

## *Hiort*

*après C. P. Cavafy*

Nuair a thòisicheas tu air an turas go Hiort,  
 Feuch gur h-e rathad buan a bhios ann  
 Làn de dh' eachdraidhean,  
 De dh' fhiosrachadh ùr.  
 Cùm Hiort air a comharrachadh air dealbh  
 T' intinn an còmhnaidh.  
 'S e a ruigheachd as ceann-crìche dhut.  
 Na dèan cabhag air an turas an dòigh dhut.  
 'S fheàrr  
 Leigeil leis dol fad linntean.  
 A rèir mar a thèid thu an aois,  
 Rach air chruaidh aig eileanan beaga leis an ionmhas  
 A thog thu ri linn an turais.  
 Na biodh dùil agad gun toir Hiort  
 Càil sam bith dhut. Thug Hiort dhut an turas fhèin.  
 As a h-aonais,  
 Cha robh thu air tòiseachadh a riamh.  
 Chan eil càil a bharrachd aic' a bheir i dhut.

## *Sgrìobag*

Dh' ith mi na ceapairean  
Marmite  
A bha ri taobh a' mmicrowave

'S a bha thu a' gleidheadh,  
'S math dh' fhaoidte,  
Mar do lòn—

Duilich!  
Bha iad math fhèin—  
Cho geur is cho tiugh.

## Translations of the Translations

### *St Kilda*

*après C. P. Cavafy*

When you start on your journey to St Kilda  
make sure it's a long road  
full of adventures  
and new experiences.  
Keep St Kilda marked on the map  
of your mind always.  
Reaching it is your objective.  
Don't hurry at all.  
Better  
to let it grow for generations.  
As you grow old,  
anchor at small islands with the treasure  
you accumulated during the trip.  
Don't expect St Kilda  
to give you anything. St Kilda gave you the journey.

Without it,  
you would never have begun.  
There is nothing else she can give you.

## *Wee Note*

I scoffed the marmite  
pieces  
that were beside the microwave

and which you were keeping,  
dare say,  
for your lunch—

sorry!  
there were really good—  
so tart and thick.