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Amor n'Asturianu / Love in Asturian

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Amor n'Asturianu

by Maria Carcelen

Ella díxo-y:

“Quita les madreñes
y xube al horru a esperar
por mi.

Quita la saya
y llava'l to pechu con agua
y mar.

Quita'l paxellu
y vamos festexar el nuesu
antroxu.

Quita la vergoña
y atrévite a amar
n'asturianu.”

L'aire güel a sidra
cubriendo'l golor del sudu;
les cares grotesques y allegres
enfréntense nes places llavaes d'alcohol.

Les gaites imanten el silenciu
escondiendo metanes too
el calláu ximíu d'un
orgasmu.

Love in Asturian

by Maria Carcelen

She said:

“Take off your wooden clogs
and climb the *borru* to wait
for me.

Take off your petticoat
and wash your breast with water
and sea.

Take off your mask
and let's celebrate our own
carnival.

Take off your shame
and dare to love
in Asturian.”

The air smells like cider
covering the scent of sweat;
grotesque but happy faces
confront in the plaza
washed by alcohol.

The bagpipes magnetize the silence
hiding among their tunes
the quiet moan of an
orgasm.