

# Mu Moras (My Sorrow)

Sofia Jannok

Mu moraÅ;Å;

Mu morraÅ;Å;a

Dan ii sÅ;Å;hte veardidit buollaÅ;Å;iin

ii sulastahttit Å;Å;bi guoldduin

ii rehkenastit allodaga

viidodagas hÅ;Å;lakeahttÅ;Å;

ÄEiekÅ;Å;alastas mu moraÅ;Å; Ä•ivgÅ;Å;

DoloÅ;Å;, jo dÅ;Å;ktan morraÅ;Å;iid

uÄ'asin gaiku fÅ;Å;rrosis

MoraÅ;Å; lea bussÅ;Å; hÅ;Å;mis

leabbasan raddÅ;Å;n ala

OhcÅ;Å; mu vÅ;Å;ibmosuona deaddit

JurddaÅ;Å;an rÅ;Å;hkkÅ;Å;san

gii beatnaga hÅ;Å;mis veallÅ;Å;

galbma sÅ;Å;dudid siste

sogalaÄ•Ä•aid gaskkas

OhcÅ;Å; mu vÅ;Å;ibmosuona deaddit

Dego ii livÄ•Ä•e doarvÅ;Å;i jo lahpÅ;Å;stahttÅ;Å;n

English Translation:

My sorrow

My sorrow

cannot be compared to the freezing weather

it is not like the raw wind at sea

You cannot measure its height

or its breadth

My sorrow litters in the depths

tearing loose a cluster of old,

already ossified sorrows

Sorrow lies on my chest

like a cat

It weights on my arteries

I think of my beloved

who lies like a dog  
in the cold sand  
among his relations

It weights on my arteries  
as if I were not already about to choke

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