

Disesete

Yo no voi pra onde van los ónibus
pos teño medo de no encontrar las cosa que me gustan.

En Artigas
por las mañá
veyo lamparitas asesas
nas puerta con cortina de nailon
i us cayorro deitado
viyilando.
Números pintado con cal
nas parede sin revocar
patios de yuyo disparejo
as pileta arrecostada nus alambre pra tender ropa
yanelas con maseta rompida
casas pur a metade
i as porta sempre abiertas.

Seventeen

I don't go where the buses go,
because I'm afraid I wouldn't find the things I like.

In Artigas
in the mornings
I see lit bulbs
in doorways with nylon curtains
and dogs stretched out
keeping watch.
Numbers painted with whitewash
on unplastered walls
patios full of uneven weeds
washtubs leaning on wires for hanging clothes
windows with broken flowerpots
houses half-built
and always open.

Disoito

Na hora qui u sol se isconde
es la hora qui um iscuta.

Las estreya impurran el sol
asenden los biyo de lus
i los griyo que anunsian boa suerte.
Eu feyo la portera
i me adentro em mim
pra matutar
i pudé iscrevé.

Eighteen

The hour when the sun hides
is the hour when one listens.

The stars push out the sun
light up the fireflies
and the crickets that announce good luck.
I close the gate
and go into myself
so I can think
and write.

Disenove

El río Cuareim caminha nus fundo
asvés canta, asvés dorme.

Camiña pra abaixo i se vai
asta noum sei onde.

Los peye som livre i yo ayo que se van con el río
se van pra onde ele termiña
dis que es nu mar
um lugar aonde la agua noum toca la tierra.

Nineteen

The river Cuareim runs out back.
Sometimes it sings, sometimes it sleeps.

Flows and goes
who knows where.

The fish are free, and I think they go with the river,
go to wherever it ends.

They say that's the sea,
a place where the water doesn't touch the earth.