

94.34

where the girls live I switch them to make them valuable  
 coming to the grassfield where the deers are  
 the deers sleep and don't want to stand up  
 the good deer and the good dog are friends together  
 the good game and the good dog hunt at the same place  
 on the mountain where the deers are I beat on a bamboo section  
 beat on a bamboo section to wake the deers up from sleeping  
 on the mountain where deers are I beat to make them valuable  
 I sing where there are no beautiful girls  
 shoot with good crossbow arrows where there are no good rodents  
 a path where many people walk  
 when others walk they don't laugh  
 when I walk alone I laugh  
 if I didn't laugh while walking alone  
 I wouldn't walk fast on the even road among the fields  
 others are driving ten horses on the road  
 while driving ten horses they don't let them have bells on  
 when I drive one horse only I let it have a bell on  
 reaching a big resting stone I take a pause  
 I won't rest for long but only for a while  
 won't rest for a long while  
 the big river flows in whirls  
 in the seventh month the river rises, logs roll around  
 the boy thinks about going back  
 ponders about returning home  
 when the village leader hasn't finished judging the case (=boy buying salt)  
 thinking about returning home on the same road  
 I am not shy toward those who walk with me  
 but afraid for the lives of my grandchildren (if I don't finish my work they  
 will later on suffer)  
 I'll talk with the tiger about building a bridge across the deep river  
 talk with the eagle about getting across two clouds

94.37

I'll talk with a common man  
 talk about cutting a boat, a raft  
 I'll talk with the priest  
 talk about letting somebody watch the boat, guard the raft  
 oh, you group of people accompanying me, many like fishes in  
 expanding water  
 oh, you group many like red minnows at the bottom of a water hole  
 let's climb the ladder up to the boat  
 let's hold on to the edge of the boat, whether it is thick or thin  
 oh, you ábö people who can paddle a boat  
 paddling the boat you look like bowing your heads  
 once bowing downstream  
 once bowing upstream  
 once bowing toward the middle when paddling  
 coming to the bank of the river where many tadpoles swim around  
 coming to the edge of the Shan fields where snails look like sun-drying  
 rice  
 before getting into the water I was afraid of it  
 getting into it, not even my ankles and toenails are covered by the water  
 before crossing the river the water's strength looked hard  
 but when I crossed the water didn't reach above my knees  
 tying our boat by an ý-nm tree  
 letting the boat anchor by a big, good stone  
 leaving the boat upside of a big, good stone  
 if rain comes, don't let the boat get soaked  
 if rain comes, cut banana leaves and cover it  
 if the sun shines, don't let the boat dry out  
 if the sun shines, cover it with three rows of thatch  
 crossing I won't give silver and gold as fee for the boat  
 later on going back I'll give you salt  
 it won't be bad salt  
 but good salt like the coming moon

two big rivers that don't meet each other (but run parallel)

in the tenth month when the water expands, digging its way,  
climbing upwards step by step, they still won't meet

94.41

the fishes come down with the river but won't meet fishes (from other  
streams)

this morning I'm going trading and meet you, river

blue water, two sweet water streams

it is sweet but I don't want to drink the water

before, the village leader and priest came here but didn't drink

now this morning I won't drink either (fearing that the water might not  
be good after all)

a beautiful girl stays (by the river)

she is beautiful but I won't court her

before, the village leader and the priest came here but didn't court

not this morning I won't court her either

I don't make a bridge of silver and gold to cross the abyss

but make a bridge of my two toes

I can't connect the big world with silver and gold

but tie it together with my voice

coming to the resting place on the high road

reaching a high tree that gives shadows for the sunshine

on a high mountain

I look all over the world

there is nothing in the big beautiful world that I don't see

looking, my hair doesn't cover my face

I'll have to walk for many days

it is a resting place for the village leader, for the priest

I didn't know that it is a resting place for the priest

but on the path spit flows in bubbles like sweet water, and so I know  
(from the priest's drinking licuor)

when bad persons come they rest here  
 when bad animals come they leave footprints  
 above the path a b<sup>3</sup>-b`q tree with yellow flowers  
 when I came last year the flowers were all in buds  
 coming this year the flowers are all blossoming  
 94.45 above the path a phĩ-pàq tree where I pick its leaves (to blow with)  
 three stems of the zàq-mjà bamboo  
 I beat once on the stem upslope  
 to let my parents hear me at home  
 downslope coming to a water hole with sweet water  
 before, the village leader and the priest drank when coming here  
 now this morning I'll also drink  
 I am thirsty and will drink  
 feeling hot I'll wash myself in the water  
 coming to where the man lăm-shǎ-há-tháŋ and the woman mǎ-dja-á-ə  
 live  
 walk up to the big house, the bamboo flooring sounding "djèq",  
 climbing up on the veranda, just outside the door  
 my hands are hurting, my lymphs are painful  
 going to the Shans, my feet are hurting, they look like a place where  
 yams have been dug out (being that full with sores)  
 my hands are aching, I'll like to stay over for three days  
 my feet are aching, I'll like to stay over for three nights  
 I'm hungry and ask for food, if I get enough to eat I'll never forget it  
 when feeling cold getting a silk blanket to cover me  
 when feeling warm, I'll never forget it  
 high up on the path I made a shelter of banana leaves  
 before three mornings had passed it rained  
 when a youngster has smoked tobacco without permission