

Apu

Pytū kupýgui.

Pytū...

Ajejopypa.

Cheño gueteri.

Hypy

mba'e hũ puku

iAjéiko!

Cheño gueteri.

Tuicha ro'y anambusu.

Hypy.

Aku'e sapy'a.

Apáy.

Cheño gueteri.

Heta ake chepype.

Asẽ.

Aku'e.

Heta ake chepype ra'e.

Cheño gueteri.

Asẽ.

Ajupi.

Añakārapu'āsapy'a.

Asẽ.

Aku'e.

apáymara'e.

Cheño gueteri.

Cheño gueteri.

Appear

From the innards of the dark.

Dark...
Everything oppresses me.
I am truly alone.

Deep,
long shadow.
True:
I am alone.
Vast and dense cold.
Deep shadow.
Suddenly I move,
awaken.
I am truly alone.

I was long asleep within me.
Emerge to keep vigil,
move.
Yes, I was asleep within me.
I am truly alone.

Emerge,
ascend.
Suddenly I raise my head.
Emerge,
move.
Awaken.
But I am still alone.
Truly alone.

Ñe'ẽ reñói

Mito Sequera-pe.

Hendýsapy'a.

Okañy pytũ...

Ou.

Okañy pytũ...

Ou.

Hendy ojajái, hendy.

Ha...

ojahúvo pytũre,

ohypýi tatatĩna pererĩmi.

Hendy ha tatatĩna pererĩmi.

Oñekũmberéi tatarendy

ha hyapúvo,

Oñe'ẽ tatatĩna.

Oikóma ñe'ẽ.

Hyapúvo, oñe'ẽ tatatĩna.

Oikóma ñe'ẽ.

Oryrýima pytũ ha oho.

Oryrýima pytũ ha oho.

Language Sprouts

To Mito Sequera.

It suddenly ignites.

Shadow hides
and returns.

Shadow hides
and returns.

Radiance flashes, radiance.

And bathed in darkness,
fog falls as dew,
radiance and fog.
Fire licks itself
and crackles,
conversing with mist.

Now ñe'ẽ exists.

Mist crackles, converses.

Ñe'ẽ exists.

Now shadow shudders and disappears.
Shudders and disappears.

Mboriahu

Yvyty rypy' ũme.

Pyambu,
kambuchi, ñasaindy.
Ysyry...
topehýi kane'õ rykueyjúi syrypopo.
Ñe'ãmbu,
mboriahu ryñehẽ kangue kuágui ayvu.
Mbegueve
 oguejy
 pyhare.
iAmo yvývo oñuã kamby sy!
iOikytĩ pirĩ tuñe'ẽ!
Heñói kerasy.
Chopombe
 oguata
 okupére.

Mbokaja retekue
ombogua eirete.
Oke mboriahu.
Yvyty kua ruguáre aḡaĩ,
oke mboriahu.
Jaguami pindo guýpe avei
ha oke mboriahu.

Poverty

In the valley.

Dream pattering soles,
vessel, full moon.
Stream...
nectar that oozes from fatiguing somnolence.
Voice of the sleeper,
the bones of the poor creak below.
Night

falls

slowly.

Moon, milk mother, blankets the ground there.
Piercing whistle erupts goosebumps.
Moaning nightmares surface.
Chopombe

paces

out back.

Palm wall
sifts moon's wild honey.
The poor sleep
where the sierras cave in,
the poor sleep.
Under the pindó, a dog
and the poor person sleep.