

Voices in the Forest
poem by Janée J. Baugher, MFA
Translation into Tagalog by Language Link
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North City Park, Westside [North City #2]

I have been here before you, thinking about what I'd say, as if this were some message in a bottle. Henry David Thoreau, I, too, have great faith in a seed. Perhaps that's what this poem is, a seedling of hope that you've found refuge here. Have the salmonberries ripened yet? Do you see madrona, pine, fir, sequoia trees? Close your eyes and touch one's trunk, its bark—thick, protecting, permeable, living. Moss, lichen, fungi, and a root system we can only imagine. The world opens to us only as much as we have the ability to receive. You and I have come to these exact coordinates. I might never meet you, but I will revere you as someone else for whom this space offered respite. It's a gift—us knowing and not knowing: one place, separate moments.

Parke ng Hilagang Lungsod, Kanang Bahagi

Naparito ako bago ikaw, iniisip kung anong sasabihin ko, tila ba isa itong mensaheng nasa bote. Henry David Thoreau, Ako, man, ay may matinding pananampalataya sa isang butil. Marahil ay tungkol dito ang tulang ito, isang butil ng pag-asa na nahanap mong kanlungan dito. Hindi pa ba hinog ang mga salmonbery? May nakikita ka bang mga puno ng madrona, pine, pir, sikwoya? Ipikit mo ang iyong mga mata at kapain ang isang puno ng kahoy, ang balat nito—makapal, nagpoprotekta, umaangkop, nabubuhay. Tanging ang lumot, halamang singaw, at mga ugat ang naiisip natin. Ibinubukas lamang ng mundo sa atin ang mga bagay na may kakayanan tayong tanggapin. Ikaw at ako ay naparito sa eksaktong lugar. Maaaring hindi kita kailanman makakatagpo, ngunit igagalang kita bilang isang binigyan ng lugar na ito

ng kapahingahan. Ito'y handog—tayong nagkakilala at hindi nagkakilala:
isang lugar, magkahiwalay na pagkakataon.