

## Texts and translations

### Track 1

#### La colección de haikus

1. *Canto del loro* (read by Mercedes Zavala)  
*roto por la campana.*

*Amanece*

By Mercedes Zavala (b. 1963)

### Track 2

2. *Tocan campanas:* (read by Kenya Autie)

*dan las seis de la tarde*

*en todo el valle*

By Zavala

### Track 3

3. *Un clamor de campanas* (read by Ron San Miguel)

*alza el vuelo*

*de las golondrinas*

by Zavala, sobre una frase de Ursula K. Le Guin

Inspirado en el comienzo de *The Ones Who Walk*

*Away from Omelas*

### Track 4

4. *En la campana del templo* (read by Pilar Marin

Gila)

*posada, duerme*

*la mariposa!*

By Yosa Buson (1716-1784)

### Track 5

5. *Una mariposa* (read by Claudia Montero)

*Abregando sola*

*en el vendaval*

By Masaoka Shiki, 1867-1902)

### Track 6

6. *Fuji en el crepúsculo* (read by Isabel Pérez Dobarro)

*entre los traseros alineados*

*de las ranas croantes*

By Kobayashi Issa (1763-1828)

## Collection of Haikus (Translation by Nanette McGuinness)

1. The parrot's song

Broken by the bell.

Sunrise

By Fukada Chiyo-ni (1703-1775)

2. The bells are ringing:

It's six o'clock in the evening

Throughout the valley.

3. The clamor of bells

Raises into flight

The swallows

(By Zavala, after a sentence by Ursula K. Leguin

Inspired by the beginning of *The Ones Who Walk*

*Away from Omelas*)

4. On the temple bell

Resting, now sleeps

The butterfly!

5. A butterfly

Sheltering alone

In the gale

6. Mt. Fuji in the twilight

Between the lined-up backs

Of croaking frogs

## Track 7

7. *Diciendo "cuco", "cuco",* (read by Jacobo Durán-Loriga)

*Durante toda la noche,  
¡Al fin la aurora!*

7. Saying, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!"

The whole night long,  
Finally: dawn!

## Track 8

8. *Sobre la nieve cae la nieve.* (read by Juan Garcia-Herreros)

*Estoy en paz.*

By Santoka Taneda (1882-1940)

8. Onto the snow falls the snow.

I am at peace.

## Guernica

### Track 9

1. Ultimate Betrayal (mixed languages)

*¿Puede usted ayudarnos a destruir los vascos?*

Can you help us destroy the Basques?

*Wir können dir helfen.*

*Possiamo aiutare pure.*

We can help, too!

We can destroy the cradle of the Basque race!

We shall destroy the cradle of the Basque race!

*Kyrie eleison.*

*Christe eleison.*

*Kyrie eleison.*

The rhythm of life; the rhythm of death.

With guns and bombs and fire.

This will be our plan...

Monday is market day in Gernika

*Giorno di mercato? ¡Dia di mercado!*

In late afternoon when the market is full,

*Wenn der Markt voll ist,*

We will destroy the town!

*Herr erbarme dich.*

*Christo, ten piedad.*

*Signore pietà.*

*Kyrie eleison.*

*Christe eleison.*

*Kyrie eleison.*

[Only translations into English shown.]

Can you help us destroy the Basques? (Spanish)

We can help. (German)

We can help. (Italian)

Lord have mercy. (Latin/Greek)

Christ have mercy. (Latin/Greek)

Lord have mercy. (Latin/Greek)

Market Day? (Italian) Market Day! (Spanish)

When the market is full (German)

Lord have mercy. (German)

Christ have mercy. (Spanish)

Lord have mercy. (Italian)

Lord have mercy.

Christ have mercy.

Lord have mercy.

## Track 10

### 2. Marketplace

*¡Los lunes in Gernika ni golpe!*

*Astelehena Gerniken, golperik ez!*

Mondays in Guernica, not a stroke of work is done!

On Mondays in Gernika, nobody works!

(Spanish, then Basque)

The Market-Place (1906) by Walter de la Mare

My mind is like a clamorous market-place.

All day in wind, rain, sun, its babel wells;

Voice answering to voice in tumult swells.

Chaffering and laughing, pushing for a place,

My thoughts haste on, gay, strange, poor, simple,  
base;

This one buys dust, and that a bauble sells:

But none to any scrutiny hints or tells

The haunting secrets hidden in each sad face.

The clamour quietens when the dark draws near;

Strange looms the earth in twilight of the West,

Lonely with one sweet star serene and clear,

Dwelling, when all this place is hushed to rest,

On vacant stall, gold, refuse, worst and best,

Abandoned utterly in haste and fear.

## Track 11

### 3. Eyewitness (Basque)

*Aita? Ama?*

*Ama, non zaudete?*

*Amatxo?*

*Zeruko Jainkoa, babes gaitzazu!*

*Hil zorian nagoela.*

*Nire seme alabak!*

*Nire haur ederak!*

*Nora hoan zaudete?*

*Aita? Aita?*

*Ama, non zaudete!*

*Nora hoan zaudete?*

Father? Mother?

Mother, where are you?

Mama?

God in heaven, help us!

I am dying!

My son and daughter!

My beautiful children!

Where have you gone?

Father? Mother?

Mother, where are you?

Where have you gone?

(With sincere gratitude to Lehendakaritza, the  
Delegation of the Basque Country  
in the USA, for translation assistance)

## Track 12

### 4. The Canvas

*¿Puede usted ayudarnos a destruir los vascos?*

*La muerte llega hoy.*

*Ah! Aita, ama?*

*Ama, non zaude? Amatzo?*

*Hil zorian nagoela. Ay!*

Can you help us destroy the Basques?

Death comes today.

Ah! Father, mother?

Mother, where are you? Mama?

I am dying. Ay!

## Track 14

**Alta mar** by Ernestina de Champourcin (1905-99)

*Quisiera llegar pronto  
porque el mar nos aleja.  
Este navegar juntos  
extiende entre los dos  
una enorme distancia.*

*Y así, [hombro con hombre]  
nos vamos separando  
porque el mar está cerca:  
¡el mar más mar que nunca!*

*No podemos mirarnos  
ya lo mismo que antes  
y nos urgen la costa,  
el árbol o una tierra  
quebrada de tan áspera.*

*Y nos separa el mar  
hostil pero tan bello...*

## Track 17

**El alma y la memoria**

by Antonio Machado (1875-1939)

|

*¿Mi corazón se ha dormido?  
Colmenares de mis sueños,  
¿ya no labráis? Está seca  
la noria del pensamiento,  
los cangilones vacíos,  
girando, de sombra llenos?*

*No, mi corazón no duerme.  
Está despierto, despierto.  
Ni duerme ni sueña, mira,  
los claros ojos abiertos,  
señas lejanas y escucha  
a orillas del gran silencio.*

**High Seas** (translation by Nanette McGuinness)

I would have liked to arrive quickly  
For the sea keeps us apart.  
This sailing together  
Extends, between the two of us,  
An enormous distance.

And thus, shoulder to shoulder,  
We are separating  
Because the sea is near:  
The sea more sea than ever!

We cannot see each other  
The same as before now  
And they urge us—the shore,  
The tree or a land  
Uneven with such roughness.

And the sea separates us,  
Hostile, but so beautiful...

**The Soul and Memory**

(Translation © Robert Bly. Used by permission)

|

Is my soul asleep?  
Have those beehives that labor  
at night stopped? And the water  
wheel of thought,  
is it dry, the cups empty,  
wheeling, carrying only shadows?

No, my soul is not asleep.  
It is awake, wide awake.  
It neither sleeps nor dreams, but watches,  
its clear eyes open,  
far-off things, and listens  
at the shores of the great silence

## Track 18

### II RENACIMIENTO

*Galerías del alma. . . ¡El alma niña!*

*Su clara luz risueña;*

*y la pequeña historia,*

*y la alegría de la vida nueva. . .*

*¡Ah, volver a nacer, y andar camino,*

*ya recobrada la perdida senda!*

*Y volver a sentir en nuestra mano,*

*aquel latido de la mano buena*

*de nuestra madre. . . Y caminar en sueños*

*por amor de la mano que nos lleva.*

•

*En nuestras almas todo*

*por misteriosa mano se gobierna.*

*Incomprensibles, mudas,*

*nada sabemos de las almas nuestras.*

*Las más hondas palabras*

*del sabio nos enseñan,*

*lo que el silbar del viento cuando sopla,*

*o el sonar de las aguas cuando ruedan.*

## Track 19

### III

*Desde el umbral de un sueño me llamaron. . .*

*Era la buena voz, la voz querida.*

*—Dime: ¿vendrás conmigo a ver el alma?. . .*

*Llegó a mi corazón una caricia.*

*—Contigo siempre. . . Y avancé en mi sueño*

*por una larga, escueta galería,*

*sintiendo el roce de la veste pura*

*y el palpitar suave de la mano amiga.*

### II REBIRTH

Passageways of the soul. . . like a young woman

Her clear smiling light

and the history not long,

and the joy of a new life. . .

Yes, to be born again, and walk the road,

having found the lost path!

To feel in our hand once more

the pulse in the good hand

of our mother. . . And to walk through life in

dreams

out of love for the hand that guides us.

•

In our souls everything

moves guided by a mysterious hand.

We know nothing of our own souls

that are ununderstandable and say nothing.

The deepest words

of the wise man teach us

the same as the whistle of the wind when it blows

or the sound of the water when it is flowing

### III

From the door sill of a dream they called my name.

It was the good voice, the voice I loved so much. “

—Listen: will you go with me to visit the soul?. . .”

A soft stroke reached up to my heart. “

—With you always”. . . And in my dreams I walked

down a long and solitary corridor,

aware of the touching of the pure robe,

and the soft beating of the blood in the hand that

loved me.

## Track 20

IV

*Y podrás conocerte recordando  
del pasado soñar los turbios lienzos,  
en este día triste en que caminas  
con los ojos abiertos.*

*De toda la memoria, sólo vale  
el don preclaro de evocar los sueños.*

IV

You can know yourself, if you bring up  
those cloudy canvases from your dreams,  
today, this day, when you walk  
awake, open-eyed.

Memory is valuable for one thing,  
astonishing: it brings dreams back.