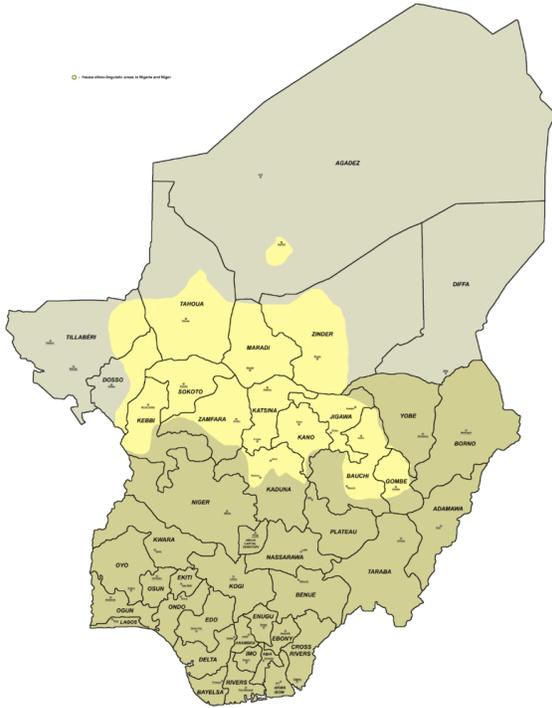


**National Translation Month premiere:
new translations from the Hausa
NTM 2016**



We're proud to present today another NTM premiere: for the first time, we're featuring new translations from the Hausa sent to us by the gracious poet and translator Laura M. Kaminski (Halima Ayuba). Hausa is a Chadic language with about 39 million speakers. It is spoken mainly in northern Nigeria and Niger, and also in Benin, Burkina Faso, Cameroon, CAR, Chad, Congo, Eritrea, Germany, Ghana, Sudan and Togo. We hope you enjoy these fresh new voices as much as we did.

We'd love to hear from you! Please share widely and celebrate international literature with us during September, the National Translation Month, and always. The world lies open—take time to explore it.

—Claudia Serea and Loren Kleinman

Saddiq Dzukogi



Saddiq Dzukogi is a graduate of Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria, Nigeria. A Pushcart Prize nominee, he has poems featured or forthcoming in literary publications such as: *Cleaver Magazine*, *Chiron Review*, *Vinyl Poetry*, *About Place Journal*, *The Volta*, *The Blue Lotus Art Journal*, *Grey Sparrow*, among numerous others. Saddiq is the poetry Editor at *Expound Magazine*.

Sanyi

Na tara hankali
a inuwan muryan ki
Ko zan gane
abun da ya sa
Muryan ki ya fi muryan iskan
damuna sanyi da dadi
A ko yausha da ya sauka
A cikin zuciyar na
Ya na gina aljama
Ko ya aka watsa mun wuta
Ba ya kona ni
Saboda son ki ya daura mun
Zanin ruwan sanyi

Sanyi

Translated by Laura M Kaminski (Halima Ayuba)

I explore the shadow
of your voice, sift its
shade for meaning
that I might discover
how it is that it surpasses
the cool, sweet voice
of rainy season's breeze,
how it descends, sinks
into the heart, and there
creates a paradise, a safe
oasis, where sparks that fly
cannot ignite us, fires
cannot consume us, because
your affection cools
and quenches, wraps us in
its protection, cloaks us
in fine fabric drenched
with cool, sweet water.

“Sanyi” (original and translation) first appeared in *Gnarled Oak*

Laura M Kaminski (Halima Ayuba)



Laura M Kaminski (Halima Ayuba) grew up in northern Nigeria, went to school in New Orleans, and currently lives in rural Missouri. She has received one Best of the Net and three Pushcart Prize nominations, as well as 2015 International Merit Award recognition from the *Atlanta Review*. She is an Editor at *Right Hand Pointing* and the author of several chapbooks and poetry collections, most recently *Dance Here* (2015, Origami Books, an imprint of Parrésia Publishers Ltd in Lagos, Nigeria) and *Considering Luminescence* (2015, available from Amazon in e-book and print formats). Her most recent interview is at

<https://waleowoade.wordpress.com/2016/01/02/laura-m-kaminski/THE STRONG LETTERS>

(<https://waleowoade.wordpress.com/2016/01/02/laura-m-kaminski/>).

Ta Je, Ta Dawo

lokacin da na ke
kankanin yarinya
baban na ya ba ni
babban lāka tukunya

da kunkuntar
makogwaro

wanan tukunya
dumi daga rana

aka cika ta da
bushashen ciyawa
da kuma qwai
na agwagwa

baba ya nuna mini
yadda za a mirgine
tukunya da laushi

kowace safiya
da dare
ina juya qwai

sa'an nan wata rana
kananin agwagwa
ta fito daga
makogwaron tukunya

da 'yan'uwanta suka bi ta
daya bayan daya

kalmomi suka
qwai na waka

ina boye su
a cikin zuciyana
a cikin duhu suka dumi
sannu da hankali

kuma ina yin rawa
rawar juya zuciya
rawar juya kalmomi
rawar juya kwai

hankali, Halima
kar ki fashe su ba

kuma ina juya
kuma ina juya
kuma ina juya

kowace safiya
da dare
ina juya qwai

sai sun kyankyasar kwan
da kuma tafiya daga
makogwaron na
daya bayan daya

ga ta
ga ta nan



"Not For Sale," © 2016, Tee Jay Dan

Incubation

Translated by the author

when I was a small girl
my father gave me
a large clay pot
with a narrow throat

it was warm from the sun
it was filled with dry grass
it held the eggs of a duck

and he showed me
how to roll it softly
each morning and night
to make the eggs turn

and then one day
a small duck
came out of its throat

and her mother's
other children followed her
one behind the other

words are
the eggs of poems

and I hide them
in my heart
and in that dark
they warm

and I dance
and yes, I dance

the dance of turning heart
the dance of turning words
the dance of turning eggs

careful, careful
careful not to shatter

and I'm turning
and I'm turning
and I'm turning

each morning and night
I'm turning the eggs

until they hatch
and come out of my throat
one behind the other

“Ta Je, Ta Dawo” (original) and “Incubation” (translation) first appeared in
Praxis Magazine

Kasuwan Jos (27-Feb-2015)

yana da sanyi a waje

a cikin gidanmu
kusa da taga
ina da baban kwano

yada da cikakken
da ‘ya’yan itache –
mangoro, ayaba
gwanda

wanan kwano
rana ne
ranan Najeriya
ranan na ne

hannu na, sunna
kunsa dukanshi

jikina tana
runguma

aiya!

aiya, yana
sanyi

Jos Market (27-Feb-2015)

Translated by the author

it's cold outside

in our house
close to the window
I keep a grand bowl

filled overflowing
with the children of trees –
mangoes, plantains
papaya

this bowl
is a sun
Nigerian sun
my sun

my arms and hands
wrap around the whole of it

my body
embraces it

mercy

mercy, it's
cold

Written after yet another round of bombings in Jos and Biu Thursday, 26-Feb-2015.

The English translation of "Jos Market" first appeared in *Dance Here*; the original Hausa poem is previously unpublished.

Notes on translation:

These are "thought for thought" rather than "word for word" translations. Hausa poetry (literally written-songs) traditionally makes much use of repeated end-words (as in ghazals), refrain stanzas, and/or lines repeated with a slight twist that shifts their meaning/context. I attempted to preserve those aspects as much as possible when carrying the poem over into English.

—*Laura M Kaminski (Halima Ayuba), translator*