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Mayu Mayurispa

Olivia Baxter

WAYNA KASPAY, MAYUKA ŇAN-PUNA KANTAQ HUQKAN CREENI.
WAYRAPI, PAYKA TUSHUNTAQ KHARKATITIYUTAQ.
KILLAP K’ANCHAYPI, PAYKA JINA WAWAMI PUÑURQA.

KARQANRISPALLA ŇISKA TIYAN ŇIN.
MUSQORQANIPIS QUNQAPURQANIPIS.

ÑANTA KUNAN, ŇOQA MAYUP TAKIYTA UYARI.
MANA ŇOQA MANA TARIY-PAY ATIY; HAYKA ŇOQA PUÑIY, PAYKA TAKIYWAN PHURMUY.
PAYKA PUÑUKAMEN TAKIY, CHAKANAPURATAQ, PAYKA PAYPA KAWSAY PINTAY.
Mayu Mayurispa
Olivia Baxter

When I was young, I thought the river was a highway
In the wind, she danced and quaked for herself
In the moonlight she slept like a baby.

They said she could only live as she was living
And as I dreamt, I forgot.

Along the road now, I listen for the river’s song.
I am not able to find her; when I am sleeping she is overflowing with song.
She is singing until she sleeps, and among the stars, she is painting her existence.