

MI HUBENTUT

Ornelio 'Kees' Martina

Unda b'a keda,
abo ku ta'sa grita yora
ora fáha
o kabuya baha
riba bo atras?
Mala mucha, bo ta' yora bo penanan,
te kansa, laga lágrimanan
seka, marka riw di sushi
no bo kara.
Abo ku a sa
ku lágrima ta sálu
pasobra b'a purb'e
unda abo a keda!
Mi tambe mester tin tristesa,
ma mundu a bisti tur mi pena
karkás di mi sonrisa

I abo, unda abo a keda!

MY YOUTH

Ornelio 'Kees' Martina

So where are you,
You who would scream and shout
When the belt
Or the rope
Hit your bottom?
You naughty boy, you cried
regretfully, endlessly, while tears
Dried and left rivers of dirt
On your face.
You, who knew of tears
The taste of salt,
Where are you?
I should be sorrowful too,
But the world has clothed all my pains
In the starched hoop skirt of a smile.

And you, have you left?

Ornelio (Kees) Martina, 'Mi hubentut', in: *Alivio: poesia*. Willemstad, Curaçao: Carilexis, 1999;
translation: Aart G. Broek

