

Ju:kĩ/Rain

Ofelia Zepeda

Gan 'at hu 'i 'e-ju: g taş	The sun has moved over a bit that way.
ga 't hu 'i hihi g cewagiĩ	Here come the clouds.
şa'i si s-to:ta	They are so very white,
şa'i si ge'egđaj	they are so very big,
ñia, 'ac 'ia đadħa kc ñenda g ju:kĩ	as we sit here and wait for the rain.
'Ab 'o hihim g cewagiĩ	Here come the clouds.
'u'a 'o g ju:kĩ	They are carrying the rain.
đ 'o "Kaij Cukalig Maşad"	It is the Seed Blackening Month.
'An 'ac u:gk ha'icu ñeid c ñenda g ju:kĩ	As we look up to the skies and wait for the rain.
Ab 'o hihim g cewagiĩ	Here come the clouds.
s-ap 'o 'u:wĩ g ju:kĩ	The rains smells good.
s-hewog 'o g hewel	The breeze is refreshingly cool.
s-ap 'ac t-tahadag c ia ñenda g ju:kĩ	We feel good as we wait for the rain.
Ab 'o hihim g cewagiĩ	Here come the clouds.
A, n at 'aş bi:bij g cewagiĩ	But the clouds have just gone by.
pi 'atkĩ o şa'i	It is not going to rain.
t-iatokĩ 'at g cewagiĩ	The clouds have lied to us.
đ 'ac 'o'odham c 'ia đadħa c ñenda g ju:kĩ	We are the 'o'odham, as we live here and wait for the rain.

from the Book;

Mat Hekid O Ju:  
o'odham Ha-cegiitodag

When It Rains  
Papago and Pima Poetry

A volume of Sun Tracks. University of Arizona Press, 1982.