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A COLLECTION OF ITALIAN POEMS

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

Presented below is a collection of Itlani poems with English translation. The Itlani call poetry *gadanlirós* (ᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭᑭ) or “word-winging”. To the Itlani, poetry is any lingual expression of thought or sentiment that is more impregnated with flow, rhythm, cadence, impression and symbol than ordinary prose speech or writing. However, as anyone who is familiar with Itlani speech patterns knows the two often overlap, intersect, converge and fuse; they can be hard to distinguish. Itlani is a very musical language.

The role and importance of the Itlani language to the people of the united Itlani Imperium is difficult to exaggerate. The definitive standard form created by the great storyteller and linguist Rozh-Shpiláv, which he originally called *Reformed Ravzhurian*, is the central cultural and political rallying point for all inhabitants of the Purple Planet¹, Drun, later renamed by the people, Itlán. The language is one thing all Itlani hold in common (although there are four other extant languages spoken on the planet). It is the central matrix of their identity.

PRINTING CONVENTIONS FOR THIS DOCUMENT

Paragraph one of the excerpt from my, as yet unfinished, essay *Yallirit Drinda ta Itlanit Gadanlirosa* (The Eight Winged Art of Itlani Poetics) based on the seminal work of Yuad-Morli, the father of the Itlani poetical tradition, is here presented in the native Itlani Datáb script, followed by its standard Romanization with English translation. The rest of the document, both prose and poem examples is given only in the Romanized versions followed by their English translations.

¹ Purple Planet: the world that the followers of Rozh-Shpiláv migrated to to from their planet of origin. What the Itlani call *purple* in more magenta in Terran eyes. I just like the sound of “purple planet” so I have always translated it that way.

Except from my essay *Yallirit Drinda ta Itlanit Gadanlirosa* (The Eight Winged Art of Itlani Poetics).

[illegible]

ֿՋ - ԵՅԻԼ Ք ՀՈՍԵՂԴ
 ֿՅ - ԴԵԼՈՒՅԻՅՈՍԵՂԻՇ
 ֿՍ - ԵԻՇՈՒՅԼԻՇ
 ֿԽ - ՀՈՈՂԻՇ
 ֿԼ - ՈՒՅԼԵԴԻՅ
 ֿԷ - ՈՇԼԵԼԻՇ
 ֿՇ - ՕԴԼԻՇ
 ֿՅ - ՎԻՅՈՍԻՅ

¹Yal lírú ta misaunit tayvidú ta Itlanit drindaa ta Gadanlirosa onyaren. Secha ta Itlanit gadanlírú savutit sadarit sizdovó zhanavit onyaren, ííd tayvidú ta gadanliresea ra-safyiren. Dini ta Itlanit prazhenosan, znayferan, kwtaketerinOsavisuosan vey gadanlirosan, *ta chindu, ta shtaketerinós, ta pelketaós, ta tigós, ta gadantsúr, ta klanatéyn, ta mudjatéyn* vey *ta zerimár*, prundji gidanizhe farishyaren.

1. Prev vey Chindu
2. Shtaketerinós
3. Pelketaós
4. Tigós
5. Gadantsúr
6. Klanatéyn
7. Mudjatéyn
8. Zerimár

¹*There are eight foundational principles, or wings, of the Itlani art of word-winging or poetry. Although Itlani poems have found their own independent forms, these principles are not limited to poetry. Rhythm, alliteration, assonance, rhyme, word-image, metaphor, symbol and impression play a large role in Itlani story-telling, prose, and conversation as well as in poetry.*

1. Flow and Rhythm
2. Alliteration
3. Assonance
4. Rhyme
5. Word-image
6. Metaphor
7. Symbol
8. Impression

²Ishyari u ta prazhenós gilukhit zambirova dini ta Itlanit kayaran tebyara. Kari ta Itlanit talshotey, ta mamadjós ta shola ba ta sholigüá, resh djurit rubetey, layso dini ta znayferan, pakrihanizhe pelchilinyara. lid ayenilu, ta Itlanit gadanlirekú, franarit sanukiriena, ta Yal Lirovó ta gadanlirosa keravit onyaren. Ta adunit mabugvaniena ta Itlanit sholosa pe ta vanbredian, Siarél, ta prazhenós shprunizhe sekorduyava. Bazhi ta konoman ta pronarun ta prazhenú ta ebona iküf ta sanukiravá vey dini ta zakhavá kreybuvyiven. Var u mashrá ta yavtaan ta prazhenú feryiven ra, shey zhirashú ta zhigutese pashuni dralkadimavit onyaven. Ta Yal Lirú, layso seti ta pronirit prazhenavá, idait zhirashú onyaven vey ta talkorit prazhendiú ta ebona djeyeldjemarizhe vutova tugizhe igüayaven.

²*We know that storytelling, ta prazhenós, holds a core position in Itlani culture. Just as important, to the Itlani mind, is the manipulation of language usage, ta sholigüá, for effect, even in prose. For this reason, Itlani poets have, for long ages, explored what they have come to call the eight wings of poetry. From the ancient beginnings of Itlani language on its world of origin, Earth, storytelling held a high priority. Under the disguise of song, stories of the people scattered through the ages and in the hearts. Because stories were not written in the past, every aid to memory was warmly welcomed. The Eight Wings were such aids even in the sung stories, and skillful storytellers of the people deeply and fully used them in a detailed way.*

³Tiforiizhe, ta gadanlirós-sá vananyiva. Yagusún ta gadanlirit sizdarun ta visese feynizhe pitimedjinyaven. Pientait nor ta prazhendia lanlani shunyiva vey vutova gadalirekú mishtaratyavi. Shey ta gadanesea mogit banadjinit shola ta lirovó dafaryaven reshú ta talshú mogit shagalarun vey ta adalú mogit zakharun vutit fidiriuvakotovó zhanyaten. Ta Itlansholit gadanlirós ta maka ta gadanlireka ta lirovó ta gadanesea dafarya onyara, kiinilisa iküf ta ardjaavá ta blikhnorga, ta zakha, ta shagala, vey ta nikha liryá makayaten, ta talpanaova ta djatarese ba ta makbasharese fulatsarizhe.

³*Eventually, poetry proper was born. A great variety of poetic forms gently floated up to the surface. A special type of storyteller appeared and we called them word-wingers. They gave wings to all of the words of our beautiful language so that the thoughts of our minds and the emotions of our hearts could find their ways of expression. Itlani language “word-winging”, is the capacity of the poet, ta gadanlirek, to give words wings by which they can fly through the realms of body-heart-mind-soul freely bringing elevation to hearer or reader.*

⁴ Ta prazhenú ta prazhendiarun pronú onifyaven vey ta pronú arvikerifyaven. Ta nulakú vananyiven vey ta ayfanalotú loshpilifyaven. Ta gadanlirú sizdifyaven vey vuteylo ta gadanlirekú-sá. líd ta tretiit vasuriós ta kadima ta gadanlirosa onyava. Djurit banchulíf idataay aurit vey sheytait samyava. Idakín mogani, layso tsornitá, ruvyira: “*Ta zakhay ta ebona ta prazhenú, ta prazheniena ta pronú, ta proniena ta gadanlirú, ta gadanliriena ta zakh ta ebona, ta zakhay ta ebona ta prazhenú!*” Itlanit gadanlirekú damakayaven u yal misaunit hegú ta natunigüaa lapanyaren kiinilisa ta gadanesea ta lirovó dafarya makayaren: ta chindu, ta shtaketerinós, ta pelketaós, vey ta tigós, ta gadantsúr, ta klanatéyn, ta mudjatéyn vey ta zerimár. líd yal misauntuaróu, shey sitivenit, ras ta chilinudilu vey ras ta rayudilu ta igüaifa pakrihanyaren. Sheri shey vutey, ta laifit lutarilu ta chilinuda khilizhe dlekeshyazhu. Seti ta chinduan mabugyazhu.

⁴*The stories of the storytellers became songs and the songs became more precise. Set arrangements were born and customary forms crystalized. Poems took form and with them poets per se. This was the slow progression of the arrival of poetry. Its development since that time has remained stable and eternal. That is why it is even now said among us: “From the heart of the people, stories. From the stories, songs. From the songs, poems. From the poems, the heart of the people, and from the heart of the people, stories.”*

SECTION TWO – A SMALL SAMPLE OF POEMS IN THE ITLANI LANGUAGE

In a formal sense Itlani writers are sensitive to distinguish between “Itlani poems” and “poems in the Itlani language”. Any poem written in one of the languages of Itlán (Itlani, Semerian, Djiran, Djanari or Lastulani) is an Itlani poem, in the sense that it is a poem from Itlán, written by an Itlani citizen. Poems in the planetary lingua franca of Itlán, that is, Itlani language poems proper are often formally denoted as *itiansholit gadanlirú*, that is “Itlani-language poems.” in informal settings, however, often this distinction is lost.

Poems in the Itlani language come in a variety of forms. These will not be discussed here. It is sufficient to note that of all the techniques used in Itlani poems, flow, rhythm, alliteration and syllable count are the most often encountered. By Terran form-centered poetical standards Itlani poetics is not very strict or encumbered by formality. It is meant to leave an impressionist and emotional aftertaste that the hearer or reader will long carry with them, as an inner gift.

SHINARIT KARFEYAY – ta Pron Tsirtsír-Rama, fidiri ta prazhenay *Seyrán ta Tainaa* – ԴՈՅԴՈՅԻ
ՈՒՅԻՄԱՆՈՒՄ – Վ ԿԵՐԵ ԵՄՅԵՆՅԵ–ՅԻՈՂ: ԵՄՂՈՅՈՎ Վ ԿՅԼԴԻԹԼՈՒ <ՇԻՄՅԻԹ Վ
ԲԼՈՅԻԼ>::

Shinarit Karfeyay yonú khakadimyaven,
Ta tendayova ta pulana rahaizhe versidjyaven,
Fidiri ta inunit shatunay Talmiara
Aanit sintinilu mogese klanayaven.

Varemová, zheyumová inubranavizhe,
Fidiri ta eylbiriena kreydzevunavizhe,
Yoteynú ta azyonarun mantalapuyaren,
Klaná ta Runit Lushan rahaova djasunyaren.

Dini Shtemorese tsorni keyliyaren,
Seti ta merinan miaraa pikeryaren,
Vey zhoy iíz malachit dukhulór,
Raheslait vey fazhenit mushiltrasutór.

Daldeait kutelovó zumyavu idatá,
Pe mogit zhimboese dini ta yoneyavá,
Kadimya losh ta gurzhulín vey kutín iíz sheyzá,
Lipalova tebyaven dini etsipralit tinotavá.

Iíz ta prazhenunova pronilu mabugyaru
Vey tamagit pronovó layso prundji trevkonyaru,
Pron ta Ubua vey Zakhuna djamó ta togan
Tsiratsit miaraa, ta Varema, vey Pesula tsorni moga!

Kinzá iidova prazhenya mabugyatu?
Ta Lipalova sundjafya sazhoyese savukyatu...
Var djurova djemartogya zhirí say makayavu,
Vey iid Birafunarun chailisa khay zumyavu!

FROM THE MYSTIC ISLE – the Song of Tsirtsír-Ram, from the story Circle of the Lantern

*From the Mystic Isle came ships proceeding,
Neither wave nor wind nor storm yet heeding,
From Talmiara City yon afar
Guided by aán² and Lonely Star.*

*Leaving behind all loves and family fair,
Taking leave of every homebound care,
Banners flying high, the Jeweled Ships plowing,
Through the Northern Seas; to no force bowing.*

*In Shtemór, Fjord City, now arriving,
Upon the Shores of Hope, in Quest, all striving,
And I, a boy of young and tender age,
A barefoot sapling yet and not a sage.*

*I watched the Dazzling Entourage in vestments gold,
To disembark upon our shore-strand old,
Their helmets lit by jewels, their swords wild, glinting,
And nothing of their Quest or Care yet hinting.*

*And so it is my story here begins,
And many Songs of Wonder will yet I sing,
A Song of Woe and Courage beyond belief,
A pressing Hope, a Love, a World's Relief!*

*For where to begin a Tale so lovely fair?
To lay the Soul Quest open, naked here...
For this I scarcely can believe myself,
And I was witness among this treasured Wealth!*

² Aán: Itlani concept of honesty, uprightness, honor and living according to the Itlani code of right and wrong.

**PRON TA DRUNIT BREDIA (shandi rakarivit gadanlirún) – ԻՅԻՅ Ա ԵՅԵՄԻ ԱՅԻՄԼ
(ԵՅԵՄԻ ԱՅԻՄԼԱՅԻՄԻ ԱՅԻՄԼԱՅԻՄԻ)։**

Sheri Itlaney tsorni-sáy pronyanu,
Var izaese luyira zhoyit zakh,
Murnizhe seti iidan khay vemyanu,
U ta zhotese kadimyata ra t'alákh.

Fidiri ta fridadjunay ta talea,
Drunit vey ivarit piti sheyan,
Vey sneha anú kiinizhe t'aylea
Kiinizhe az dini Atonit tebneyan.

Shukhrám ta salashún Rozh-Shpilava,
Shukhrám ta vemún idarit shagala,
Var Uramún idarova varemyavad
Kiinizhe shprunudova ta dagala.

Ruzay, Drun onyava kul-kulizhe inu,
Murnizhe mu anza dzeva leypasyana,
Idarizhe daivit ta safina sinu,
Rozh dayavor u ta ebón mishyana.

Djufi ta lanyuey, dini gidanit djasunan,
Drunit brediese manukanavyazhor.
Iküí mishbatan djamó pilaivit Sintinan,
Diváy otorayavá, Rahelistit Ilazo.

Ta Drunit Trel sheyova ayzanyava,
Idá ta moseynit vey adit dralishensál,
Mabugifyara say t'anikebes mogit birafa,
Vey kari kunirey sopiyana ta inunit drogkhál.

"Imfayit onyazhi!" ruvyavor Shpiláv ebonese,
"Mogova lulyate!" ta tanú vunes' disuyaven,
Idaizhe mabugifyava ta birafún Drunese,
Ebón vey Narór, muifavit, izaese dzevyaven.

Piti ebonan drunit dzevanza lazyava,
Genivit ta kulit ebón kimsiit abilisa,
Yoneysál ta ebona misgidizhe lahadyava,
Manukanavyaven Aán vey Shpilavit Adisa.

“Keyliese mog shey!” Rozh-Shpiláv uvakyavor,
Disuyava ebón “Lahadyari mog say!”
Iküí t’anzaese purbenya Rozh lonevyavor,
Pe Drunit Bredian ivarfazhenit eyltáy!

Kinlán tantoaris ta dzev? Ra-ishyari.
Shinarú Atonarun iidilu samyaren.
Ta miaraova vey krilova zarzari,
Vey kalún Rozhkoese gilukhizhe zamyaven.

Ruvyíra u djamoyaven tomak aspalú,
Okrimizhe spavya – ra-makayavi hapá.
Ruzay ishyavi u kadimyazhen dralú,
Vey u ta rozh vey ta rez misgidyaren izá.

Dini Gimlaese givaní khalokhyavi,
Fazhenit Zarideyna vey kulizhe fazhenafi.
Atonú diváy mogan sheyzá yibybyavi,
Eyla say shta pe bredian givaní vey drunafi!

Atonesea eypyavor vey Shpilavova khay djatyavi:
Imareley, Tsirtsireley, vey Dozhorey, vey Vulorey!
Iidizhe sonatsyari! U imfayit iizese kadimyavi.
Idatá ta dzevanzaova inuifya grishunyavi.

SONG OF THE PURPLE PLANET (ongoing work, as yet incomplete)

*Now I would sing of Itlán,
For my soul is being compelled there,
And only this do I ask,
That my voice be up to the task.*

*Out of the Great Sky, the light came,
Purple and pure above all,
And many colors like a rainbow
Like a jewel from a Divine Treasure horde.*

*Behold Rozh-Shpiláv's dream,
Behold the aspiration of a clear mind,
For the Great Friend, the Creator, loves clarity
As He does a tiger's strength.*

*But the Purple Planet was far away,
With only one portal to guide us there,
Although the implications were clear in a moment,
Rozh understood that the people would follow.*

*In spite of all dangers, and in great trepidation,
To the Purple Planet He guided us.
Through a path beyond the known Star,
Around all doubts, Uncertain Vastness.*

*The Purple Movement taught all things,
The wondrous source of ancient knowledge,
Now began the excitement of our adventure,
And so in longing, the far horizon of promise led us.*

*"We shall be safe!" Shipláv assured the people,
"Take us then!" the people answered Him.
And so began the great voyage to the Purple Planet,
People and lord, united in courage, travelled there.*

*"Ever onward, all of us!" Rozh-Shpiláv called out.
And the people answered, "We are ready!"
Through the Portal Rozh prepared to fly,
Far away from home to a distant Purple Planet!*

*How long this journey? We do not know.
This remains among the secrets of the Gods.
But our hopes remained and all our expectations,
And our great trust for Rozh, so deep within us.*

*They say for forty days or more we traveled,
Though none among us knows for sure.
But we do know that all was wrought for goodness
And that ahead of us awaited calm and peace.*

*Suddenly to a desert Valley fell we all,
To a new life, fresh and all things bright.
The Gods surrounded us of this we're certain,
In our new home, a dry and purple planet.*

*Rozh-Shpiláv addressed the Gods; we listened to his words,
"O Imarél! O Tsirtsirél! O Dozhór and Thou, Vulór!
For all of this we are so thankful! We have come here safe and sound!
Then we witnessed, like a flash, the travel portal disappear.*

SHERI TA SITIVENEY – ሻዮን ላ ርዕሰሰላሳዮን

Sheri ta sitiveney ta ruvena ra-chilinyara.
Zhoyit khagadanú zarideynyaren varvari bashey.
Ta inunay bashova zumarit onyaru.
Helistizhe misgidyazhu – kesh kadimyashe?

Ta eaúd bashit chaarun sheyova tsaradzafyara
Zhoyit bashlait uvakís bashit keuren onyara
Bredí fazhenen onyara – varvari bashey
Hatrín zhoyit burnu onyazha – kesh dayazhe?

Iíz misgidyazhu makhá u bashit anseylarova
Tebya makayaru. Iíz rovinyazhu reshú zhoyit
Nikhova amborinyate. Ksevyazhu makhá
U zhoyit shprunit blikhnorgova shonafyazhe.
Sheri ta sitiveney ta ruvena ra-chilinyara.

ABOUT THE STRUCTURE

*The structure of what is said doesn't matter.
My rants live because of you.
I am watching you from afar.
I will certainly wait – will you come?*

*The brightness of your eyes cleanses everything
My small silent voice is your invitation
A planet is a new thing – because of you
Nearness is my prize – Don't you understand?*

*I will wait here while I can hold
Your floral scent. I will sojourn here so that you
Might drink my soul. I will lie down while
You will make my strong body sweat.
The structure of what is said doesn't matter.*

FRANARTANTOILU – ԲԵՆԵՐԵՆԻՅԱՆԻՄԵՆ

Franartantoilu Itlanay inuonyava vey
Vunese shtamishya kunirunyarú khaá.
Ruzay, ta paydienú zhoyova peznoyaren.
Vey murnnikhit chadozharit iíz samyaru.

Franartantoilu ta yavtaa inubranyivu
Ruvyira u saabiyonilu idá brinkiyava.
Ruzay zhigutova idait veykala ra-trevkonyaru
Vey murnit pe iíd bredian dzevya alamiyivu.

Kulizhe fidiriprevanivit onyaru vey rahá
Zhoyese samyara kiinilu ta khorova bishyanu.
Varlezemtanú kadimyaven ratá vey murnit
Keyliese prakya abiyonilu-ba-rá cheykopyavu.

Ruzay senyakhazhu zhoy ra, ra say, ratá!
Ta lipál zhoyese satapyara khaá vey djurova
Inubranya ratá makayanu layso kashá tsiryana
Ta kulit untár zhoyit khiyefenarun iíz vey tsornitá.

Ruzay ta mishbat sintinissefa zaradit vey franarit onyara
Zhirasharú lapanyaren ra vey ta nuren zilaniyara
Vranetú zhanyiren sheyzá vey sheyaspalizhe etarashyara
Ta kunír ta eylbrediese, Itlanese, drunit bredí ta zakharun.

Franartantoilu Itlanay inuonyava vey
Vunese shtamishya kunirunyarú khaá.
Vranetú zhanyiren sheyzá vey sheyaspalizhe chadyaren
Ruzay iküiprakya abiyonilu-ba-rá murnit cheykopyaru.

FOR A LONG TIME

*I have been away from Itlán a long time
How I long to get back there soon
But so many obstacles are preventing me
And I remain here alone, crying*

*Long time past I was left here
Although they say I volunteered*

*I have no memory of that decision
And I am constrained to travel this planet alone*

*I am completely drained dry and nothing
Remains in me to carry on this fight
No allies ever came to help me and whether
I like it or not I must struggle on alone*

*But I will not surrender, not now, not ever!
The mission is sacred to me and I could
Never abandon it even if, here and now,
The entire world of my efforts went up flames*

*But the path of a starman is hard and long
Helpers there are none and the burden is heavy
Thorns there be everywhere and every day the longing
For the homeworld grows, for Itlán, the purple planet of hearts*

*I have been away from Itlán a long time
How I long to get back there soon
Thorns there be everywhere, every day more numerous
But like it or not I must struggle on through, alone.*

ZARIDÉYN IÍZ

Ta zhozhá giliryara, ta ilazo kreyyara.
Murnit vey murnnikhit dzevyaru shas loshekey.
Rahait samtéyn ta miaraa, ta varema vey ta parema.
Zaridéyn iíz omanyara ra.

Togyavu u dzangariya tilyanu kashá eshken aatyana,
Ruzay tilyavu u idá djamó zhoyit makaan zhanyira.
Ubuyaru, chadozhyaru, shassopiifyaru – kinzá mishyanu?
Uramún-Tamú manukanavyatad!

Ta zhozhá giliryara, ta ilazo kreyyara.
Togyavu u dzangariya tilyanu kashá ta eshken aatyana,
Murnit vey murnnikhit dzedvyaru shas loshekey.
Ruzay tilyavu u idá djamó zhoyit makaan zhanyira.

Rahait samtéyn ta miaraaa, ta varema vey ta parema.
Ubuyaru, chadozhyaru, shassopiifyaru – kinzá mishyanu?
Zaridéyn iíz omanyara ra.
Uramún-Tamú manukanavyatad!

LIFE HERE

*The wind is cold, the vastness stretches out.
I travel without a companion alone and lonely.
No residue of hope, love and respect.
Life here is not easy.*

*I believed that I would learn to adapt if circumstances demanded,
But I learned that that was beyond my capability.
I am sad, I weep, directionless – where would I go?
May the One God guide me!*

*The wind is cold, the vastness stretches out.
I believed that I would learn to adapt if circumstances demanded,
I travel without a companion alone and lonely.
But I learned that that was beyond my capability.*

No residue of hope, love and respect.

I am sad, I weep, directionless – where would I go?

Life here is not easy.

May the One God guide me!

PE SIARIT BREDIAN – ԻՒ ԵՄԵՆԻ ԱՅԻՆԻՅԵ

Pe siarit bredian djanubyaru,
Misgidarizhe,
Murnnikhilu,
Miaraatsizhe
Basheysha.

Ishyaru u pe iid inunit Siarelan
Ra-zhanyire.
Ra-kadimyazhe,
Ra-emdalesyazhe.
Ubuyaru.

Siarit ta an zhoyit prevarit tura.
Zhivdafarit,
Varemlulit,
Shastseynakeyli.
Mogeysha.

Hatá-hatá eylese shtakadimyazhu
Basheylo onyazhu
Zarzari mog lozh
Marshonshonyazhi.
Shta anarakyazhi...

ON A BLUE WORLD

*I am sitting on a blue world
Waiting,
Lonely,
Hoping,
Without you.*

*I know that you are not with me
On far away Siarél.
I know you will not come.
You will not appear.
I am sad.*

*Blue is my flowing blood,
Life-giving,
Love-thirsty
Restless,
No us.*

*One day I will return.
I will be with you.
Both of us together
Will make love
Happy once again.*

GIVANBIRIT HARKÁZ – ՆՈՒԼԻԹԱՄԱՅՈՒՆԻ ԶԼՅՈՒՄ

Siarán antoafyara, zhozhaisú kimsiafyaren.
Shirél sheyova pitishunyara,
Marmarú djamó pristiyaen.
Murnit dzevarit onyaru, dini zhoyit zakhan bash.

Sintinisú bonduifyaren, fridadjazú krazhni shprunyaren.
Zhoyit nikhtál zhoyova razhgeyrisafyara.
Sundjit ramú pe ta yeniavá ta givanbira.
Ta glantarshú sheyzá taleayaren.

Divay zhoyan ta abova madjunmoriyaru.
Afakylaru say var zhoyelo onyare
Dini zhoyit kunarit nikhan,
Vey djani bashese shtaramyazhu.

DESERT NIGHT

*Shades of blue make sweet, breezes refresh.
Shirél oversees all.
The Twin-twins speed beyond my reach
I am travelling alone, with you in my heart.*

*The stars are hiding, the Sky-Jewels are too strong.
My soul-light cools me,
Bare feet on the desert sands.
The glow-leaves everywhere light my way.*

*I pull my robe around me with strong hands.
I am happy now because you are with me,
In my wandering soul,
And soon I will come back to you.*

ITLÁN – BANADJINIT ITLÁN! – מְחַיֵּב – וְיָשִׁיבָנוּ מְחַיֵּב/::

Itlán – banadjinit Itlán!
Ranti bashese shtakadimyazhu?
Zhoyit nikh krazhni franarizhe inuyava.
Basheysha zhoyit zakh teskyara.

Ta yeniesea bashit givanbirarun tikuyaru.
Vutova sundjramya savukyate!
Ta razhgéyr bashit sheytait varema
Zhoyova shtapalanaafyazha.

Rumbi zhoyit franarit gazhonan
Bashese helistizhe shtarovinyazha!
Sundjit bazhi Taloran shtazarideynifyazhu.
Eéy Bash, Itlán! Zhoyit murnit uramór.

Ta Untár ta Dozharun zhoyese hemitsyavel ra!
Secha dozhón onyatu ta aduna!
Var inugazhonivit onyaru...
Inunizhe zhoyit izmuit eyla.

Eéy Bash, Itlán! Muku shta zhoyova peyratyate!
Reshú shta basheylo sundjya makayatu,
Bazhi ta taleaan Talora,
Dini sanokan zhoyit uramora, Itlán.

ITLÁN – BEAUTIFUL ITLÁN

*Itlán – beautiful Itlán!
When will I return to you?
My soul has been too long away.
My heart withers without you.*

*I thirst for the sands of your deserts.
Let me walk them barefoot!
The heat of your eternal love
Will heal me.*

*I will certainly come back to you
After my long exile!
Naked under the Itlani sun I will come back to life.
O Thou, Itlán! My only lover.*

*The World of Waters would not satisfy me!
Though I be a water being of ancient provenance!
For I have been exiled so far away...
So far away from my true home.*

*O Thou! Itlán! Take me back once again!
So that again I can be naked with you,
Under the light of the Itlani sun,
In the embrace of my lover, Itlán.*

VEMYARU U – ԼԻՊԱԼԵՏ Դ

Vemyaru u ta gadanlirú fidiri zhoyay prevyaten
Reshú shey ta banadjinova Itlana pilayata.
Var murnizhe dini zhoyit zhotavá zhanyira
Ta shol idait antoit fidiriuvakosa.

Ta etsipralovó dini ta zakhán tebya makayaru
Ruzay bashova dini ta shikaavá silyanu.
Fidiribelonya Itlanizhe cheykopyaru
Reshu ishyate bash u zhoyit varem adunyara.

Shukhrám ta kunirprón ta yemarun Shenskatana
Kinzá zhoyit zakh kiharya ra-ikesetyara.
Ta talemese ta kesarun franarizhe djeynatyara
Mashrá u ta zhimboova sundjramilisa mishyaru.

Muku shta inu bashay gazhonyiru
Vugkadimya vemunarizhe – shey talemakilu
Kesh zhoyit gadanlirova peyratyazhe
Reshú ta banadjinova zhoyit varema pilayate?

I'D LIKE

*I'd like poems to flow out of me
So that all may know the beauty of Itlán.
Because only in my mouth is found
The language of this sweet expression.*

*I can hold the secrets in my heart
But I would lose you in the mists.
I have to cry out in Itlani
So that you know that my love is ancient.*

*Behold the song of a wanderer from the icelands of the South
Where my heart does not dare to move.
Long I listen to the breathing of the whales
While I walk barefoot along the shore.*

*One again I am exiled away from you,
Wanting so much – with each breath – to come back to you
Will you accept my poem?
So that you might now the beauty of my love?*

TUZHÁN – ТУҒАН

Zhoyit sundjit ramú ta brediova chegyaren.
Rahait ramgurú vutova ta vulay ta ona
Kreyafyaren. Tuzhán eshkyara, vey
Itlán idá tuzhanbír onyara vey samyazhor khaá.

Ta chayanto ta ona tipetsyara mafáy lundjagey
Vey ta zakh shprunya makayara djufi-bolo var
Tuzhán shey onyara vey ta on djurova ayzanyara.
Talortál pe tsamavá, razhgeyrisit vulen bazhi.

Ííd tuzhanova silyazhu zhoy ratá, ishi samsamyazha.
Estál ta zakha vey ta salafia onyara djur khaá.
Idaova dayaru vey djurova aretikhya tilarit zhoy onyaru.
Itlán idá tuzhanbír onyara vey samyazhor khaá.

Sundjit ramú, dzevazhit vey mampisazhit ta onese onyaren.
Salaí vey ta shprunúd rahaizhe gelbyazhen hatá
Tuzhán eshkyara vey djurova trevkonyaru say khaá.
Talortál pe tsamavá, razhgeyrisit vulen bazhi.

CONNECTION

*My bare feet touch the planet.
No shoes separate them from
The soil of being. Connection is possible, and
Itlán is that place of connection and remains so.*

*The sweet smell and taste of being lingers despite all threat
And heart can be strong despite it all because
Connection is everything and being teaches it.
Sunlight on my shoulders, warm soil beneath me.*

*I will never lose this connection, it will ever linger.
An affair of heart and attitude it is indeed.
I understand this and I am learning to cherish it.
Itlán is that place of connection and remains so.*

Bare feet are ready for the journey and the quest for being.

Attitude and strength will never evade.

Connection is possible and I have it here with me now.

Sunlight on my shoulders, warm soil beneath me.

NIKH TA SHINARA – ԵՈՒԲ ԱԼ ԴՈՒԵԼԵԼ

ra-ishyaru kinzaay kadimyaren ta shinarú mogit untara...
ruzay etikhyaru u ta djemaruday ta nikha dzevyaren,
ta djeyeliena idá koaza...
izá depikyarú zhoy.

ishi izá samyanu losh uramún-tamuey.
dini ta rezunan vey ta chayantoit rozhan idá satapbira
izá shey ta miaraú ta shagala damotagyaren.
ta tsirtsirú ta prakarun ta zarideyna izá gilirifyaren.

seti ta banadjinit ean losh zhoyit klotashey
seti ta shirudan ta naa
losh ta satapit gadanín dini zhoyit zakhan
dralyara shey. palonyaren ta shinarú...

SOUL OF MYSTERY

*i don't know where the mysteries of our world came from...
but i suspect they traveled from the fullness of the soul,
from the depths of that diamond...
that's where i live.*

*i will always stay there with the creator.
in the great tranquility and the sweet peace of that holy place
there all the hopes of the mind rest.
the fires of the struggles of life cool there.*

*in the beautiful dawn with my horse
in the green of the steppe
with the holy words in my heart
all is well. so many mysteries...*

TALORYARA KHAÁ! – 𐎧𐎡𐎴𐎠𐎼𐎫𐎠𐎢𐎡𐎴 𐎧𐎡𐎴/::

Ta Givanunese mishavit onyaru,
Ta Darorova mampisarizhe
Ta Kut razá zhanyiva.
Kadáy ishi.
Izá murnizhe zhanyavu sazhoyova.
Maliden Ra.

STRONG SUN

*I have gone to the Givanún Desert,
Seeking for the King
The Sword was nowhere found.
Thirst everywhere.
There, I only found myself.
No surprize*

TA OZNATÚ - 𐎧𐎡𐎴𐎠𐎼𐎫𐎠𐎢𐎡𐎴

Ta Oznatú shirit prevyaven
Ta Dozhú gilirí
Ta Zhozhá zhoyit vishuova sepanyava
Ta Fazhenit Ananós sabutyava
Amarit rinkasarú zhoyit chaesea yavyoyaven
Ranti seti ta Oznatavá,
Ishyaru u Uramún kheyemyarad.

THE RIVERS

*Green rivers flow
Cold waters
Wind kisses my face
New Flowering greets me
Yellow-dancers delight my eyes
When at the Rivers,
I know that the Creator lives*

ISHI SHON – עִשִׂי שׁוֹן

Shonyara ta Nikh
Ruzay dazhem ta rozhafit pranavá Uramuna
Ksevyaru.
Imfayúd Sheyzayara
Rozh pe zhoyese talemyara.
Ishi Shon
Ruzay pesulivit onyaru zhoy...

ALWAYS SWEAT

*The Soul sweats
But between the peace-inducing arms of the Creator
I lie.
Safety eveywhere
Peace breethes on me.
Always sweat
But I am safe.*

SATÉL TALMENSHUNÉL – ᑭᓄᓄᓄ ᓄᓄᓄᓄᓄᓄᓄᓄᓄᓄ

Klaná ta Naavá dzevunyavel,
Mishbatovó ta nikha zhanshunarizhe.
Vuyinova dralizhe pilayaru, dzevovó loshkorunyavi,
Talmenit shunenovó loshshunyavi seti kadayan.

Mantayaven ta dzarú, giliryaven ta oznatú, ruzay
Razhgeyrit ta nikhú var Uramún mogeylo setiramyavad.
Ta Sitinún piti mogit mishbatan sheyova chayavor.
Ta mishú shtakimsiafyaven vey shprunafyaven kha.
Gadanlirek onyarel, pronár ta pronarun, dafarár ta dafararun.
Iidova ishyavu, shunyavu, dekuwayyavu.
Sheyú diváy vuyinan uvakunilu ba vleseyrizhe fidiripronyaren,
Shey ramfél chayit biráf onyara.

Zhoyit zurhanél ta talmena, satél talmenshunél.

SHAMANESS

*Across the Great Grasslands she journeyed,
Discovering Pathways of the soul.
I know her well, we have traveled together,
Thirsty we have seen visions together.*

*The mountains were high, cold the rivers, but
Our souls were warm for the Great Friend walked with us.
The Big Star above our way watched all things,
Refreshing our goings and strengthening them.*

*The shamaness is a Wordwinger, a singer of songs, a giver of gifts.
This I have known, this I have seen, have experienced this.
All things around her, strong-voiced but sweetly sing out their song,
Each footstep a sweet scented adventure.*

My spirit-sister, the shamaness.

TA RAHÁ - 𐌹𐌿𐌹𐌹𐌹

Rahaskatán onyaru vey shassopiit khaá.
Teynikadimyava rapá vey zaridéyn ta murnnikhuda tsiryara,
Ruzay samyara ta onós vey stranyaru zhoy.
Rahaska rozhit ardja onyara vey djamó sheyan anarakyar.

Ta mampisós karivit onyara, ta seyón dayiva kha,
Ta murnúd zhoyova rekhtayyara shas u ishyata hapá.
Koelivit hazbatú sundjramilisa mishyavu – rahaova zhanavizhe,
Ruzay ta rozhós loshmishyava var shprunit samyavu.

Kiinit imár ta rahaatsa! Kiinit dakivúl ta murnuda!
Ta tsirtsír razhgeyrisyazha vey keylidzevyazhu zhoy sheytá.
Ta onarit rahá zhoyit uramór izmuí.
Ta onarit rahá uramór zhoya khaá.

THE NOTHING

*I am a citizen of Nowhereland – directionless.
No one came. This life of loneliness burns.
But being remains and I am rich.
Nowhere is a peaceful realm and beyond it all I am content.*

*Seeking is over, the fruits understood,
Aloneness follows me without anyone knowing.
Barefoot I walked the moonlit paths – finding nothing,
But peace walked with me for I stayed strong.*

*What a taste of nothingness! What a dark brown soil of solitude!
The fire will give warmth and I will journey on forever.
The Nothing is my true companion.
The Nothing my companion indeed.*

GAZHÓN ANANA – NIŁŦŦB 1B1B1

ta seylár bashit ananarun gozyava
vey bashova inuovatyavi
ta bandjinova peyratya ra-makayavi
ubuún ta durumuda piti sheyan daryava

dini meyladjan bashova samafyavi
reshú bashit setión raizhe chegyata
reshú bashit ananovó shunya ra-cheykopyati
dini ta durumese bashova gzhonyavi

ra-vemyaru u zhoyit nikh ardakiyata
var ta dral inubonduivit onyara
reshú rapá seti bashan yavyoyata
dini ta bashlaan inu ta seylaray basha.

EXILE OF A FLOWER

*the fragrance of your flowers irritated
and we pirated you away
we could not accept your beauty
a great dark sadness lorded over everything*

*we exiled you to your prison
so that your presence would not touch us
so that we would not have to witness your florescence
into the darkness we exiled you*

*i don't want my soul to spoil
because beauty has been hidden away
so that no one will rejoice with you
in the silence far away from your sweet scent*

ZHOY EYLA SHTA – זְהוּי עֵילָא שְׁתָּא

talorrovín gilirí
shishiú tsitsiryaren raaréy
tazvoryaren shevisú
zhoy eyla shta pe Itlanan chayí

kimsiit chayzho vavarasí
hadín men ta vishuay, fayyaru
vey ishyaru u zhoy ratá mishyavu
zhoy eyla shta pe Itlanan chayí

drunpadjanit mekerese fidirizumyate
eylán sanokya pitimaldjayara
kadimarit fridadjazú vishuova varemyaren
zhoy eyla shta pe Itlanan chayí.

HOME AGAIN

*cool desert sunset
sands no longer burn
small dune denizens delight
i am home again on sweet itlán.*

*fresh breeze brisk and sweet
hair swept from my face i stop
and find that somehow hence i never left
for i am home again on sweet itlán.*

*look out to the orange purple orb
horizon reaching up for its embrace
rising moons beam love-rays on my face
for i am home again on sweet itlán.*

UBUPRÓN TA KOYA – ТУТНЭЭН ᠠᠨ ᠤᠨᠤᠯᠤ

Kesh dralizhe mishyana ha?
Kesh zhoyese kadimyazha da?
Djurova tsorni mampisyanu.
Ta rozhova zhanya rinkasyanu.

Iküí ta dralan kadimyata ha!
Telyus djama samyata ra!
Rinkas ta reza alyara khaá,
Daova ta mampisa tebyanu zhoy-sá.

Idaizhe mishyara zhoyit nikh.
Djemarizhe tarshyara ta etíkh.
Vey rahaova lafiyanu khaá zhoy...
Ranti lokhyana iidit koy.

Var ta koy kalova fulatsyana,
Vey ta nikh shtadaatsyana,
Kiinizhe seti shey karisan.
Ta koyrinkasa nikhgarisa.

THE LAMENT OF THE SNOW

*Would anything go well?
Will I gain understanding?
I would seek it now.
I would dance to find my peace.*

*May something come from all this good!
Banished be the taste of evil!
Serenity's dance of such worth,
I myself would hold the understanding of this Search.*

*So goes my soul.
Suspicion full grows.
And I have nothing...
When this snow falls.*

*The snow would bring trust,
And the soul would understand again,
As it is at every small ending.
This snowdance of my soul's pain.*

DINI TIKARIAN – ԴԻՆԻ ԴՈՒՆԻՅԱՆԻԹ

Iíz mashrá franarit gleyavá djanubyanu,
Ta ketashú ta shatuna badakashit inu.
Zhoyit talshú seti ta maban zhoyit varemira,
Garís ta zakha ta nikhova khisyara.

Ta dozulú karyiven zhe, ta shatardja dozhakyara,
Suú dini nuzhit kamsaavá vozdozhilisa tukbelyaren.
Vey sundjit tansubyanu zhoy basheysha ishvemarizhe
Kinzaese bashit varemós zhoyesha kreykunyana.

Chayyara ta shatún rumbi ta dozulan,
Zhoyit nikh iid silova peyratyara.
Ta garís franartantoilu kiarayara.
Ta ketashú ta shatuna badakashit inu.

IN TICARY

*I have been sitting here for hours,
The sounds of the city far distant.
My thoughts on the breast of my love,
A pang of the heart stabbing the soul.*

*The rains have just ended, the city drips,
Children in wet shirts play at puddles.
And naked I stand without you wondering
Where your love could have wandered without me.*

*The city smells sweet after the rain,
My soul accepts the loss.
Long the pang in my heart sleeps,
The sounds of the city far distant.*

KHARAIT TALORSABÚT – פֿאַר אַ טאַל־אָרעל – פֿאַר אַ טאַל־אָרעל

Ta chayit seylár ta ananarun zhoyit malachuda,
Seti ta khalavá ta ilazoit Givanuna.
Zhigutú zhoyese haova ruvya makayaren ra aréy
Ruzay ta seylarova bashit varema tsalyavu ratá.

Ta skaz bashit blikhnorga dudge zhoyan seti harkazavá
Ta franarit vey sundjit tuurosa mogit nikharun,
Ta inurovinós mogit tayamalatsit shagalarun,
Ta penkér bashit shona vey ta telyus bashit kunzaya.

Idá zhoyova shastendayafyara u dini ta rozhan
Fazhenit untara ta nikhreza salaya makayatu,
U bashit penkeratsit seylár zhoyay branyana ratá,
Mu blikhnorg, mu nikh - maronyari sheytá.

CACTUS SUNRISE

*The sweet scent of the flowers of my youth
At the borders of the vast open Desert.
Rememberings can no longer tell me anything
But I have never forgotten the fragrance of your love.*

*The smell of your body against mine during night
Of the new and naked penetration of our souls,
The wandering pilgrimage of our fleeing minds,
The clove of your sweat and the taste of your skin.*

*It relaxes me that in the peace
Of a new world of tranquil soul I might sleep,
That your clove-like scent would never leave me
One body, one soul – we will always be each other.*

VEY IIDOVA SHUNAVIT ONYARU – ՄԱՐԲԱՆԱԿԱՆ ԴՐՈՒՄՆԵՐ

Vey iidova shunavit onyaru
U ta peshsál ta untara ardralit onyaren
U sheri vutey hatá togyaru.
Vey u ta zakhú ta rozhova sitagya vemyaren.

Ta dzev franarit onya makayara.
Marfanú silyi makayaren,
Uramekú dakyi makayaren,
Ta Naren dralferyi makayara.

Idaova kiinova dafaravit onyari,
Djamokhalizhe shtakamizyari.
Idaova kiinova inululyari,
Shtadafarya ratá makayari.

Ta Hazbat mishbat Kelekosa onyara.
Kadimyari vey mishyari...
Rapá hatá faypeznoyara.
Var ta Tseynakeylova kelekavit onyari...

Vey tsorni djurese loshdzevya say lapisyari...

AND THIS I HAVE SEEN

*And this I have seen...
That the people can be better
Than ever I believed.
And that hearts want to build peace.*

*The journey can be long.
Friends can be lost,
Lovers can be gained,
History can be written.*

*What we have given
Beyond all measure we get back.
What we have taken
We can never return.*

*The Road is a path of Choosing.
We come and we go...
No one can prevent us.
For we have chosen our true Goal*

And now our solemn promise, to travel there together.

NIKHÚN NATAYA – ԵՊԻՏԵ ԵԼԻՄԼ

Nikhún ta Nataya rovinarit onyavel
Mampisarizhe seti ta kadayan ona
Vemyarel shas zhanya, shas lulya dafaryarel
Ta Lipalova branya nikhilu brasyavel

Ramdji dzevyavel, chaú ishi tashiese
Satapit Tseynakéyi silivit onyana ra!
Secha ta zakh turyata ta reysakhilisa
Ishi tashiese ta dzevún mishyana kha!

Shukhrám, mos-mosarun, Valonen Atonarun
Kimanís draldozha vuyinese shunyiva
Madjilu djuresse kozhá defasanarun
Idailu shprun, nikhu-ramu, kumpezyiva

Shta tashiese talmenilu, Valonarun
Ta Mishbat luurifyava, nikh talemyava
Satapit Tseynakéyl khay shunirit onyara
Zakhbúg reysakha palanaova zhanyava

Nikhún ta Nataya rovinyarel ra aréy
Kadáy fardaya mampisova degrimyara
Satapéyl ta Rovinara Kimanisa tsey...
Ta Valon ta Nikhuna Nataya samyara

THE ANGEL OF THE STEPPES

*The Angel of the Steppes - she wandered
Searching, thirsting for the Secrets of Life
Wanting without finding, giving without receiving
But with all her soul she refused to abandon the Quest*

*Step by step she traveled on - eyes always forward
The Holy Goal would not be lost
Although her heart ripped and torn may bleed
Always the Great Wandering would carry her on*

*And behold, wonder of wonders, Blessing of the Gods
A small spring of pure water appeared before her*

*Dipping her hand to sip
Restoring strength to body and soul*

*And again onward, by Spirit, filled with all blessings
Smooth the Path became - the soul breathed
The Holy Goal clearly seen indeed
Even the heartwound found its healing*

*The Angel of the Steppes - wanders no more
The thirst of forgiveness extinguishes all search
The Sacred Nest of the Falcon by the Small Spring
And all that remains is the Blessing of the Angel of the Steppes...*

TALLÍR TA ADUNA – ТАЛЛІРА ТА АДУНА

Ta uvakova ta tallira ta aduna djatavit onyaru,
Vey zhoyova azafadafyara ar u ruvyá makayaru.
Shan ta tsirtsiran ta sakrua ksevifyara mashrá u
Ta koyzhoú ta Pulanosa divaybelonyaren vey

Shunyarú u ta zaridéyn ta zaradeniena djemaryazha
Kashá-ba-rá idaova savukya shukoryanu. Idá
Malidyara, ubuafyara, huaifyara vey idarafyara.
Vey zhoyova azafadafyara ar u togya makayaru.

Ta tsireydushú dini ta sakruan lashprunifyaren.
Vutova beneynya zumosyaru vey salaifyaru,
Ishvemarizhe kashá ta tsirtsír hatá-vá shtavananifyazha,
Kashá-ba-rá idaova savukya shukoryanu.

Ta uvakova ta tallira ta aduna djatavit onyaru.
Ta eydushú sheyzá.

ANCIENT NIGHTINGALE

*I have heard the voice of the ancient nightingale,
And it comforted me more than I can say.
By the fire of the hearth it lies while
The snow-winds of winter wail around it and*

*I see that life is full of difficulties
Whether or not I would agree to permit it. That
surprises me and saddens me, makes me sigh and cleanses me.
And comforts me more than I can believe.*

*The embers in the hearth are weakening.
I watch them dying and I fall asleep,
Wondering if the fire will ever be reborn,
Whether or not I would agree to permit it.*

*I have heard the voice of the ancient nightingale.
Ashes everywhere.*

DORÚ TA SHENIT SKAARUN (fidiri ta Narenay Gashana) – ຈີດີຣີ ຕາ ນາເຣນາຍ ກາຊານາ (ຟີດີຣີ ຕາ ນາເຣນາຍ ກາຊານາ) ::

Seyrán ta Dorarun ta Shenit Skaarun mafáy Gashaney,
Loshifyava dazhinit ta yemavá ta dzetayarun.
Fidirikreyazyaven ta eaudova vutit sakafarun ta mauna
Ruzay Gashán, ta Rezit Mazhál Gashana, kiharyana ra.

Ruvyavor pa, “Koit Shatardja ovaty cheykopyara! Satapit
Samyara rahá. Fidiri ta tayiena ta yema vuyinova mundroyati,
Makhá u samyata rahá.” Idaizhe ruvyavor mu dazhini ta doravá.
Cháu iküi ta giliran zumyaven, tsimtakhú ta yema kiharyaven ra.

Tamagpá gadanyavor, “Idaizhe ishi ta korunót ta shentana u
Ranti voeasit ta krioru tavilyina, fidirimishyani, reshú ta tunkienova
Teynilulyati, muku shta ta easova shtakumenterya mogani.”
Ta vutsál leloyava, ta koy bazhi ta vesetavá kimsiludjeylyava.

Uvak arfeynit djatyiva, radorit ruzay bolo rasit, djemarit vey ishari:
Ruvyavel, “Kesh ra ardralit imchelotova tsorni zhanya makayari, zurhanorín?”

PRINCES OF THE SOUTHERN LANDS (from the History of Gashán)

*A Circle of the Princes of the Southern Lands against Gashán,
Met among the ices of the Wastelands.
They jeweled out the brightness of their ideas of revolution
But Gashán, the Serene Republic of Gashán, would not move,*

*Someone said, “The White City must be taken! Nothing
Remains sacred. Out of the ice regions, let us attack her,
Until nothing remains.” Thus spoke one from among the princes.
Eyes peered through the coldness, mouchatches of ice did not move.*

*Another spoke, “It has always been the way of the southern man that
When the path is dark, we would go out, in order that we take the need
To us, to once again establish justice among us.”
The group shifted, the snow beneath their boots crunched fresh.*

*A gentler voice was heard, unprincely but yet firm, full and knowing:
She said, “Can we not find better ways of resolution now, my brothers?”*

ZHOZHÁ DINI TA GIVANBIRAN – ԴԻՆԻ ԴՆԵՆ Ի ՆԱԼԻԲԱՆԵԼԵ

Manaragyarú vey zhoyit sundjit ramú tsiryaren.
Ta zakh prundji dini ta tsirtsiran ovatyira.
Ishyaru u ta givanbír zhoyit izmuit eyl onyara.
Ruzay ta murnnikhúd zhoyova shasushanizhe mundroyara.

Ta givanbirit harkáz giliryara vey chindjyaru.
Zhoyit zakh arrazhgeyrisifya ra-makayara. Ubuyaru.
Ta sintinisú ta djolit shasazit fridadja zumyaren.
Zhoyit murnit marfanú onyaren. Tamuese eypyaren.

Ta satapit blavkaova fidiri ta dzevneyay lulyaru.
Zhoyova azafadafyara. Djurit adisaova diniamborinyaru.
Djurit rumelú zhoyit chadozhakiena iküibrustteynyiren
Ruzay ishyaru u Tamú Vuit fardailu zhoyova valonyarad.

Talór sabutyaror. Ta shishí bazhi ta ramavá giliryara tsey.
Resh bishya tansubifyaru. Ta nikh sadjurit lipalova dayara.
Keylimishyaru. Ta miara, ta varem, vey ta parem zhoyeylo.
Manaragyarú vey zhoyit zakh vey shagál gilirisyaren.

WIND IN THE DESERT

*I walk and my bare feet burn,
My heart is also caught in the flames.
I know the desert is my true home.
But loneliness will not leave me alone.*

*I shiver in the cold desert night.
My soul cannot warm itself. I am sad.
The stars in the black sky are watching.
They are my only friends. They talk to God.*

*I take the holy text out of my travel bag.
It comforts me. I drink in its ancient wisdom.
I stain its pages through with my tears
But I know the One blesses me with Its forgiveness.*

*The Great Star rises. The fine the sand beneath my feet is still cold.
I stand up to continue. My soul understands its mission.
I go forward. Hope love and respect go with me.
I walk and my heart and mind are cool.*

*I could not resist including at least one poem written in Djanari (Nordsh, language of the Time-Traveling Nordlinga), the second most popular and used language on Itlán.

LENSAM VANDERER (Nordsh rimel fra *De Rund av de Likhthorn*)

Varm kap ipakte runt min sten-kald beyna,
Ruysak iladte met soma yestertidlik teksta,
Min Gesondingtash hangende fra min midshband,
Grotstek i min hand, om velka forhang det ey vet...

Ey yom e Lensam Vanderer trekende smartsamli.

Durk stadlet na stadlet ey vander,
Stifela trashende tungli, slitsamli vanderende,
Limsam slingtrada provende til halde mey, men ey yom fri
En len. Min futfal es ala det ey hor.

Ey yom e Lensam Vanderer trekende smartsamli.

Eyntid ey kent e plats af trüst ikalte min eyen.
Antid ey vul halte dar bey de für.
Hart-ishirte ey vul ayen tege de vey,
Teyra falende op di inan, kald morn nomende.

Ey yom e Lensam Vanderer trekende smatsamli.

Samsaker ey hav neyt uter min fa tinga.
Va mer vul ey dok besuk for min utspliting?
For ey may vilte fan de komel lik en vardoyer –
Len en fri, hart-ishelte en af e forsiktik seyl.

Ey yom e Lensam Vanderer trekende smartsamli.

LONELY WANDERER (*Djanari poem from The Circle of the Lantern*)

*Warm cloak wrapped around my stone-chilled bones,
Backpack laden with some ancient texts,
Medicine bundle hanging from my belt,
Staff in hand, no destination that I know of...*

I am a Lonely Wanderer trekking painfully.

*Through village after village I wander,
Boots plodding heavily, wearily wondering,
Sticky tendrils trying to hold me but I am free
And alone. My footfall is all I hear.*

I am a Lonely Wanderer trekking painfully.

*Once I knew a place of solace called my own,
Sometimes I would stop there by the fire.
Heart-ripped I would take the road again,
Tears falling on the inside, cold morn numbing.*

I am a Lonely Wanderer trekking painfully.

*Companion I have none but my few things.
What more would I yet need for my dispersal?
For I may fade from memory like a wraith –
Alone and free, heart-stripped and of a wary soul.*

I am a Lonely Wanderer trekking painfully.

BA KESH – 𐎢𐎡 𐎧𐎠𐎡

Kiinizhe iid zarideynova nulakyanu?
Ba kesh ta zaridéyn zhoyova nulakya vemyana?
Shukhrám ta korunót ta Kulunarun...
Vey azburyanu zhoy guribilisa.

Kesh iid shishiiena uridyanu?
Ba kesh ta givanbír zhoyova uridya vemyana?
Shukhrám ta lundjagót ta Brediarun...
Vey guribyanu zhoy azburilisa.

Azbúr, guríb, nulak ba uríd?
Lundjagú vey latsagú, shishiú, givanbirú.
Ta Kulunú, ta Brediú.
Kiinizhe iid nulakova zarideynyanu?

OR PERHAPS

*How would I arrange this life?
Or perhaps life would like to arrange me?
This is the way the Universes work...
And I would obey by my resistances.*

*Can I feed off these soft sands?
Or perhaps the desert would like to eat me?
This is how the Planets threaten.
And I would resist by my obediences.*

*Obedience, resistance, arrangement or meal?
Threats and questions, soft sands and dry places.
The Universes, the Planets.
How would I live this arrangement?*

VUG TA SINTINISESEA

Ta tikisesea ta taleaa dini ta harkazit fridadjan zumyaru
ey yibishyaru u izá ta izmuit eyl zhoya onyara – kuniryaru.
Kinzá ta drunáz zhoyit zakha? Kinzá ta afakáf nikha zhoya?
Kinzá ta yonéy zhoyit inupesula? Zumyaru, kuniryaru, kadayyaru.

Eéy Drunáz zakhilu tebtebrit ariktiizhe u shagaltsurya makayaren,
Bashese shtadzevya vemunyar u layso ar u ruvya makayaru zhoy.
Rapesulivit ííz samyaru misgidarizhe ruzay kesh tsalivi? Kesh inubranyivu?
Ta gazhonivúd zhoyit kunzayese garunyara. Inunusyara ta nikh. Sil.

Ruzay bashit azdál, eéy Itlaney, dini ta zakhan ishi fulatsyizha – tsil.
Idá ta tuzotbír basha ishi vey sheyzá. Shprunbír ta imfayuda khay.
Ta zakh sintinissefora pesulyón silivit ey la ishi samyazha shas otorayey.

Drunáz ta Fridadjuna! Zhoyese uvakyare. Zhoyese keuryare.
Zhoyese ta mishbatova bashese tavilyate shta. Uridyaru.
Ta tikisesea ta taleaa dini ta harkazit fridadjan zumyaru...
Pesulyón?

BACK TO THE STARS

*I look to the little points of light in the night sky
And I know that my true home is there – I long to go.
Where is the magenta jewel of my heart? Where, the happiness of my soul?
Where is the ship of my salvation? I look, I long, I thirst.*

*O Magenta Jewel held more tightly in my heart than they can imagine,
How I want to journey back to you even more than I can say.
Unsaved I remain here waiting but am I forgotten? Have I been abandoned?
This endless exile pains my skin. My soul fades. Loss.*

*But your treasure, O Itián, I will always carry in my heart – a guarantee.
That is your refuge now and everywhere. A fortress of safety yes.
The heart of a starseed will without doubt always remain the rescue ship of a lost home.*

*Magenta Jewel of Deep Space! You call to me. You invite me.
Show me once again the path to you. I hunger.
I look to the little points of light in the night sky.
A rescue ship?*