

NO SUBJECT

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

(Đây là một bài tập trong San Jose University, Âu Cơ gửi nhờ Mẹ dịch sang Việt ngữ nhưng Mẹ chưa kịp dịch....)

Saturday, March 12, 2011 5:02 PM

From: This sender is DomainKeys verified

"Au-Co Tran" <auolah@yahoo.com>

To: "Mommy" <tbg@sbcglobal.net>

1.

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.

It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which some one was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

2.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines bespoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will - as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been.

When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under her breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial.

She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

3.

And yet she had loved him - sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in face of this possession of self-assertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering!

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg, open the door - you will make yourself ill. What are you doing Louise? For heaven's sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

But Richards was too late.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease - of joy that kills.

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ALDEN

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

(Một đoạn trong một truyện dài Âu Cơ đang viết, gửi nhờ Mẹ dịch sang tiếng Việt).

Sunday, October 16, 2011 6:48 PM

From: "Au-Co Tran" <auco.tran@gmail.com

To: "Mommy" <tbg@sbcglobal.net

Listen. Just listen.

I love you. I love you. I love the idea of you; the idea of you in my arms; you as my life, my forever, mine. I'm jealous of every other boy you talk to, smile at, touch; a silent jealousy that's been growing in my heart, the gnarly fingers of its roots grip my auricles and press against my ventricles.

I can't breathe.

It's you. You planted the seeds the first time we met, the first time you held out your hand to me, the first time you said my name. You're like sunshine: there's no way to put you in a box and keep you forever. You're fleeting, unpredictable, unreliable.

I want the scientific proof of love, something tangible, something I can put in my pocket. I want the guarantee of you.

But I know that's not a promise you can keep, is it? You're not meant to be anyone's one **and only**. You're too free to be trapped forever in the iron arms of love.

I know that all I'm guaranteed is this moment. This moment with you sitting next to me, content and warm.

When you leave me—as I'm certain you will—all I ask of you is a thought now and again, a caress on the walls of your mind. A remembrance of the boy who loved you passionately, loved you in his heartbreak, loved you in the deafening throttles of unspoken words. Who still loves you in spite of the

distance and the absence. In spite of the silence, the endlessly cruel silence of time just gnawing away.

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(TTBG chuyển Việt ngữ)

Hãy lắng nghe! Chỉ lắng nghe thôi!

Tôi yêu em. Tôi yêu em. Tôi yêu ý nghĩ về em; yêu ý muốn được ôm em -- cuộc sống của tôi-- mãi mãi. Tôi ganh tỵ với tất cả mọi người đàn ông được em trò chuyện, được em kề cận, mỉm cười; sự ganh tỵ âm ỉ lớn dần, bầu rẻ xuống trên những thành quách của tâm hồn tôi.

Những nỗi niềm như vậy đã làm tôi ngợp. Em như vì sao xẹt, bất thường, không thật.

Em. Chính ngay lần đầu gặp gỡ, lần thứ nhất đưa tay chào và gọi tên tôi, em đã cấy trồng vào trái tim tôi những hạt mầm như vậy. Tuy nhiên, em như ánh sáng mặt trời để không thể nào chụp bắt và giữ trong tay vĩnh viễn.

Chỉ một điều xác thật của tình yêu em tôi mơ trên hết, điều mà tôi biết không thể trở thành hiện thực: "Tôi mong có em thật sự".

Và em cũng biết sự hứa hẹn ấy tôi chẳng bao giờ nhận được? Em không phải là của riêng ai. Em quá bay bổng để không thể bị giam lại trong cái lồng tình yêu bằng sắt. Tất cả những gì tôi có được chỉ là khoảnh khắc chốc lát của hiện tại: những phút giây có em ngồi cạnh, ấm áp và hài lòng.

Khi em xa rồi --điều chắc rằng phải có-- tôi mong một lúc nào được em nghĩ đến bằng những cảm tình dịu nhẹ. Nghĩ về một kẻ đã yêu em cuồng nhiệt trong trái tim đau đớn, trong sự rộn ràng của những lời không thể được thốt ra. Yêu em không ngừng dù xa xôi và không hiện hữu. Yêu em, dù với sự lặng im tàn nhẫn khôn cùng của thời gian dày xéo xác thân tôi.

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