

Xe M. Sánchez

Pastielles

Güei nun afayé nenyuri
esi versu
-esa pastiella-
que me fai falta cada día.
Dellos días
son páxines en blancu
nel llibru d'hesteria
de les nuses vides.
Sicasí, tamién esos días
pa escaecer son poesía.
Yá aportó la nueche.
La lluna surde selino
pel horizonte
comu una musa eterna
pa remembrame
que nun hai que perder
enxamás les esperances.

Pills

Today,
I have not found anywhere
that verse
-that pill-
which I need each day.
Some days
are blank pages
in the history book
of our lives.
Even so,
these days to be forgotten
are also poetry.
Night has already arrived.
The moon
rises gently
on the horizon,
like an eternal muse
to remind me
that we must never give up hope.

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Au Tou Ye Posible

El futuru
ye esi non-llugar
qu'imaxinamos
de xemes en cuandu
au tou ye posible.
Quiciabes ellí
pueda atopar
el mio llugar nel mundiu.
Quiciabes ellí
el mio presente
nun sedrá pasáu.
Quiciabes ellí
podré iguar esi poema
que se m'esmuz
pente les manes
cada vegada
que m'aluerdo
de los tos güeyos,
que falaben ensin falar,
que m'apiellaben
en silenciu.

Where all is possible

Future is that non-place
that we imagine sometimes
where all is possible.
Maybe I can find there
my place in the world.
Maybe there my present
shall not be past.
Maybe there I can compose
that poem
which slips out of my hands
each time I remember your eyes
which spoke without speaking,
which called me in silence.