of you are budgie once. Tame lost you

French

Birds a pear, softly does it.
“Swoop”, the leaves, don’t leave
me here. Nest is cold,
abandoned.

Mother of Earth has been called
to protest the summit.

Sink not basin tears, away from
puddles. Eye lets out and up-
sticks to a new scene. Because
the branches are broken and the
living, gone starved.

Oiseaux d’une poire,
ne doucement elle. “Swoop”,
les feuilles, ne me laissez pas
ici. Nest est froid,
abandonnés. Mère de la
Terre a été lancée pour
protester contre le sommet.

Sink larmes du bassin n’est
pas, loin de flaques d’eau.
Eye permet de sortir et la
mise colle à une nouvelle
scène. Parce que les
branches sont cassées et les
vivants, passés affamés.

Where’s it due ‘pa? The bust snow well
Suburb, in furry, new brreath your body see, nest
of phwoar, a ‘bugger’ knee
whale doe la toe hyde chemist fee goat hard disk
they got for resume
Sand lamb’wich best semi pa’, but what does threat do?
They pay medals of tearing the beef —
god hang luthers’ sail
... baths are great, the more salt gets “sigh” led ago//
best ask the womb

Lithuanian

Oh pretty, hold your tongue.
It's stable. Even the surface is
dry. Go take a swim in the
ocean;; full of chemicals and
beer cans and trolleys and also
trolled tourists on cruises.

Make a wreck, tongue tied,,
leave be lost for world and
world. Space be shun, and
lonely I am to gather fires and burn
all inner scents;
they smell for.

Mielieji, nieko nesakyk. Pastovu.
Net ir paviršius sausus. Eik,
paplaukiok vandedyne;; pilnam
chemikalų ir alaus skardinių ir
vežimėlių ir taip pat vežtų turistų
kruzuose.

Padaryk betvarkę, nieko nesakant,
palik prarastus pasaulyje ir
pasaulyje. Erdvė tebūna vengtina, ir
vienišas aš turiu surinkti ugnis
ir sudeginti visas paslaptis;
jie bando užuosti.

Mere layer, yard gone as they kick it. Bust-avore! Later per-verish a
so-source.

Egg, per plaque on the knee ner(ve),
been milking my cow, dither lost car, dinner 'visioned
mellowed 'flid' bat that stood, tour terrestrial clothes wear
sir. But they re-bath – arika! Near caress sack un'.

Bully prrrressed us per cell did, puss sell 'ere.
Err, do they dabble a vent pun-eye, it be a 'licious
'ush to the serene tug a nerve sub'said agin, to give us pass lab do's.
Yer bum does wows - durr.

Chinese

Because they feast with their
eyes and try to hunt the
horns. Because they are
horny for gold. I could bank
on it, and they probably
plan to do this as well.

We spit the rancid taste
away and see the
swallowing's mid swoop,,
under the clouds. Look up
again, to hope: a seagull
comes by and gives you luck
or even 'look'.

因為他們的眼睛飽食盛宴
試圖猛按喇吧
因為他們貪愛著黃金
我敢打賭他們也很可能打算這麼
做

我們吐掉口中的腐朽
在雲端下 看著那俯衝吞嚥的一
刻

再往上看:
一隻海鷗飛過 還祝福你
或者 甚至 看你

In wed, hammered they yen chin bow shh show me in shit
hole layer chi ' Tom in hatch, a'

OH

in way tan and tongue eye jar, Hawaiian sing? What can da' do?
Time of year, hunk en young that's son, gym atore. "All man to
the alcohol, join the few show", 's I when dry shaft, can 'jah'-
naft, 'four chong', twenty one yeah he'd cook, 's I wash, shin
can, each a high oath ache core...

hydrophony, water shun shudder, canny

Spanish

Or to even steal your food at coast
side. Because you always carried a
chip on the shoulder. Rest the head
now; on few stones; Knocked out
with, thinking of those places far
away.

Implanted asteroids — Do you
believe in sacrifice? My tiny little
child's of the world will draw a
better place for us. Let's colour the
houses lavender, smell of; under
pillow. Rest now, we are to travel
and transcend.

O includo para robar la comida al
lado de la costa. Porque siempre
estaba resentido. Descansa la cabeza
ahora, en algunas piedras,
Golpeado con, pensando en aquellos
lugares lejanos.

Asteroides implantados — ¿Crees en el
sacrificio? Mi pequeño hijo del
mundo dibujará un lugar mejor para
nosotros. Vamos a colorear las
casas de azul lavander, se huelen;
debajo de la almohada. Descansa
ahora, estamos para viajar y
trascender.

Oi, en-called up either a while look at me, dare Nile do I cost her
Poor can see empress stab or is indeedio
dis-cancer like a bays aura. I'll go as pee errors
Cull pee odder cun, pin sound on a chaos, the gardens lake in us,
as to royal, sin plan tall as. Creates no sacrificial
we began "eek" and he mauled her, de-book, horror
unluck, haaa, "gah" me assorter rare is...
ban must've called real, as scatters the zoo, love and a... say, "whaling"
they back or they never had a...
Dis cance' aura - a star must boulevard. It transcended

R1

In come the cranes. RAM BULL!
Dozen., dose off now — past cocoa
and cockatoo. The florist awaits a
real travel. Forwards through
vortex. Speak voices of the
unknown. So much their vibrations
tickle you. And the daisies upon
the chin give you allergy.

Irregular sneezing saturates,
many cars used to pass, and cough
grey clouds.
The kaleidoscope suggests we head
left.
The troops grab bags and take
the turn.

Ep duni vji dsepit. VEN
CAMM! Fubip., futi ugg pux –
qetv dudue epf dudhevu. Vji
gmusotv exeovt e siem
vsewim. Gusxesft vjsuahj
wusviy. Tqieh wuodit ug vji
aphpuxp. Tu nadj vjios
wecsevoupt vodhmi zua. Eph
vji feoteit aqup vji djop howi
zua emmishz.

Ossihames tpiiboph tevasevit,
nepz dest atif vu qett, epf
duahj hsiz dmuافت.
Vji hemiofutduqi tahhitvt xi
jaif migv. Vji vsuuqt hsec
ceht epf vehi vji vasp.

Epiderme vagi' dissipate, then cam for bit footie ugg pucks.

Quarter dove jew a pear food have oo VAGI' Grim must of
'V'

I see your foot, is he erm 'the ssswim'

Go soft as if the juice of your head yeah was 'V' to queue A: we
audit ug' woody app hap' pucks, to... 'n add ya VIDEOS... wax that
foot.

Vod, hymn me zoo ai. Epar Fiji // feel tired, a cup vagi'

Do 'yop' hairy so I emmm... emm... shaver.

O see aims to be, I buff tether: sir vet. Snips this, as if a view gets if
do-age. His is the more oft' Vagi' - hand me your foot. Looky, the hit
of it exceed giraffe, m'gov Vagi' they sue: court. Cassette get above
the high Vagi' vast.

Swedish

Away from the lay figure, upright;
sat pianist who serenades us as we
pass his bush. The 'must dash'
language makes us look ignorant.
Little attention paid, laid the
lanterns to govern us.

WATCH OUT! WE ARE
ABOUT TO HIT BRICKS.

WATCH OUT! We have driven
the oil hole too deep. Out of talk,
out of forest. . . because now we are
in the grey
world where the people pass and
the rain falls and the people sigh.

Bort från skyltdockan, upprätt satt
pianisten som sjunger om oss medan
vi skickar vidare hans buske. "Måste
sticka-språket" får oss att verka
ignoranta. Lite uppmärksamhet visad,
låg lanternerna för att styra oss. Se
upp!

Vi är på väg att slå träffa
byggstenar. Se upp! Vi har borrar
oljehålet för djupt. Slut på prat, ute
ur skogen. . . För nu är vi i den grå
världen där människorna passerar
förbi och regnet faller och folket
suckar.

I'll try wheat dot yarn, "oh prat" say feminist — stun.

It's awkward minerals, mirror we say "rah".

House, books, chair... most of those tickets for explore (all sorts
of light). Can eat my own top, hotel who most make me sad.

Lord lantern, no? Well I'll stay arouse... yourteddy bears' starin'

arrh too; BLACK RABBITS

trash a big stand up sill. We ain't no mall rat or an olive star

sit both parch

each case,go when for new and I lay eating your white jam and

yam,

hah, I'll sail like a bee. Trains valor. For git: sub jar.

French

A mad-hatter comes and dances in the puddles. Merry thoughts and tribulations. The mesh suggest too much fun is being had. So they declare a smile as being illegal but grant the use of plants legal due to the gold eggs can be laid.

And charged with wrong words. I state it is ONLY the artificial and chemical, and world — ruin plants that they are in favour. The real is too rich that it is worthless. So the flower in you wilts; being starved of good life.

Un Chapelier fou vient danser
dans les flaques.

Quelle joyeuse liberté.

Les autres décident que il se
passe trop de plaisanterie. Alors
ils déclarent Un sourire comme
illégal mais accordent l'utilisation
de leurs plantes comme légale
grace aux oeufs en or quil's
arrivent a produire avec.

Et moi, punis pour parler contre
eux. J'insiste que c'est seulement
les plantes artificielles et
chimiquement modifié quil's ont
l'intention d'utiliser. "Les vrai"
plantes sont tellement riche de
nature quil's les trouvent sans
valeur. Alors la fleur en toi se
fane étant affamé de bonne vie.

I shall believe who? Me a dolphin on a flatch.

Kinky, why you need me up today?

Day's old, troubles 'cheek-cheek' the past hoppiting on free. Hello, hear me, get harsh 's ok, is complete real. Nah, totally cheese, yeah I sold it all 'plant', complete real. Houses are down. I'm no key la he bahh, put your... blank...

in war plee pull 'pel nipple puller

Darkness gives the same morning broad practician

If shimmy gnark another year miss who are dosh shall mutually fear
Gave way, the runt. So kill no his stone or jew. Killer cause 'sod' alert.

I know that I throw up twice, the fan...

it don't matter me. They're 'gunna' leave

LEANNE BRIDGEWATER: poet, artist and animal equality campaigner, with an MA in Creative Writing: Innovation & Experiment. Her latest creations include a range of alternative greeting cards, published by zimZalla Avant Objects. She also hosts The Free Frame of Reference poetry night in Manchester. Soon, her poetry will be published in The Dark Would vispo anthology.

