

Karina Aguilera Skvirsky

English Translations of the Performance: “Los poemas que declamaba mi mamá (The Poems My Mother Recited)”

Poet: Juana de Ibarbourou

El dulce milagro

¿Que es esto? ¡Prodigio! Mis manos florecen.
Rosas, rosas, rosas a mis dedos crecen.
Mi amante besóme las manos, y en ellas,
¡oh gracia! brotaron rosas como estrellas.

Y voy por la senda voceando el encanto
y de dicha alterno sonrisa con llanto
y bajo el milagro de mi encantamiento
se aroman de rosas las alas del viento.

Y murmura al verme la gente que pasa:
"¿No veis que está loca? Tornadla a su casa.
¡Dice que en las manos le han nacido rosas
y las va agitando como mariposas!"

¡Ah, pobre la gente que nunca comprende
un milagro de éstos y que sólo entiende
Que no nacen rosas más que en los rosales
y que no hay más trigo que el de los triguales!

Que requiere líneas y color y forma,
y que sólo admite realidad por norma.
Que cuando uno dice: "Voy con la dulzura",
de inmediato buscan a la criatura.

Que me digan loca, que en celda me encierren
que con siete llaves la puerta me cierren,
que junto a la puerta pongan un lebrél,
carcelero rudo carcelero fiel.

Cantaré lo mismo: "Mis manos florecen.
Rosas, rosas, rosas a mis dedos crecen".
¡Y toda mi celda tendrá la fragancia
de un inmenso ramo de rosas de Francia!

The Sweet Miracle

What is it? A miracle! My hands are in bloom.
Roses, roses, roses, from my fingers grow
My lover has kissed my hands, and from them
How witty! Roses have sprouted like stars.

And I walk through the lane, announcing the charm
And from happiness I alternate smiles with sobs
And under the miracle of my enchantment
The wings of the wind scented of roses.

And murmur the passing people that see me:
Can't you see that she's mad? Send her back home.
Says she that roses were born from her hands
And go flapping them like butterflies!

Ah, pathetic are those people who can never comprehend
A miracle as this is, and who can only understand
That no more roses are born than those on the rose bush
And that no other wheat grows than on the wheat fields!

That it requires lines and color and shape,
And can only admit reality as normal
That when one says, "I go with the sweetness"
Immediately they look for the child.

Let them call me mad, in a cell let them shut me
With seven keys let them lock the door on me,
By the door let them place a greyhound
A rude jailer, a faithful jailer.

I would sing him the same theme: "My hands are
flourishing
Roses, roses, roses, from fingers grow".
And my whole cell would be filled with the fragrance
Of an enormous bouquet of roses from France!

Poet: Ruben Dario
A Margarita Debayle

Margarita, está linda la mar,
y el viento
lleva esencia sutil de azahar;
yo siento en el alma una alondra cantar;
tu acento. Margarita, te voy a contar
un cuento.

"Éste era un rey que tenía
un palacio de diamantes,
una tienda hecha del día
y un rebaño de elefantes.

Un quiosco de malaquita,
un gran manto de tisú,
y una gentil princesita, tan bonita,
Margarita, tal bonita como tú.
Una tarde la princesa
vio una estrella aparecer;
la princesa era traviesa
y la quiso ir a coger.

La quería para hacerla
decorar un prendedor,
con un verso y una perla,
una pluma y una flor.

A princesas primorosas
se parecen mucho a ti
cortan lirios, cortan rosas,
cortan astros. Son así.

Pues se fue la niña bella,
bajo el cielo y sobre El mar,
a cortar la blanca estrella
que la hacía suspirar

Y siguió camino arriba,
por la luna y más allá,
mas lo malo es que ella iba
sin permiso del papá.

Cuando estuvo ya de vuelta
de los parques del Señor,
se miraba toda envuelta
en un dulce resplandor.

For Margarita Debayle

Margarita, is beautiful the sea,
and the wind
brings subtle essence of orange blossom;
I feel in my heart a skylark sing.
Margarita, I am going to tell you
a story.

"There was a king who had
a palace of diamonds,
a shop made of the day
and a herd of elephants.

A kiosk of malachite,
a large cloak of material,
and a charming/graceful little princess,
as pretty, Margarita, as pretty as you.
One afternoon the princess
saw a star appear;
the princess was naughty
and wanted to go and collect it.

She wanted it to have it
decorate a brooch,
with a poem and a pearl,
a feather and a flower.

The adorable princesses
Much resemble you:
they cut lilies, they cut roses,
they cut asters. So it is.

Then went the beautiful little girl
below the sky and over the sea,
to cut the white star
that made her sigh.

And followed the way above,
past the moon and more there
more than bad for her to go
without the permission of papa.

Once she had returned
from the parks of the Lord,
was seen all around
a sweet/soft brilliance.

Y el rey dijo: "Qué te has hecho?
Te he buscado y no te hallé;
y que tienes en el pecho,
que encendido se te ve?"

La princesa no mentía.
Y así, dijo la verdad:
"Fui a cortar la estrella mía
a la azul inmensidad".

Y el rey clama: "No te he dicho
que el azul no hay que tocar?
Qué locura! Qué capricho!
El Señor se va a enojar".

Y dice ella: "No hubo intento;
yo me fui no sé por qué.
Por las olas y en el viento
fui a la estrella y la corté".

Y el papa dice enojado:
"Un castigo has de tener:
vuelve al cielo, y lo robado
vas ahora a devolver".

La princesa se entristece
por su dulce flor de luz,
cuando entonces aparece
sonriendo el buen Jesús.

Y así dice: "En mis campiñas
esa rosa le ofrecí;
son mis flores de las niñas
que al sonar piensan en mí".

Viste el rey ropas brillantes,
y luego hace desfilar
cuatrocientos elefantes
a la orilla de la mar.

La princesa está bella,
pues ya tiene el prendedor
en que lucen, con la estrella,
verso, perla, pluma y flor.

Margarita, esta lindá la mar,
y el viento
lleva esencia sutil de azahar:
tu aliento.

And the king said, "What have you done?
I searched for you and did not find you.
And what do you have in your breast
that we see lit up in you?"

The princess did not lie
And so she spoke the truth:
I went to cut my star
Of the blue immensity.

And the king cried "Have I not told you
That in the blue there are things not touch?
What an error! what a caprice!
The Lord is going to be angry.

And said she: "I did not mean to,
I went, I don't know why,
through the waves and the wind
I went to the star and I cut it.

And the father said, angered:
"A punishment you have to undergo;
return to the sky and what you stole
you are now going to return."

The princess grows sad
for her sweet flower of light
when there appears smiling
the good Jesus.

And so says, "In my fields
that rose I offered to you;
they are my flowers of the children
that in sleeping they think of me.

Dressed the king in brilliant clothes,
and then has parade
four hundred elephants
on the shores of the sea.

The little princess is beautiful
Now that she already has the brooch
In which shines, with the star,
Poem, pearl, feather and flower.

Margarita, beautiful is the sea,
and the wind
carries a subtle essence of orange blossom:
your breath.

Y que lejos de mí vas a estar,
guarda, niña, un gentil pensamiento
al que un día te quise contar
un cuento.

Poet: Adalberto Ortiz

Antojo

¡Ay, Mama, yo quiero un blanco!
Un Blanco yo quiero mama.
Compráme también un frasco,
un frasco de Agua'e Kananga.
Un blanco que tenga un tongo,
un tongo de plata, mama.

Que sepa leé y escribí,
pa' que me diga cositas
que no saben los de aquí.
¡Ay, Mama, yo quiero un gringo!
Un gringo muy colorao,
que tenga lo'sojo lindo
como cielo despejao.

Mucho pedis, muchacha,
negra conga y presumía,
negra conga y má pincháa
no hei visto en toa mi vía.

Er blanco que tú queré,
te lo puedo conseguí;
pero luego vamo a vé
si te quiere sólo a ti.

Er blanco te coge, negra,
como una curiosidá
y cuando menos lo piensas
te va dejando botaá

Er blanco te va'empreñaá,
er blanco te va a pateá

Si te juntá con un blanco,
tu'sijo son casi negro,
tu'sijo son casi blanco,
Tu'sijo ya no son naá.

¡Ay! Yo ya no quiero gringo,
no quiero, mama,
¡Ay! Yo ya no quiero blanco,
no quiero, mama.
Sólo quiero negro,
mi negro quiero.

Since far from me you are going to be,
keep, little girl, a gentle thought
that one day I wanted to tell you
a story.

Desire

Oh Mama I want a white man!
A white man I want Momma.
Buy me also a bottle
A perfume bottle of Kananga
A white man who has a ton
A ton of money Momma.

Who knows how to read and write,
So he can tell me things
that people don't know around here.
Oh, Momma I want an American!
An American who's all red faced,
who has pretty eyes.
like a cloudless sky

You ask for too much, girl,
Little Black girl so presumptuous
Little black girl so full of herself
I've never seen in all my life.

The white man that you want,
I can get him for you;
But later we will see
If he loves only you.

The white man will take you, girl,
Like you're a curiosity
And when you're not paying attention
He'll throw you out like some trash.

The white man will knock you up,
The white man will kick you around.

If you get with a white man,
Your kids will almost be black,
Your kids will almost be white,
Your kids will be nothing.

Oh! I don't want an American anymore,
I don't want one, Momma,
Oh! I don't want a white man anymore,
I don't want one, Momma.
I only want a black
Black is what I want.