

A dried leaf and stem are positioned on the left side of the slide, extending from the top left towards the bottom center. The leaf is dark brown and curled, while the stem is thin and dark. The background is a light, textured surface with subtle yellow and brown tones.

# **Mongolian Poetry In Translation**

**Theory • Practice • Revolutions**

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# In Theory

- Servile vs. analogous translation
- Toward the writers vs. toward the reader
- Semantic theory
  - Language, thought and reality



Миний доторхи хотууд, гудамжууд,  
дэлгүүрүүд

Миний доторхи хаашаа ч биш одсон  
замууд


Тэр замуудаар холхих амьд, үхсэн  
хүмүүс...

Тэд одоо яах гэж миний дотор  
нуугдана вэ?

Хүнд төмөр хадаасаа зүрхэнд минь шааж  
Хүйтэн цэх хашаануудыг тэд босгоно  
Цээжний минь хаанэгтээ бүдэг дэнлүү  
зоочихоод

Цэг тавихын зуурт өнөөх гэрлүүдээ  
хагачина

Excerpt from a poem by L. Ulziitogs  
from *The Practice of Loneliness*, 2004.



Cities, streets, shops inside me  
Roads that go off to nowhere inside me  
Wandering about by those roads, living, dead  
people...

Why are they now hidden inside me?

They hammer their heavy iron nail into my heart  
and

Erect cold, upright fences

Having plugged a dim lantern somewhere in my  
**chest**

Very quickly they will break that light.



# In Practice

- Reading well
- Approximation
- Stages of Translation



# Eight Stages of Translation (Robert Bly)


1. Literal
2. Meaning
3. English Draft
4. Sentence Sound
5. Mood
6. Sound
7. Native Approval
8. Redrafting



# Revolutions


(Or, “Why I Chose to Translate  
*Contemporary Mongolian Poetry*”)

- Historical Context
- Form
- Content



...Цэлмэг залуу насныхаа гал дөлөөр бадарч  
Сэтгэл зүрх хоёртоо шатах явах үедээ  
Чинсаихан амрагтаа хэлжүзээгүй мөртлөө  
-Чиний төлөөүхье гэжэх орондоо хэлдэг.

Ц. Цэдэнжав



In my bright brave young days,  
When my soul and heart were burning.  
Even to my beautiful lover,  
I never spoke these words:  
“I will die for you.”  
But to my country, I said them.

Ts. Tsedenjav, 1950

from *A Pair Melody of the Stone Monument*

# ЭХНЭРИЙН МИНЬ ТӨРСӨН ӨДӨР

*Имам М. Азамханд*

Аллах нэгэн бүсгүйг урлажээ.  
Үлгэрийн тэр бүсгүй  
Азатханы эрихний хэлхээс  
шиг  
Гучин гурван настай.

Ай, тэр л бүсгүйн  
Ганцхан инээмсэглэл  
Азатхан имам эрихээ  
Мянга эргүүлэхээс үнэтэй.

Г. Аюурзана



# MY WIFE'S BIRTHDAY

*For Imam M Azatkhan*

Allah created a woman.  
This woman.  
Like Azatkhan's beads  
Was thirty-three.

O this woman –  
Just one smile  
Worth a thousand rounds  
On Imam Azatkhan's rosary.

G. Ayurzana, 2005  
from *Non Plus Ultra*



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