

THOUGHTS BY MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

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Se debe este breve texto en idioma pápago a la señora Ofelia Zepeda, oriunda de la comunidad pápaga del norte de Sonora y actualmente residente en Tucson, Arizona. La señora Zepeda estudió lingüística en la Universidad de Arizona y desarrolla diversas actividades culturales entre los pápagos de la reserva-ción de San Xavier de Bac. La traducción de este texto al inglés se debe a la misma señora Zepeda.

Papago text

Mac 'am gegok hihañ t'am we:sko 'an aš 'i s-ma:sk matk ju: wenog koko'i ha-taš c-eḏ, natkpi 'e-paḏc hegām tatpial hihosig mat g ñ-wepnag ha-nanto. Hegām hihosig mo 'i cem s-wepegī 'aš cem 'alo s-to:ta. We:s g koklo:na matk 'an ha-na:nagia kokodst 'an 'aš s-wipionaghim 'ab 'al na:nagia. Tk g gi:gī kakanjul ba 'e:p ha-paḏc g ju:kī ck ni hema ša'i taš mei, natkpi we:s g kakanjul ha-haha'a ba'i si šu:d g šu:daḡi-kac.

Matt 'am ša'i s-'ap ha'icu 'i tua koḏs webig c 'amjed 'am ša'i gegokahim nt ce: mok 'am aškiap dahā hegai ha'a mant g šu:daḡi b 'ab wa'ig k 'am dai ñ-je'e wehejed, 'an hugidan 'i:da ha'a g kostel an wo'o kc g ha'icu hugī 'am 'eda ka:c c wuḏ hegai ha'icu hugī mat g ñ-wepnag 'am ha-to'i g koko'i wenog koko'i ha-taš 'ed. Tp 'amai hasko ba 'e:p g spearmint ki'iwī 'am hema ka:c napi g ñ-'o:g š cem hekid 'am hema cecka ñ-je'e wehejed napi s-ma:c mo g ñ-je'e s-na:k 'i:da ki'iwī.

Mac 'am 'aškiap 'oyopo 'amai hiha'añ t-'am 'ant 'am hema mehī g kanjul k 'am dai. Nt 'amjed 'am ša'i cekto mo

has 'i masma wenog mo 'in 'aškiap ha'icug g ñ-je'e. T ge pi 'ap 'i ñ-ta:c mant 'am 'i cekto mat pi o sa:munk Noji Wi:na 'ed 'am t-ki: 'am. Napi wuḍ 'i cem ñ-je'e cipkanadag mat o tatmalt k ge cuhuk 'oidk o ha-gegos g hemajkam, k 'amjed ge taş 'oidk o piastad g 'a'al c noumko'i ha-wehejed. Kut 'am wecij 'ahidag c-ed ba'ic 'i pi o sa:munk, napi ba 'e:p wuḍ ñ-je'e cipkanadag mat ge'e ha'icu o hihido k we:s o ha-gegos g hemajkam k 'amjed ge cuhuk 'oidk o piast kc g pipna:da kc kakastalo:n o ha-hahai, c b 'ep cece'e mat pi hedai o şa'i koi natts pi 'enga o ñei g ke:li 'ahidag mat 'an o bij kg wecij 'ahidag 'ab o 'i wa:.

Pegi, we:s 'idam ha'icu mant 'am 'i cekto 'at hia pi 'ap 'i ñ-ta:c, tp ba ma'i s-'ape mat b masma b ha'icu 'e-ju:. Hemu. mat hab o 'i wa: 'i:da wecij 'ahidag ntp mu'i ha'icu a woho pi o 'edig. Tp hab a mo şa'i ha'as atp we:s ha'icu maş 'o'i s-'ape k nt 'am 'aş 'o'i himad c s-'ap mo cektoḍ g ñ-je'e.

Translation

One could tell that it had rained on All Souls' Day by the appearance of the once colorful wreaths of crepe paper flowers that my big sister had made. The wreathes were now almost white, with only just a faint color left on them; all of the poor wreathes sagged from the cross at the head of my mother's grave. The jars of candles had also been ruined; water had filled up in them before they had had a chance to burn down very far.

I noticed that the jar of water which I had placed at the head of her grave was still there. There was also a sack of food there, it was some of what my sisters had prepared for the feast on All Souls' Day. There must have been a package of Wrigleys spearmint gum there somewhere, since my sisters say that my father always brings a pack of spearmint gum for my mother; it was her favorite kind of gum.

While I stood at the grave, I lit a candle and set it at my mother's grave. While standing there I could not help but think how quiet it was going to be this Christmas without my mother. It had always been her custom to make red chili tamales and to

feed people all through the night. On Christmas day she would entertain and play music for the children and the drunken friends and relatives that happened to come by.

On New Year's it would be even quieter, since it was also my mother's custom to have plenty of food for all the people during the night. She also made sure that there was a piñada [piñata] and other party favors for everyone. She used to always make sure that no one fell asleep before midnight; she tried to make sure that we all saw the "old year leave and the new year come in".

It was mainly these two times which I thought of while standing there by the grave; I figured with the coming of the new year there would be many things which I would miss mainly due to my mother's passing. But I supposed that things would be all right as the times passed. I will continue to go on my way with only these simple, but good, memories which my mother has left in me.

Resumen

Reflexiones de hondo sentido y belleza de expresión, de quien se encuentra frente a la tumba de su madre en un día de muertos. El texto es buena muestra del pápago hablado en el norte de Sonora y sur de Arizona.