



ENVIRONMENTAL

with(in)

Spring 2026

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover photo by Sophia Molina -----	1
Invitation by Michelle Kim and Haruka Kumagai -----	6
Soy De Aquí Y De Allá by Lizbeth Ramirez -----	8
Mexican-American by Lizbeth Ramirez -----	10
Untitled Photo by Jerron Chan -----	12
Un Mundo Mágico/A Magic World by Adriana Alfaro Liendo ---	13
Gruelling Trial by Lisa Zhang -----	14
სახლი by Mariam Shengelia -----	15
Untitled Photo by Oliva Kong -----	18
Minha Grande Ternura - Translations by Inigo Alvarez -----	20

A Felicific Peek by Lisa Zhang -----	24
Running Into Summer by Lisa Zhang -----	25
청개구리 by Jasmine Jhun -----	26
夏 by Lisa Zhang -----	27
Danger! Hot! & Untitled Photo by Jerron Chan -----	28
Amigo by Adriana Alfaro Liendo -----	29
Friend by Adriana Alfaro Liendo -----	30
Untitled Photo by Jerron Chan -----	31
Late Winter by 苏海纳 - Mariana Suárez Chávez -----	32
见山 by Rongrong Weng -----	35
LA FILLA ESTRANGERA: A Catalan-language novel by Najat El	
Hachmi - A Translation by Giacomo Marletto -----	37

Untitled Photos by Olivia Kong ----- 40

못다한 말들 by Michelle Kim ----- 42

Dedicated Gallery by Lisa Zhang ----- 45

Masthead ----- 52

Back Cover Photo by Sophia Molina ----- 53

[An invitation]

Dear reader,

dwell with(in)

language

transportation

memory

surroundings

(Here, the space of overlap)

community

what comes before & after

vision

voice & silence

inheritance & departure

intimacy&

distance

(Here is a language kaleidoscope)

So you see you sound you sew you still you

(Here is spring)

Dear language,

is being is

being in (between);

who are you

writing to;
 searching
 swimming
 sounding out
 your voice (is this my voice? whose words are these? where do these words
 come from?);
 navigating...
 for this is a
 performance; we play together
 with the (spaces)
 sounds rhythms tempo & past present
 future; this is our
 story.

thank you for playing with us!

With gratitude,
Co-Editors-in-Chief
Haruka & Michelle

SOY DE AQUÍ Y DE ALLÁ

by Lizbeth Ramirez

I learned early that language is not just what you say, it's what you hold.

At home, Spanish lives in the way my mom calls my name
soft but sharp at the edges.

In the way my dad tells stories that stretch, loop, repeat,
like he's trying to keep something from disappearing.

Pero afuera,
I learned to fold my tongue differently.
To round my words, to slow them down,
to make sure they sounded like they belonged.

Sometimes I translate myself before I even speak.
Sometimes I don't speak at all.

There are words I carry that don't cross over cleanly
vergüenza that feels heavier than shame,
ganas that is more than just desire,
that tightness in my chest when I forget a word
I used to know sin pensar.

What do you call the moment

when your Spanish stumbles
but your English still feels borrowed?

I think about the things my parents cannot say in English
their humor, their anger, their tenderness
how it stays trapped behind accents people only hear as broken.
But I hear it whole.

I am made of that in-between.
Of sentences that start in one language
and end in another.
Of silence when neither feels right.

I resist the idea that fluency is the same as belonging.
Because I belong to the pauses too.

To the words I almost remember.
To the ones I only say in my head.

Soy de aquí y de allá
but also something else entirely.
A language still becoming.
A voice still learning how to take up space.

MEXICAN-AMERICAN

by Lizbeth Ramirez

They tell me I'm Mexican,
but I hesitate before I claim it.

They tell me I'm American,
but that never feels like the whole truth either.

I exist somewhere in between
not fully one,
not fully the other,
always almost, **ya casi**.

I romanticize Mexico
like a place that might finally recognize me.
La manera en que el aire roza mi piel
warm, alive, familiar in a way I can't explain.
The way voices move around me
“¿ya comiste?”, “ándale pues”, “¿qué haces?”
There's a comfort there I haven't fully lived,
but somehow still missed.

And here, in the U.S.,
there's a different kind of belonging
in the mix of languages, faces, stories.

In the diversity that makes space
for people like me
who don't fit cleanly anywhere.

But even then,
I feel it
that quiet division: Mexican-American.

My Spanish is not fully mine in the way I want it to be.
It comes from my parents
their words, their sayings, their way of speaking.
A Spanish that feels slightly out of time.

So when I speak, I hear it.
How my voice leans older than I am.
How my words arrive is already shaped by someone else's life.
I couldn't tell if that meant closeness or distance.

I am Mexican enough to feel the pull,
American enough to feel the distance.
A voice made of inheritance, of echoes, of trying, of reaching.

Taken in Hong Kong



by Jerron Chan

UN MUNDO MÁGICO

by Adriana Alfaro Liendo

¿Crees en la magia?

Dejame decirte, que yo si,

Pero, por supuesto que antes no creía,

Pero empecé a sonreír y creí en Él.

Empecé a tener fé, y algo dentro de mí cambió.

A MAGIC WORLD

¿Do you believe in magic?

Let me tell you that I do,

But, of course, I did not believe first,

But I started to smile and believe in Him.

I started to have faith, and something inside me changed.

Gruelling Trial



Taken in Puerto Rico, Sony DSC W830

by Lisa Zhang

სახლი

by Mariam Shengelia

რატომ მამლის ყივილიც ვერ აფხიზლებს იმ კაცს?
ნუთუ ზამთრის ცივი სიო ვერ წაიღებს მის დარდს?
ზეტიალობს სულგაცლილი უსასრულო მდელოდ.
გზად კი თავის სახლს დაეძებს, სიობლისგან ეუღს.

უქეიფოდ გავლო გზა-გზა, მთვარეც უკან მოეწია.
მთვარის შუქი სიმარტოვით გახრწნილ ძველ სახლს აეკიდა,
როგორც ცეცხლი გაანათა და გაუთბო კაცსა გული.
იგრძნო სულით რომ ის იყო მისი სახლი დაკარგული.

ახლოს მისულს შაშვი შეხვდა მოელვარე კუშტი მზერით,
ქვის მაგვარი ფრთები ქონდა, ვრცელი, ღამისნაირ ფერით.
კაცმა სახლში ფეხი შედგა, შაშვიც ლანდად მოეწია,
ფაცი-ფუცით მოიხედა, ობობები შეაშინა.
ცივ მიწიდან გაქცეულნი კვლავვე უკან მიაბრუნა.

კაცს თვალები გაუნათდა,
სისძარღვებში დაუარა, თბილმა გრძნობამ, უსახელომ.
აი იმან, თვალს რომ მოგჭრის და უდაბნოს დაამშვენებს,

იქვე იებს ამოიყვანს და სინაზით სულს ამშვენებს.

თუმცა კაცი დიდხანს იდგა ოთხ კედელში შებოჭილი,
არ ინდობდა მას დროება მისი წამის შემპყრობელი.
მაგრამ კაცი მოლოდინით ჩაეჭიდა სახლის ფესვებს,
როგორც ხავსი მდინარეში, მიეკრობა ახალ მხლებელს.

თუმცა ჟამმა გაუცოცა, კაცს კი სული აუდულა,
ყურში მწარედ ჩაუთხარა, მისი სახლის სიმყუდროვე.
ახლა კაცი ძირს აგდია, ყური სახლს აქვს მიბჯენილი,
უცდის როდის უპასუცებს იატაკის ხის ჭრიჭინი.
კაცი ყველას გამოექცა,
სამყაროსიც არ ესმოდა,
არც თავისი არ ესმოდა,
არავისი არ ესმოდა,
გარდა შაშვის გალობისა, უსასრულო ვაკუუმში.

I wrote the House to get rid of the unbearably nameless feeling that had been haunting me throughout my vacation in Tbilisi. That summer, after a long separation, I returned to my homeland for the first time. It did not take any more than a day to become overwhelmed with the sense of isolation. I became estranged from my country, childhood memories, and the feelings of nostalgia. Above all, I was detached from the house, where I used to feel the most protected and understood, whose walls harbored many bitter, sad, lonely, and at the same time, homely and happy feelings in their crevices.

It was as if, there, at home, time was passing twice, more so four times faster; that is why, each corner of the house had a facade of decay. In my room, the wallpaper, weighted down by dampness and age, began to curl up and peel off the walls. New pits appeared on the floors. My mom had replaced the time-worn flowers with the fresh buds. Mother's face also started to trace sharp creases around her eyes. The streets, the gardeners of velocity, intensely hastened, trailing every pedestrian along. In those very streets, only two things remained frozen in time: the traffic jam and me.

In this poem, I try to describe a relationship between a person and the alienated space of home. The main theme of the poem is the experience of perpetual waiting and preparedness, although waiting for what or why, I haven't yet been able to figure out.





by Olivia Kong

MINHA GRANDE TERNURA

Translations by Inigo Alvarez

Manuel Bandeira (Pernambuco 1886 – Rio de Janeiro 1968) is one of the most representative figures in the Brazilian Modernism. He was born in a wealthy family which led him into literature and intellectualism. He started studying architecture in Sao Paulo, but he contracted Tuberculosis and had to move to more dry areas of the country.

This poem: “Minha grande ternura”, reflects on the tenderness of the simple things, that are also the most extraordinary facts that keep us alive: memories, becoming old and death.

MINHA GRANDE TERNURA

Minha grande ternura
Pelos passarinhos mortos;
Pelas pequeninas aranhas.

Minha grande ternura
Pelas mulheres que foram meninas bonitas
E ficaram mulheres feias;
Pelas mulheres que foram desejáveis
E deixaram de o ser.

Pelas mulheres que me amaram
E que eu não pude amar.

Minha grande ternura
Pelos poemas que
Não consegui realizar.

Minha grande ternura
Pelas amadas que
Envelheceram sem maldade.

Minha grande ternura
Pelas gotas de orvalho que
São o único enfeite de um túmulo.

TODA MI TERNURA

A Translation by Inigo Alvarez

Toda mi ternura

Para los pajaritos muertos;

Para las pequeñas arañas.

Toda mi ternura

Para las mujeres que fueron niñas bonitas

Y llegaron a ser mujeres feas;

Para las mujeres que fueron deseables

Y dejaron de serlo.

Para las mujeres que me amaron

Y que yo no pude amar.

Toda mi ternura

Para los poemas que

No pude escribir.

Toda mi ternura

Para las amadas que

envejecieron sin maldad.

Toda mi ternura

Para las gotas de rocío que

Son el único adorno

Del sepulcro.

MY GREAT TENDERNESS

A Translation by Inigo Alvarez

My great tenderness

For the dead birds;

For the little spiders.

My great tenderness

For the women who were beautiful girls

And they became ugly women;

For the women who were desirable

And they stopped being so.

For the women who loved me

And that I could not love.

My great tenderness

For the poems that

I couldn't do.

My great tenderness

For the loved ones who

grew old without malice.

My great tenderness

By the drops of dew that

are the only ornaments on a tomb.

A Felicific Peek



Puerto Rico, Sony DSC W830

by Lisa Zhang

Running Into Summer



Japan, Nikon D610

by Lisa Zhang

청 개 구 리

by Jasmine Jhun

항상 반대로만 했어.

엄마가
오라면, I'd leave.
가라면, I'd come.

자라면 눈을 떴고,
Wake up! 더 깊이 잠들었지.

근데 엄마,
나 여기 있잖아, still.

물 안에서도,
out on land, too.

이것 도 엄마 말대로 된거 아니야?

夏



by Lisa Zhang
Japan, Nikon D610



Danger! Hot!

Nozawa Onsen

by Jerron Chan

Nagano, Japan



AMIGO

by Adriana Alfaro Liendo

Sonrisas, risas, abrazos;

Peleas, discusiones, malentendidos.

Todo eso porque siempre supiste entenderme

Te quiero amigo,

Te quiero porque ahora lo entiendo,

Pero, al mismo tiempo, me duele entenderlo,

Tú no estás aquí.

Ahora abrazo, beso, y rio sin tener miedo

Todo gracias a ti,

Sin embargo, nada es lo mismo porque tú no estás aquí.

FRIEND

by Adriana Alfaro Liendo

Smiles, laughs, hugs;
Fights, discussions, misunderstandings.
All of that because you always understood me.
I love you friend,
I love you because I now understand,
But, at the same time, it hurts me to understand,
You are not here.
Now, I hug, I kiss, I laugh without fear.
Everything because of you,
But nothing is the same because you are not here.

by Jerron Chan



Taken on a voigtlander bessa-r

LATE WINTER

by 苏海纳 - *Mariana Suárez Chávez*

我读了杜甫的《绝句》，
就想到春天的美丽。
用我的心，我看北面，
用我的心，我看南面：
蓝色的花，蓝色的空气。
用我的心，我看东面，
用我的心，我看西面：
惆怅，春天不知在何方。

I read Du Fu's "Jueju",
And thoughts of spring's beauty arise.
With my heart, I look to the north,
With my heart, I look to the south:
Blue flowers, blue air.
With my heart, I look to the east,
With my heart, I look to the west:
wistful! spring is nowhere to be found.

Li o «Jueju» de Du Fu,
E pensamentos sobre a beleza da
primavera surgem.
Com o coração, olho para o norte,
Com o coração, olho para o sul:
Flores azuis, ar azul.
Com o coração, olho para o leste,
Com o coração, olho para o oeste:
Saudade, em lugar nenhum a primavera
se encontra.

Leí el «Juéjù» de Du Fu,
Y pensé entonces en la belleza de la
primavera.
Con mi corazón, miré hacia el norte,
Con mi corazón, miré hacia el sur:
Vientos helados y flores azules.
Con mi corazón, miré hacia el este,
Con mi corazón, miré hacia el oeste:
Melancolía, en ninguna dirección está la
primavera.



by Mariana Suárez Chávez

见山

去年从见山出来，看到一个男人遛王八柴犬，没忍住拍了照片，因为他的狗在尿尿。至今还是记得他讲，你一定也不希望你的狗在尿尿的时候被拍照片之类的话。说实话当时是有一些恼羞成怒的，但现在想来就是很合理的要求。他应该真的很爱他的狗。

九个月里见山无限期停业了，但踏上这片土地之际不管怎么样还是想要去看一眼。吃了闭门羹，却在同样的路口又碰到那个男人。他想不起我来，我说我去年在这里给你的狗拍了照片，然后用蚊子一样的音量补充说，可是删掉了。他笑得有些腼腆的，又向我确认是不是九个月前。他手里只剩下三只狗，他说他们的父母都去世了，爸爸是去年重阳节走的，差一点就十八岁了；妈妈是今年一月走的。于是他又安慰了空气，说一切都很好。我也不知道要讲什么，吞吞吐吐憋出来一句 take care.

他问我想不想再拍一张，我求之不得，更多也觉得受宠若惊。他把狗安顿好，他们就真一动不动等着我拍照。那时候我觉得自己像情书结尾时的女主角，在身上翻箱倒柜找出来胶卷相机。按快门的时候三只狗的视线惊人地统一地投向主人。路过的行人又惊呼 how cute，一瞬间我又觉得什么也没变，去年这一刻也是如此。

走到中环看到路边一家 lush 搬空了，大概回来这里的年时每刻都会让我感到物是人非。



by Rongrong Weng

LA FILLA ESTRANGERA:
A Catalan-language novel by Najat El Hachmi
A Translation by Giacomo Marletto

LA LLENGUA DE LA MEVA MARE

(EXTRACTE DE LA FILLA ESTRANGERA DE NAJAT EL HACHMI)

Ho vaig descobrir no fa gaire en un autobús. Hi havia un grup de dones, tres o quatre, rifenyas, assegudes davant meu que parlaven entre elles. Jo les escoltava, primer sense reconèixer el que deien, quina llengua parlaven, i després tot d'una no només vaig adonar-me que parlaven la llengua de la meva mare sinó que em vaig descobrir entenent tot el que deien. Em va sobtar saber que tot i no haver-la fet servir mai en els últims anys, encara puc desxifrar-ne el significat. Hi vaig estar estona allà asseguda, amb l'orella enganxada a les dones, i a cada mot que entenia, a cada frase que redescobria, notava gairebé d'una manera concreta, física, com dins del meu cap hi havia coses que es connectaven ben de pressa i no tenia temps de seguir el camí que feien aquelles connexions, però em feien una cosa semblant a les pessigolles al cervell. Reia, reia per dins amb una alegria que havia de contenir, i desitjava amb totes les meves forces que aquelles dones no baixessin mai de l'autobús, que no em deixessin mai més sense la meva llengua mare, pensava que volia poder ser d'elles sense haver de renunciar a res, poder ser de la meva mare sense haver d'esdevenir diferent del que soc. L'alegria se'm va convertir en un sanglot desconsolat quan les dones van baixar i vaig haver de fer-ho jo també a la parada següent, perquè els meus plors s'anaven fent cada cop més audibles per la resta de passatgers. Vaig seguir plorant i caminant, caminant i plorant fins que vaig ser a la meva habitació i allà no vaig parar fins passades unes hores. Quan en vaig tenir prou, de plorar, vaig decidir escriure.

LA LINGUA DI MIA MADRE

(TRATTO DA LA FILLA ESTRANGERA DI NAJAT EL HACHMI)

L'ho scoperto non molto tempo fa su un autobus. Seduto davanti a me c'era un gruppo di donne – tre o quattro, del Rif – che parlavano fra di loro. Io le ascoltavo, prima senza riconoscere quello che dicevano, che lingua parlassero, e poi tutt'a un tratto non solo mi sono accorta che parlavano la lingua di mia madre, ma mi sono anche resa conto che stavo capendo tutto quello che dicevano. Mi ha sorpreso sapere che, pur non avendola mai usata negli ultimi anni, posso ancora decifrarne il significato. Ci sono stata un bel po' lì seduta, con l'orecchio agganciato a quelle donne e, a ogni parola che capivo, a ogni frase che riscoprivo, notavo quasi in una maniera concreta, fisica, come dentro la mia testa ci fossero cose che si connettevano in fretta e furia e come non avessi tempo di seguire la strada che facevano quelle connessioni; però mi facevano qualcosa di simile al solletico al cervello. Ridevo, ridevo dentro con un'allegria che dovevo contenere e desideravo con tutte le mie forze che quelle donne non scendessero mai dall'autobus, che non mi lasciassero mai più senza la mia lingua madre, pensavo che volevo poter essere una di loro senza dover rinunciare a niente, poter essere di mia madre senza dover diventare diversa da quello che sono. La mia allegra si è trasformata in un pianto sconsolato quando le donne sono scese e ho dovuto farlo anche io alla fermata dopo, perché i miei singhiozzi si facevano sempre più udibili per il resto dei passeggeri. Ho continuato a piangere e camminare, camminare e piangere finché non sono arrivata nella mia stanza e lì non ho smesso se non dopo alcune ore. Quando ne ho avuto abbastanza, di piangere, ho deciso di scrivere.

MY MOTHER'S TONGUE

(EXCERPT FROM LA FILLA ESTRANGERA BY NAJAT EL HACHMI)

I found out about it on a bus not long ago. There was a group of women – three or four, from the region of Rif – who were seated in front of me talking to each other. I was listening to them, first without recognizing what they were saying, what language they were speaking, and then, all of a sudden, I realized that they were not only speaking my mother's language, but I also found myself understanding all they were saying. I was surprised to know that, despite not using it during the last years, I'm still able to decipher its meaning. I remained seated there for a while, with my ears clung to those women, and, at every word I understood, at every sentence I rediscovered, I noticed in an almost concrete, physical way how there were things that were connecting so fast inside my head, and I didn't have time to follow their path, but they were kind of tickling my brain. I laughed, laughed inside with a cheerfulness I had to contain, and I wished so hard that those women would never get off the bus, that they wouldn't leave me without my mother tongue ever again. I thought I wished that I could be one of them without having to give anything up, that I could belong to my mother without having to become different from what I am. My cheerfulness turned into hopeless sobs when those women got off, and I had to do that myself at the next stop, because my cries were getting more and more audible for the rest of the passengers. I kept crying and walking, walking and crying until I was in my room, where I didn't stop but after a few hours. When I got fed up with crying, I decided to write.



by Olivia Kong



나 이제 가려 합니다—
더 이상 나로 인해
내가 아끼고 사랑하는 사람들을 잃고 싶지 않다.
당신과의 못다한 말들
구름에 띄워놓고 가겠소.
저도 그 안에 있습니까?

꽃이 피고 또 지듯이—
눈이 달라졌다.

힘없고 병약했던 눈이, 이곳에 와서 범의 눈이 되었구나.
이렇게 우린 서로 그리워하면서도
마주보고 있어도 닿을 수 없어.

왜 만날 수 없었나요?

왜그러셨습니까...

왜 혼자 짊어지셨습니까.

허공을 날아 날아 바람에 나를 실어—
부디 그대 손으로 강을 건너게 해달라.
차갑지요?
나갑시다...
따뜻한데로 갑시다...

그 고마웠던 시절을 뒤로하고
나는 길을 떠날 것이다.

외로웠던 새벽녘 별들 벗삼아—
먼 훗날 다시 태어나면

그때도 나의 벗이 되어주면 좋겠구나.

이제 나도 떠나렵니다.

미안한 마음 두고 갑니다.

아픔은 남겨두고서.



This is a found poem that combines lyrics from the Korean ballad "As Flowers Bloom and Fall" (originally sung by actor Cho Seung-woo; as I wrote this, I listened to the version sung by singer-songwriter HANZ; in blue-colored font) and dialogue from the Korean film *The King's Warden* (in green-colored font), which traces the lesser-known story of Yi Hong-wi / Danjong's exile to Yeongwol, his psychological isolation, and his precious bonds with the local villagers there.

The poem is organized as a descent toward a river: the river of Joseon-era exile, the river of death, the water crossed to reach another country, another life, another forgetting.

What inspired me was the idea of haunting — the spectral. Danjong as a deposed king is already a kind of ghost: stripped of his name, exiled to the periphery, erased from official memory while still alive. The villagers who loved him become people who grieve someone history insists they should not mourn. I was moved by how the film holds that quality — the way a figure can be both present and officially absent, beloved and forbidden, remembered only in whispers. The found poem tries to inhabit that same in-between space.

못다한 말들 / *unfinished words* is the poem's central haunting image — words not yet spoken to a beloved, but here accumulating the weight of everything a culture of enforced forgetting required people to leave unsaid. The classical Korean registers of both the ballad and the film carry a gravity that modern conversational Korean has largely shed; words like 벗 (companion, with its near-sacred resonance) belong to a way of speaking that encoded entire social worlds. To lose that in English is to lose the particular dignity with which these marginalized people — the Yeongwol villagers, the deposed king among them — were rendered.

The poem is left in Korean as its primary text because the untranslatability is part of the point. What the poem ultimately reaches toward is a layered grief: the swallowed stories of Danjong and the lower-class villagers of Yeongwol, held alongside the macro-scale longing of diaspora — the ache of missing something you have never actually touched.

by Michelle Kim

DEDICATED GALLERY

by Lisa Zhang

Street photography is an indispensable part of traveling experience. It is an immersive process through which I reflect on my own existential presence within the larger rhythms of the world, while projecting an authentic part of myself onto landscapes to which I do not originally belong, either culturally or geographically. Walking, observing, pondering, pressing the shutter, then walking again—this is my traveling rhythm. The photographs featured here represent the peak moments of my travels in Puerto Rico, Japan, and Chicago, with each one reflecting on my introspective encounter with a different landscape.

INTROSPECTION





by Lisa Zhang
Chicago, Nikon D610

LUMINARY

by Lisa Zhang
Japan, Nikon D610

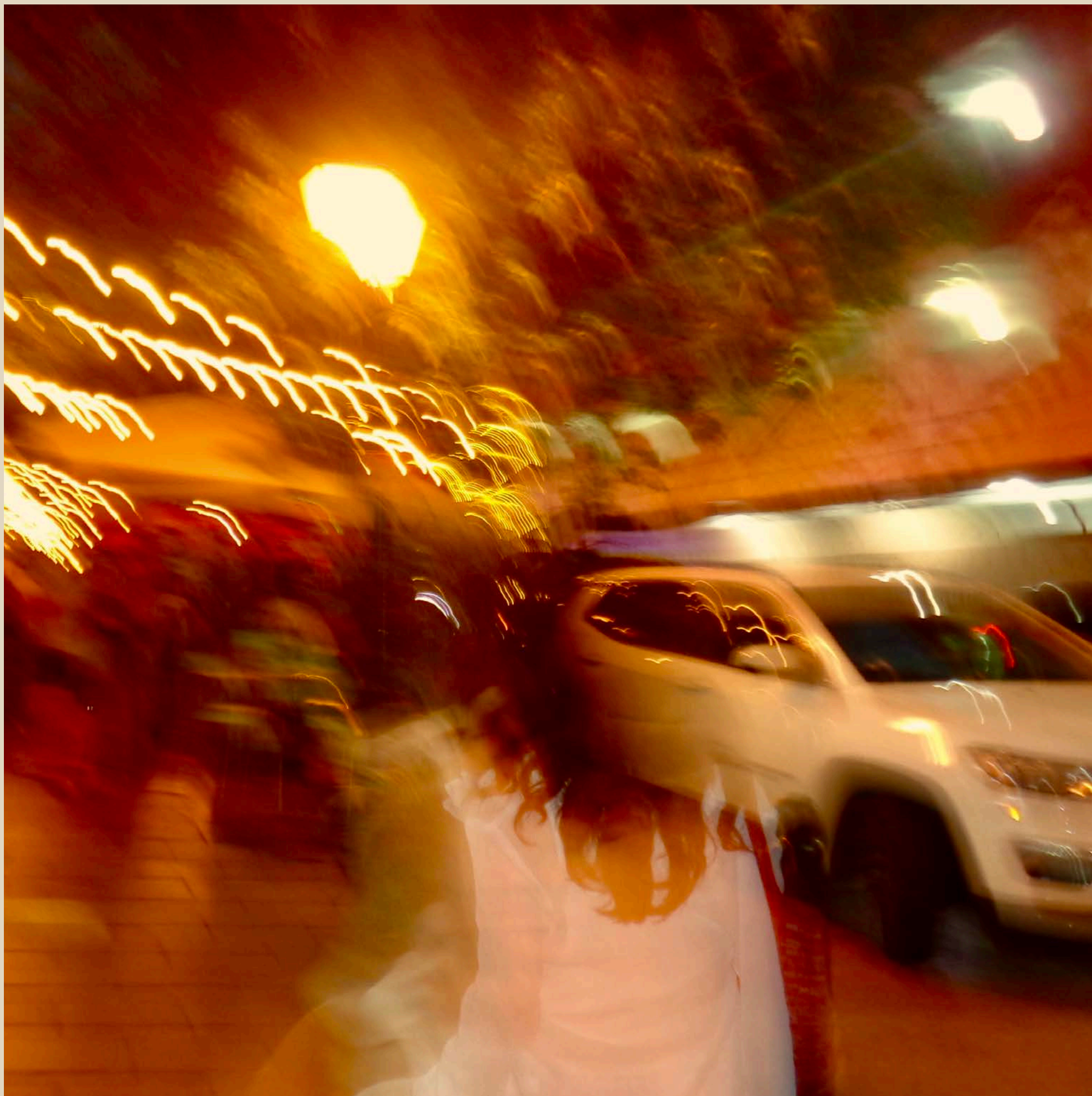




TATTOO

by Lisa Zhang
Puerto Rico, Sony DSC W830

幻



by Lisa Zhang

Puerto Rico, Sony DSC W830

PERMUTATION



by Lisa Zhang

Japan, Nikon D610

MASTHEAD

Ug Ki

Hanta (13p)
Kunag

Jasmine
Jhun 전민경

Ang

YB

UB

