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Nancy Morejón

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MIRAR ADENTRO*

por Nancy Morejón

Del siglo dieciseis data mi pena
y apenas lo sabía
porque aquel ruiseñor
siempre canta en mi pena.

Piedra pulida

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LOOKING INWARDS*

by Nancy Morejón

From the sixteenth century my suffering dates
and I hardly knew it
because that nightingale
always sings in my suffering.

Polished Stone

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MUJER NEGRA*

por Nancy Morejón

Todavía huelo la espuma del mar que me hicieron
atravesar.
La noche, no puedo recordarla.
Ni el mismo océano podría recordarla.
Pero no olvido al primer alcatraz que divisé.
Altas, las nubes, como inocentes testigos presenciales.
Acaso no he olvidado ni mi costa perdida, ni mi
lengua ancestral.
Me dejaron aquí y aquí he vivido.
Y proque trabajé como una bestia,
aquí volví a nacer.
A cuanta epopeya mandinga intenté recurrir.

Me rebelé.

Su Merced me compró en una plaza.
Bordé la casaca de Su Merced y un hijo macho le
parí.
Mi hijo no tuvo nombre.
Y Su Merced, murió a manos de un impecable *lord*
inglés.

Anduve.

Esta es la tierra donde padecí bocabajos y azotes.
Bogué a lo largo de todos sus ríos.
Bajo su sol sembré, recolecté y las cosechas no comí.
Por casa tuve un barracón.
Yo misma traje piedras para edificarlo,
pero canté al natural compás de los pájaros nacionales.

Me sublevé.

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CALLALO

En esta misma tierra toqué la sangre húmeda
y los huesos podridos de muchos otros,
traídos a ella, o no, igual que yo.
Ya nunca más imaginé el camino a Guinea.
¿Era a Guinea? ¿A Benin? ¿Era a Madagascar? ¿O a
Cabo Verde?

Trabajé mucho más.

Fundé mejor mi canto milenario y mi esperanza.
Aquí construí mi mundo.

Me fui al monte.

Mi real independencia fue el palenque
y cabalgué entre las tropas de Maceo.

Sólo un siglo más tarde,
junto a mis descendientes,
desde una azul montaña,

bajé de la Sierra

para acabar con capitales y usureros,
con generales y burgueses.
Ahora soy: Sólo hoy tenemos y creamos.
Nada nos es ajeno.
Nuestra la tierra.
Nuestros el mar y el cielo.
Nuestras la magia y quimera.
Iguales míos, aquí los veo bailar
alrededor del árbol que plantamos para el comunismo.
Su pródiga madera ya resuena.

Parajes de una época

BLACK WOMAN*

by Nancy Morejón

Still I smell the foam of the sea which they made me
cross.

The night, I cannot remember it.
Not even the ocean itself could remember it.
But I do not forget the first gannet I made out.
High, the clouds, like innocent eyewitnesses.
Perhaps I have not forgotten either my lost coast, or
my ancestral tongue.
They left me here and here I have lived.
And because I worked like a beast,
here I was born again.
To how many Mandinga epopeias did I try to have
recourse.

I rebelled.

His Honour bought me in a square.
I embroidered His Honour's coat and gave birth to a
son for him.
My son had no name.
And His Honour, he died at the hands of an
impeccable English lord.

I walked.

This is the land in which I suffered beatings and
floggings.
I rowed the length of all its rivers.
Under its sun I sowed, I reaped and I did not eat the
harvests.
For a house I had a shack

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CALLALOO

I myself brought stones to build it.
but I sang to the natural beat of the national birds.

I rose up.

In this same land I touched the humid blood
and the rotted bones of many others,
brought to it, or not, the same as I.
By then I did not imagine the way to Guinea any more.
Was it to Guinea? To Benin? Was it to Madagascar?
Or to
Cape Verde?

I worked much harder.

I laid better foundations for my millennial song and
my hope.
Here I built my world.

I went off to the mountains.

My real independence was the palenque
and I rode among the troops of Maceo.

Only a century later,
together with my descendants,
from a blue mountain,

I came down from the Sierra

to put an end to capitalists and usurers,
to generals and bourgeois.
Now I am: Only today do we have and create.
Nothing is outside our reach.
Ours the land.
Ours the sea and the sky.
Ours magic and the chimera.
My equals, here I watch them dance
around the tree we planted for communism.
Its prodigious wood already resounds.

Places in a Time

BAAS*

por Nancy Morejón

Eres el amo.
Azares y un golpe seco de la historia
te hicieron ser mi amo.
Tienes la tierra toda
y yo tengo la pena.
Tienes la hacienda,
el potro, el olivo, los rifles
y yo tengo la pena.
En medio de la noche
te alzas como una bestia en celo.
Tuyos mi sudor y mis manos.
Me has hecho nómada en mis propios confines.
Eres el amo
y eres esclavo
de lo que posees.
Eres el amo.
Me has despojado de mis cosas
pero no de mi canto.
¿Qué vas a hacer
cuando me alce mañana
y recobre mi potro, mi olivo
y mis estrellas.

Baladas para un sueño

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BAAS*

by Nancy Morejón

You are the master.
Luck and a sudden coup of history
made you my master.
You have all the land
and I have the suffering.
You have the ranch,
the colt, the olive tree, the rifles
and I have the suffering.
In the middle of the night
you rise up like a beast in heat.
Yours my sweat and my hands.
You have made me a nomad in my own territory.
You are a master
and you are a slave
to what you possess.
You are the master.
You have stripped me of my things
but not of my song.
What are you going to do
when I rise up tomorrow
and take back my colt, my olive tree
and my stars?

Ballads for a Dream

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MADRIGAL PARA CIMARRONES*
A Miguel Barnet

por Nancy Morejón

La cabeza y las manos colgadas, llameantes,
burlando el rastro del Perseguidor.
Los cuerpos sudorosos se lanzan a la manigua
húmeda.
Qué belleza tan dura tienen sus corazones.
Sobre sus machetes, como sobre ramales,
anidan palomas y jutías,
y el tiempo de sol,
y el tiempo de luna,
y el tiempo de la voluntad
haciéndolos renacer como a niños,
como a dulces niños de una libertad ya conquistada.

Octubre imprescindible

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MADRIGAL FOR MAROONS*
To Miguel Barnet

by Nancy Morejón

Their heads and hands hanging, flaming,
confusing the trail for the Tracker.
The sweaty bodies throw themselves into the wet
 swamp.
What a hard beauty their hearts have.
On their machetes, as on branches,
doves and jutias nest,
and the time of sun,
and the time of moon,
and the time of will
making them reborn as if they were children,
as if they were sweet children of a liberty already won.

Indispensable October

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