

*I cry, I am sad...*  
Anonymous [Nahautl (Aztec) Poem]

Courtesy of Angel M. Garibay, *La Literatura de Los Aztecas*; and, Cheyenne Jones, Translator



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I cry, I am sad, I am only a singer:  
If just once I could wear flowers,  
If I could adorn myself with them in The Place of the body-less!  
I become sad.  
Man is regarded on this earth uniquely, as a flower:  
For just a brief instant he enjoys the spring blossoms.

Enjoy them; I will be sad.  
I come from the house of the delicate butterflies.  
My song opens its petals: I have here many flowers.  
My heart is a fleeting painting:  
I am a singer and I unfurl my song!