

# LYRICS TRANSLATIONS



MANeZ

eta KOBReAK

## THE SHOEMAKER

I walk the streets of Mumbai  
taking it all in  
searching for my own peace

My body is exhausted  
I'm plunged into the furnace of my thoughts

Every way I look, I see craftsmen  
so skillful and so worthy

And this particular one  
fascinates me,  
a shoemaker

I'm walking with good shoes  
These, I bought them in Biarritz

And suddenly I'm facing a shoemaker  
who makes shoes identical to those I wear

I wonder to myself :  
Could it be he who made my shoes ?

They came back, they walked to you,  
shoemaker from Mumbai

The world is full of coincidences  
and these shoes are not for me

I prefer the ones made in my country  
abarkas from Azkoitia  
espadrilles from Maule

Step by step  
I go back to my place  
Now I know where it is

Let everyone find his way  
Take care  
shoemaker from Mumbai

Xabier Euzkitze  
Zarautz. September 17, 2015

## THYME

In the eastern garden  
there are no flowers  
except thyme  
in rows in the corner

The morning dew  
tempers the smell  
because there is no other plant  
which grows

In the eastern garden  
there are no slugs  
because the land has been  
poisoned for a long time

Let's seed now the land that remains  
The land belongs to those who cultivate it

Thierry Biscary  
Anhauze. 2003

## MANEZ AND ÑAKOSA

We go together around the world,  
begging for true existence.  
We love the far corners of the earth  
and our four eyes are full of stars.

We got married yesterday,  
in the thickets, and the children were born :  
the pot broke from top to bottom  
in a hundred seven fragments of years for us to live.

We are known as Mari and Manez.  
We cure the ham bone of the farms  
and we drink their very sour wine  
because we bohemians believe in peace !

The smell of dust sticks to our skin.  
The rain beats hard on our skulls.  
When winter's vein turns to black,  
we look for heat in the brambles.

One autumn day, imperceptibly,  
the time came, how to rebel ?  
They took us with our seven children  
and locked us in a house.

Goodbye wicker baskets, goodbye ham bone.  
Goodbye old dances, goodbye our fandangos :  
Our steps and our breathing became heavier  
We were neither from here nor from there.

A deep sadness carried off Manez,  
while the harshness of the city enchanted Mari  
and the salty flow of the Adour river engulfed her  
one day she was pursuing her pretty little poodle

Itxaro Borda  
Baiona. November, 2016

## LOVINGLY IN THE MOOR

Flying, aligned in a V shape,  
the cranes come back in the spring.  
On the land of the water tower,  
in the bog,  
the moor begins to bloom in places.  
When the tadpoles of the trough become toads,  
you, slender girl, will appear on the square,  
with a tangerine musk in the hollow of your neck,  
to daze the mysterious boy.  
Hand in hand, jumping energetically over the fire of Saint John,  
the summer is over.  
Soon the flight of wild pigeons  
will disperse the fragrance of geraniums

Thierry Biscary  
New York. April 3, 2012

Your eyes,  
lovingly,  
caress me

your lips,  
lovingly,  
cuddle me

when you love me,  
lovingly...  
I forget  
the purple ghosts of the night

Aurelia ARKOTXA  
Amoroski. 1988

## JOANA

You were born with the scent of beeches,  
Joana, Joana,  
daughter of Mother Earth.

Feet on the ground as if they were roots,  
hard to leave, Joana.

You made wings with fern fronds,  
Joana, gone.

South wind always dreams of the north,  
Joana, two horizons.

Now you have dreams but you have no land,  
because you are gone.

Now you are free, but often nostalgic,  
Joana, Joana

That's your destiny  
and the vulture smiles  
Why do you cry,  
Joana ?

Joana, my beloved,  
console yourself  
because it is not easy  
to fly on your own.

For Joana, there is heaven and earth...

Uxue Alberdi  
Orio. September 14, 2015

## DANCE OF 100 WIDOWS

Black square of Bermeo,  
Black empty bed,  
Great beauty, black ;  
Black pain of living,  
Black sky, black heart,  
Black color of the black coat  
Black widow dancer  
Love, blacker than black.

Silent murmur of the ocean,  
calm, asking for an apology,  
Pale skin of dancers,  
seeking warm hands,  
Dead husband, dead son...  
The moon, round,  
Silent groans of the dance  
seeking new oceans

Dance of solidarity tears,  
Dance of new stars,  
Dance of luminous vanes,  
Dance of scarlet nets,  
Women's dance, fire dance,  
the dance of those who will be born,  
Pain dance, joy dance :  
the dance of life itself.

Uxue Alberdi  
Orio. September 23, 2015

## DIE SLOWLY

Your hands on my hips,  
my eyes in your smile,  
the world dances in the spring  
you and me in the middle.

Speak quietly,  
and quietly say it again.  
Slowly back and forth,  
very slowly, happiness

May love rock us  
like the wind rocks dead leaves.  
May love betray us  
like the wind betrays dead leaves.

My dreams along your way,  
your fear in my hair,  
exhaust from cars spreads in the air  
and a hedgehog in the middle of the road.

Gently take me  
and gently kiss me.  
Slowly, like a prince and princess  
very slowly, like black wolves.

May love rock us  
like the wind rocks dead leaves.  
May love betray us  
like the wind betrays dead leaves.

My blood in your veins,  
your lungs at my feet,  
words of love on the lips  
flowers of dead people along the side of the roads.

Dance slowly  
and slowly skin pain  
Slowly whirling  
slowly, we are dying.

## NO, I DON'T

No !

I don't want to reveal what society hides  
because our society doesn't hide anything from the one who can see

No !

I don't care about the laws of classical poetry  
because I play with words and marry those which are mismatched

No !

I don't fear your famous demon  
because, the same as my friends, the enemy who sustains me is within me

No !

I don't fear the God of heaven  
because every morning, after stealing fire there,  
I walk incessantly, wanting to burn the whole world.

Itxaro Borda  
Bizitza nola badoan  
Poemak 1974-1984  
Maiatz. 1977

## MARGITTA

Margitta, flowers of the garden  
Margitta, lovingly picked up  
Margitta, flowers for our seats  
Margitta, hostess of the house

Margitta, your husband has passed away  
Margitta, after a year your son  
Margitta, worthy and attentive  
Margitta, brave

Margitta, you're not a saint, Margitta  
Margitta, you are part shadow  
Margitta, silent and superficial words  
Margitta, like many of us  
Margitta, you're gone, Margitta  
Margitta, who were you Margitta ?  
Margitta, flowers from the garden  
on Margitta's jarleku \*

Thierry Biscary  
Anhauze-Hendaia. October 29, 2016

\* The term jarleku (place where one sits) designates her household's tomb in the church.

## DURING THE ENTERTAINMENT

Chickens have gone to sleep  
Wake up Manez B.  
Start the comedy quickly  
The tree branches are there

The stage doesn't equal  
the ground and under the sky  
Stars only need the sky  
to shine

Gamia was the theater of Xoko Ttipi  
Friends, cheese and good wine,  
A jug, mice, verses and chairs,  
Every night "the show must go on"

That one who seem dead  
was drunk on the floor  
The sting that was behind the door  
become the mayor's stick

Do it again, Manez  
Entertain us tonight  
The character is in you  
Start, that's all

The narrator is drunk  
the accountant is mayor  
What is far always seems better  
than what is at home

On the table, grandmother's  
skirt was flying  
That night for the first time  
I saw Madonna

Gamia was the theater of Xoko Ttipi  
Friends, cheese and good wine,  
Jug, mice, verses and chairs,  
Every night "the show must go on"

Do it again, Manez

Jon Maia  
Donostia Igeldo. January 26, 2016

## LEIREKI

From which cave came  
the river called Leire,  
running between the stones,  
going down the mountain, interrupting our path,  
leaping, and the question ?

Who said that an old person  
cannot be renewed ?  
We became widowed  
and we were reborned  
slowly, in the well  
of our ills

From the cave, leireki\*, we were reborn

Both of us are going, step by step,  
on our sweet path,  
enjoying this end of life,  
going down the river, interrupting our path,  
leaping, and the question...

It's not true that old people  
do not fit together  
We became widowed  
and we gathered again,  
physically, in the well  
of our ills.

We went back again, leireki\*, into the cave.

Amets Arzallus  
Hendaia. October 13, 2017

*\* Leireki is an invented word by Amets Arzallus. He wrote that leireki could mean "softly"*

## I'M WAITING, HE'S UPSET

He removed the big hammer from my hand  
He planted the stake himself  
He often wanted  
to guide life in my place

I'm waiting, he's upset  
If there were another ego  
I would be even more fragmented  
forever

I owe him so much happiness  
and just as much suffering  
I forgave him anyway  
The wound sheds only blood

I'm waiting, he's upset  
If there were another ego  
I would be even more fragmented  
forever

Thierry Biscary  
Ortzaize Ospitalia. January 13, 2010  
Donostia-Hendaia. August 12, 2015

## UNTIL WE LOVE EACH OTHER FROM A LOOK

One two three...  
They are thousands...  
those that I met  
on my way  
We talked  
for a while  
until we loved each other  
from a look!

They left... I left  
Everyone lost himself on his way !

One, two, three...  
They will probably be thousands...  
those I will meet  
on my way  
We will talk  
a moment  
until we love each other  
from a look!

They will leave ... I will leave  
Everyone will follow the taken way !

Because life cannot unite us !

Manex Erdozaintzi-Etxart  
Hinki hanka. 1978