

An Roghainn

*Choisich mi cuide ri mo
thuigse a-muigh ri taobh a'
chuain;
bha sinn còmhla ach bha ise a'
fuireach tiotan bhuan.
An sin thionndaidh i ag
ràdha: a bheil e fìor gun cual'
thu gu bheil do ghaol geal
àlainn a' pòsadh tràth Diluain?*

*Bhac mi 'n cridhe bha 'g
èirigh nam bhroilleach reubte
luath
is thubhairt mi: tha mi
cinnteach; carson bu bhreug e
bhuan?
Ciamar a smaoinichinn gun
glacainn an rionnag leugach
òir,
gum beirinn oirre 's gun cuirinn
i gu ciallach na mo phòc?*

*Cha d' ghabh mise bàs croinn-
ceusaidh an èiginn chruaidh na
Spàinn
is ciamar sin bhiodh dùil
agam ri aon duais ùir an dàin?
Cha do lean mi ach an t-slighe
chrìon bheag ìosal thioram
thlàth,
is ciamar sin a choinnichinn ri
beithir-theine ghràidh?*

*Ach nan robh 'n roghainn rithist
dhomh 's mi 'm sheasamh air an
àird,
leumainn à neamh no iutharna
le spiorad 's cridhe slàn.*

The Choice

I walked with my reason out
beside the sea;
We were together but it was
keeping a little distance from
me.
Then it turned saying: is it true
you heard
that your beautiful white love is
getting married early on
Monday?

I checked the heart that was
rising in my torn swift breast
and I said
most likely; why should I lie
about it?
How should I think that I would
grab the radiant golden star,
that I would catch it and put it
prudently in my pocket?

I did not take a cross's death in
the hard extremity of Spain
and how then should I expect
the one new prize of fate?
I followed only a way that was
small, mean, low, dry,
lukewarm,
and how then should I meet the
thunderbolt of love?

But if I had the choice again and
stood on that headland,
I would leap from heaven or hell
with a whole spirit and heart.