

Groundswell | Translations

Zeregleent Gobi (Mirage on the Gobi Desert)

Text by Nasun

Buman beerees dallaad baikh yim, zeregeleend ee,
Buural tüükh min tod'rood baikh yim, nudend' minee,
Botog' tor'm'n builaad baikh yim, zeregeleend ee,
Bodol negel' uyaraad baikh yim, yuu-niikh bilee.

Tolgod mangkahn megshüüleed baikh yim, zeregeleend ee,
Tuulsan eleesen tamlaad baikh yim, zürhiig minee,
Toore zag'nei zalbiraad baikh yim, zeregeleend ee,
Tooste horvoo dünsigeed baikh yim, yagaad bilee.

Tuulaad baiyuu daa, duulaad barnuu daa,
Nartad uchiraltaikhahn Gobi, minu zee,
Nadad uhaaraltaikhahn zeregelee, minu zee.

Tengriin khayaag teleed baikh yim, zeregelee nee,
Tertee khoj' miig kheleed baikh yim, setgel minee.
Tengerleg' zayag yö röögööd baikh yim, zeregelee nee,
Tegsh'hen jargakhiig shivneed baikh yim, nad'daa bilee.

*The mirage calls to me across thousands of miles,
as if reflecting and reminding me of our ancient history.
Baby camels cry in the desert seeking their dead mothers.
Nostalgia wells up in my mind and thoughts.*

*Hills of sand and grass appear in the distant mirage,
My soul is tortured by what is past and passed away.
The sparse trees here pray for something else –
why is this dusty world such a sad one?*

*Am I to sing to the end?
Is there any hope of covering these distances? Under the sun, it is the
Gobi
that is my destiny and the mirage that awakens my spirit.*

*The mirage expands on the horizon between earth and sky
and tells my soul of the future yet to come.
It wishes a heavenly fate to those who are worthy
and whispers to me of a happier time.*

Gunjō (Azure)

Text by 2012-2013 Graduate students of Odaka Junior High School, Minami Souma, Fukushima

Ah ano machi de
Umarete kimi to deai
Takusan no omoi daite
Issho ni toki wo sugoshita ne
Ima tabidatsu hi
Mieru keshiki wa chigatte mo
Tooi basho de
Kimi mo onaji sora
Kitto miageteru hazu

“Mata ne” to te wo furu kedo
Ashita mo aeru no kana
Tōzakaru kimi no egao
Ima demo wasurenai ima demo

Ano hi mita yuui
Ano hi mita hanabi
Itsudemo kimi ga ita ne
Atarimae ga shiawase to shitta
Jitensha wo koide kimi to itta umi
Azayakana kioku ga
Me wo tojireba
Gunjō ni somaru

Are kara ni nen no hi ga
Bokura no naka wo sugite
Sangatsu no kaze ni fukare
Kimi wo ima demo omou

Hibike kono utagoe
Hibike tooku made mo
Ano sora no kanata e mo
Taisetsu na subete ni todoke
Namida no ato ni mo
Miageta yozora ni kibou ga hikatteru yo
Bokura wo matsu Gunjō no machi de

Kitto mata ao ano machi de ao
Bokura no yakusoku wa
Kie wa shinai
Gunjō no kizuna

Mata aou Gunjō no machi de

*It was just a town where I was born, a town azure,
and then I met you
We spent days, shared hopes,
together, always in this town, azure
Now, we must leave, walk away,
and look at azure from far away
Will it be different?
Or will we see the same sky elsewhere?
Away from town azure?*

*We wave our goodbyes with dreams of tomorrow,
away from town azure
Your smiling faces fading from view,
staying in my mind, staying in town azure*

*There were fireworks that day,
and a sunset that coloured the sky
Under that blanket of colours, you were there, always there
With all those colours, how could I not know what happiness was?
While on bicycle rides to the seaside,
beside you creating these memories?
But when I close my eyes, I don't see the colours,
all I see is town, azure.*

*I open my eyes
and see that two years have passed
A March wind blows,
and then, I remember you*

*Let these winds bring these melodies
to the most distant of places
Beyond that coloured sky,
reaching everything that is precious
With glistening eyes, we look up at the night sky
And see hope shining, and hope tells us that it shines, too,
In that town, still shining, still azure, waiting for us to come home*

*We will meet again,
in that town
And our promises will bring us home
And we will never fade, in the memory of the town azure*

See you again in that town azure

Cloudburst

Text by Octavio Paz (adapted by Eric Whitacre), translated by Lysander Kemp

El cántaro roto

La lluvia...

Ojos de agua de sombra,
ojos de agua de pozo,
ojos de agua de sueño.

Soles azules, verdes remolinos,
picos de luz que abren astros
como granadas.

Dime, tierra quemada, no hay agua?
hay sólo sangre, sólo hay polvo,
sólo pisadas de pies desnudos sobre la espina?

La lluvia despierta...

Hay que dormir con los ojos abiertos,
hay que soñar con les manos,
soñemos sueños activos de río buscando su cauce,
sueños de sol soñando sus mundos,
hay que soñar en voz alta,
hay que cantar hasta que el canto eche,
raíces, tronco, ramas, pájaros, astros,
hay que desenterrar la palabra perida,
recordar lo que dicen la sangre y la marea,
le tierra y el cuerpo,
volver al punto de partida...

The broken water-jar

The rain...

Eyes of shadow-water,
eyes of well-water,
eyes of dream-water.

Blue suns, green whirlwinds,
birdbeaks of light pecking open
pomegranate stars.

But tell me, burnt earth, is there no water?
Only blood, only dust,
Only naked footsteps on the thorns?

The rain awakens...

We must sleep with open eyes,
we must dream with our hands,
we must dream the dreams of a river seeking its course,
of the sun dreaming its worlds,
we must dream aloud,
we must sing till the song puts forth roots,
trunk, branches, birds, stars,
we must find the lost word,
and remember what the blood,
the tides, the earth, and the body say,
and return to the point of departure...

Qitiraliq

ikkii *cold*
qirniqtaq *dark*
lkulliaq *calm*
uvva *look*
taqiq *moon*

aput,
Alluatiutinga
qitiraliq
aaumajaqtut
qummulivivivaq

snow
halo around the moon
midnight
shooting star
look up

akunilutaq
upinniqtuq
takurrquinaqsituq
sainasimaniq

wait, hope for
miracle
great joy
inner peace

Orde-e

Madukayan Folk Song

Mantaco, mantaco ganganasan
Ay, ila ela elalay
Ay insi insinali dummaay orde-e
Payande, payande umameliyan
Agaggaw, agaggaw way mandonnoy

Come, come let us enjoy singing,
"Ay ila ela elalay,
Ay insi insinali dummaay orde-e" (nonsense syllables).
As one community, it is good that you came to us.
Every day, every day we work.

Taiohi taiao

Text by Aroha Yates-Smith

waiora waimarama wairua
koropupu ake ana
nga wai o te matapuna
he wai matao
he wai reka ki te korokoro
he wai tohi i te punua
wairoa waimarama wairua

te puna o te tangata
te putanga mai o nga reanga
hei poi poi i nga taonga tuku iho
pukenga wanangale
manaaki tangata
tiaki whenua
tamaiti taiohi taiao

Water, lifegiving, clear, the spirit
Bubbling upwards rise
the waters from the spring,
refreshing water,
fluid delighting the tastebuds,
blessing the young
water, life-giving, clear - the spirit.

The springs of humankind
producing generations who will nurture their inheritance,
learning from the storehouse of knowledge,
hospitality/generosity to all,
guardianship of the land,
Child, Youth, Universe.

Kasar mie la gaji

Saying of the inhabitants of the African Sahel

Kasar mie la gaji

The earth is tired