

A Daander i da Hömin

. . . *noo as hit mirkens* . . .

Majestic sun, rosy glöd, penga o da Göd Man,
trivvelin aboot me, an mi skyin can aa but see,
mi riggy bane piperin an mi boady vimmers
glerlit bi da pöl o gowld you tippit
owre dis sea an dis ceety, an A'm blinndit.
Here eence stöd raas – an I ken dey staand yet –
o hooses an gaets, belangin tae anidder ceety,
no dis een at you're tirded headicraa.

We daander bi da mirkened shörmal.
Fishin boats is ready far da aff,
engines tiftin, paraffeen lamps i da bows,
an da hale toon oot for da waander, laads
wi der lass apö der airm, swack young men,
midders an faiders, bairns aetin ice craem,
auld men glinderin fae tables at pavement cafês,
an da darkenin hills möv closser, like friendly baess.

Glöd o hömin, klined apö hills an voes, your airm
dichts mine peeriewyes noo, lik bi chance,
lik da touch o dis lass at walks bi mi side
waavellin wi her heavy hips, peerie steps,
curn-black hair wheecht back, fine neck an shooders
berry-broon i da simmer, an dark lightsome een.
I drink you, glinkin licht, lik wine, lik a tön,
da wye her fock is drunk you for thousands o years.

Porous ceety, her name is *Freedom*, an though
your scars is fleckit grey ithin her een, still,
at dis oor whan da trimmel o licht plays
peeriewyes apön her face as wirds or sang, hers is
da richt ta traivel da auld mairches o dis shörmal
as instrument an keeper o your licht
gadderin hit i da deep djubs o her een, and hers
da hinneyed freedom, ta birl aa owre you.

Hömin, mi hjarta, licht aald as da hills, wi
a sang i da trapple, boannie as dis lass,
foo can I no adore da wye you busk dis ceety

an hits fock wi grace, sculptin aathin at you touch,
da hale wirlld, da hale clamjamfrie?
If no your ceetizen, A'm come ta be your slave.
An wi siccan a solemn trist for you, I wid fill
ivery pore wi your glöd, her freedom.

Richard Berengarten

translated bi Christine De Luca

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