UNHEARD OF! 7
Indigenous Languages of Mexico

Presented by:
Endangered Language Alliance & Mano a Mano: Mexican Culture without Borders
with the support of Bowery Arts + Science
PROGRAM

**Introduction** Juan-Carlos Aguirre (Mano a Mano: MCWB)

**Introduction** Daniel Kaufman (ELA)

**Nahuatl poetry** Irwin Sánchez

**– VIDEOS –

**Mixtec tongue twisters** Maximiliano

**Interview** Marta, Maximiliano & Zenaida Cantu

**Tlapanec Poetry** Zenaida Cantú & Jhoana Montes

**Totonac Poetry & Reflections** José Juárez
Daniel Kaufman
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Endangered Language Alliance
Indigenous Languages of Mexico

- Mexican government officially recognizes 68 indigenous language groups.
- Some languages are extinct (Cochimi, Opata, Tapachultec) or have very few speakers (Kiliwa, Kumiai, Mocho’) while some have hundreds of thousands of speakers or more (Yucatec Maya, Nahuatl).
- All can be considered endangered because of the rapid changes taking place in rural communities and low transmission rates.
Indigenous Languages of Mexico

- High linguistic diversity, both across families and within (macro-)languages
  - Uto-Aztecan
  - Yuman-Cochimi
  - Totonacan (Totonac & Tepehua)
  - Otomanguean
  - Mixe-Zoquean (Mixe, Zoque, Popoluca)
  - Mayan
  - Algonquian (Kikapú)
  - Seri (isolate)
  - Chontal (isolate)
  - P’urhépecha (isolate)
  - Huave
The languages of central and southern Mexico belong to the Mesoamerican linguistic area, and share many typological traits due to long-term contact (Campbell, Kaufman & Smith-Stark 1986).

- Relational nouns
- Base 20 counting system
Indigenous Languages of Mexico

- There is renewed interest in maintaining Mexico’s linguistic diversity.
- National language status was conferred on all indigenous languages in 2003. In the last decade, bilingual schools have increased and educational materials have been produced in many languages.
- Economic concerns still pose a serious threat to the life of most Mexican languages.
Indigenous Languages of Mexico

- 6 out of every 100 Mexicans speaks an indigenous language (INEGI 2010) but in NYC, that ratio is much higher, maybe even as high as 1 out of every 3.

- There are many Mexican languages spoken in New York that have never been properly described or recorded.
Today: Four languages Guerrero and Puebla
Nahuatl

- Uto-Aztecan family: from Idaho (Shoshoni) to Central America (Pipil)
- There are 1,544,968 speakers of all dialects of Nahuatl (INEGI 2010)
- Spread of Nahuatl from Post-Classic through early colonial period
- Nahuatl was the principal language of Tenochtitlan at the time of the conquest
- Many speakers in NYC are from Puebla and Guerrero
Nahuatl

- Poetry and song were held in extremely high esteem by the Nahua.
- Every town and every person of means maintained an entourage of singers and dancers.
- The author Daniel Brinton, writing in 1890, describes the earlier setting of poetry concerts among the Nahua:
“...concerts were held on ceremonial occasions in the open air, in the village squares or courtyards of the houses. They began in the morning and usually continued until night, occasionally far into the night. The musicians occupied the centre of the square and the trained singers stood or sat around them. When the sign was given to begin, the two most skillful singers, sometimes a man and a woman, pronounced the first syllables of the song slowly but with a sharp emphasis; then the drums began in a low tone, and gradually increased in strength as the song proceeded; the other singers united their voices until the whole chorus was in action, and often the bystanders, to the numbers of thousands, would ultimately join in the words of some familiar song, keeping time by concerted movements of the hands and feet.

Each verse or couplet of the song was repeated three or four times before proceeding to the next, and those songs which were of the slowest measure and least emotional in character were selected for the earlier hours of the festivals.”

(Brinton 1890: Section 5)
The Spanish not only destroyed as much of the written language as they could, they also tried to stamp out the oral tradition.

Even Sahagun, the greatest documenter of Nahua language and culture, considered Nahua song the work of the devil and thus worthy of elimination.

The allegories and allusions of Nahua poetry were seen as a grave threat to spread of Catholicism and Spanish rule.
Sahagun, the great historian and documenter of ancient Nahua culture:

"Our enemy on earth, has prepared a thick woods and a dangerous ground full of pitfalls, wherein to devise his evil deeds and to hide himself from attack, as do wild beasts and venomous serpents. This woods and these pitfalls are the songs which he has inspired to be used in his service, as praises to his honor, in the temples and elsewhere; because they are composed with such a trick that they proclaim only what the devil commands, and are understood only by those to whom they are addressed. It is well known that the cavern, woods or depths in which the devil has himself were these chants or psalms which he himself has composed, and which cannot be understood in their true significance except by those who are accustomed to the peculiar style of their language."  

(Sahagun, Historia de Nueva España, Lib. II, Appendice)
CHILI uan XOCOLATL
CHILE y CHOCOLATE

por Irwin Sánchez
Ze tonal on kihto, kayamo ni kazi in pakiliztli, ihko ni machilia.

Ikano, ope ni temohtinemi keni ze mo kuitlaxkolololoa, on yahtine nochka, tlen amo on temo.

One day I said, “I have not found happiness” and indeed so I felt. I began looking for balance. I walked everywhere. What didn’t I look for?
ihkuak on azito ixpantzin to teotzintli uan o nexmaka zeki chili uan zeki cacahuatl.

ihki ni mo tekipano, on temo tlika o nex maka nin chili uan nin cacahuatl

When I reached the presence of the god, he gave me a few chiles and cocoa seeds.

So I started planting, while wondering why he gave me chiles and cocoa.
Axto onipe ikan chili:

hikuak oni tlakua in chili onex koko, onex chokti nochi no matzi omo totoni, nексkokoaya no tzonteko uan no ihtе, onex ixkuahuinti uan oni melzi

First, the chile.

When I ate the chile, it hurt me. I cried and my whole body became hot. It gave me a headache and a stomach ache.

I became dizzy and felt like I was drowning.
Later in the afternoon, I ate the chocolate. It calmed me. My blood flowed well and my heart beat stronger. I was glad. It strengthened me but now I felt a yearning for love.
But still I did not find happiness. At night, I went to lie down and I fell asleep. I dreamt of a beautiful girl dressed in a beautiful red dress and a strong man with a pleasing spirit. The man carried off the girl. Immediately after I saw how they themselves were transformed into happiness.
On izatehauk uan oni ope nin xochikuikatl:

MA MO CHIHUA IN ILUITZINTLI
TI KUECHOZKE NAIN CHILTZINTLI
TI KUECHOZKE NIN CACAHUALTZINTLI
T’NOCHTI TI TLAKUAZKE NIN
MOLIHTZINTLI
TO TEOTZI O KICHI NIN CHILTZINTLI
TO TEOTZIN O KICHI NIN
CACAHUALTINTZLI
UAN IKAN NIN TETLAKUILI TEX PALEHUIZ
TI CHIHUAZKE IN CUITLAXCOLOLIZTLI
TI KAZIZKE IN PAKILIZTLI

I began singing this song:

The great feast is made.
We will grind the chile.
We will grind the cocoa.
We will all eat this molé.
Our god made this chile.
Our god made this cocoa.
And with this great gift he helped us achieve balance and find happiness.
TLEN NEXEHUA

That which lifts me up

por Irwin Sánchez
Tlen ni machilia axa, tla nex cocohua ni mo pachohua inahuak no ichpokato itek iyolohtzin, nin cihuatzintli i toka “JUANITA”

If what I feel now causes me pain, I enter the heart of my woman

This woman is called "JUANITA"
I bathe.

The heart, emotions, my soul, all become clean.

I can feel what is inside me.

I can see clearly my red path, which my destiny tells me to follow.
Ni mo yehuatlali ipan no petlatl uan ni tlahtlachia, no kuentla, no kuentlahtzin za zeka kate. Nehua amo nika, nika zan no mahuizotzin.

In mikilitzin uan n’nemiliztli mo nehnelohua uan mo chihua za ze uan motoka ilhuitzintli.

I sit on my mat and start looking at my space. My space and I are together. I'm not here. I only see my essence.

Death and life are stirred and made one, called “universe”.
Ni kuali cuatlahtoz axan, niek mati tlen nikpia no mahuzotzi uan tlen kihtoz melahuak zenka yez.

Tla ze tonaltzintli ni mo polohua uan ahueliti ni kuatlahtoz, no mo pachoz inahuak no Juanita uan yehuazti zan izeltzi nexeihuaz.

I can speak with authority today. I know what I have in me and what I say will always be true.

If one day I stray and I cannot speak with authority, I'll approach my Juanita and she will lift me up.
ZEKI XOCHIME OTI AXITIKO IPAN NO MAHUA
UNAS FLORES HICISTE LLEGAR A MIS MANOS
por Irwin Sanchez
I knew half of your light but couldn’t see it.
You are called illumination and with your light you make me cry and with your music you heal me
Axan ni aziko kampa ni nekia aziti, mo nahuak
Uan ti azitia kampa ayek aka o azito,
Pampa ompa nichí omokuep tla tzopinyo.
Axan nochi mo polohti ipan nin ohtli

Now I’ve arrived at my destination, together with you.
And you are going where no one can reach.
Where everything is thorns.
Now everything is being lost on this path.
Mo polohua in tzopinyo uan mo melahua in xochime
Ni nehnemi tlahkoya in xochime
Axa in xochime nech yekana
Ni nehnemi ipan in xochisuatzin
Uan no xochitzinme ti mo huaxkatia

The thorns are lost and the flowers rise
A road between flowers
The flowers now guide me
A road between petals
and of my flowers you take possession.
Uan ti pakiltia ikan mo tlatzotzontli uan mo tlahuiltzin
Nik tlakatia ipan mo altepemili.

You gladden them with your music and your light.
Because they are reborn on your land.
You gladden them with your music and your light.

Because they are reborn on your land.

Uan tipakiltia ikan motlatzotzontli uan motlahuiltzin Nik tlakatia ipan moaltepemili.
You gladden them with your music and your light.
Because they are reborn on your land.
Video intermission
Ellos pueden hablar pero nuestros hijos
Mixtec

- Oto-Manguean family: from central Mexico (Pame, San Luís Potosí) to Central America
- 471,710 speakers of all Mixtec varieties (INEGI 2010)
- High internal diversity, varieties located at the intersection of Oaxaca, Guerrero and Puebla
- Many speakers in NYC are from eastern Guerrero
Mixteco tongue twisters

The chicken & the worm

Adapted from Ricardo Ortiz García’s ‘Nduxu’ In Ña kúu ta yíyo yatin xi’i
tu’un savi I (Vivencias y sucesos cercanos en la lengua mixteca). Secretaría
The chicken looks for the worm

The worm runs from the chicken

The chicken goes looking for the worm

The worm goes looking for the chicken

The worm runs from the chicken
Mixteco tongue twisters

Poor auntie

Adapted from Catalina Nazario González’s ‘Xixi-i’ In Ña kúu ta yíyo yatin xi’ín tu’un savi I (Vivencias y sucesos cercanos en la lengua mixteca).

Auntie eats a mushrooms.

Mushrooms, Auntie eats.

Auntie eats mushrooms

And due to those mushrooms auntie died because mushrooms died
Mixteco tongue twisters

Juana

Adapted from Araceli Castañeda Gonzalez’s ‘Ñá Juana’ In Ña kúu ta yíyo yatin xi’in tu’un savi I (Vivencias y sucesos cercanos en la lengua mixteca). Secretaría de Educación Pública. 2008.
Ve’e ñá nana Juana, yíyo naña
In Juana’s house there’s chayote.

Naña, kútoo ñá nana Juana
Juana likes chayote

Nana Juana, xá’nda ñá naña
Juana cuts the chayote

Nikoyo naña, xata ñá Juana
The chayote falls

Kútoo ñá Juana naña.
on Juana’s feet.
Mixteco riddle

Adapted from Antonio Villegas Francisco’s riddle in Ña kúu ta yíyo yatin xi’in tu’un savi I (Vivencias y sucesos cercanos en la lengua mixteca).

Yoo xitin ya. It has a nose.

Ñuu si’va tixin ya. It has seeds in it.

Yoo xitin ya, It has a nose,
ta chí’yo ya yaxi yo. and we cook it and eat it.

Nda ku ya? What is it?
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<td>Ikin</td>
<td>Pumpkin</td>
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Indigenous Mexicans of Oaxaca & Guerrero in NYC
An interview
¿Cómo se llama y de dónde viene usted?

What is your name and where are you from?
¿Puede describir la vida en su pueblo? ¿Cuáles son los trabajos a que se dedica la gente de su pueblo?

Can you describe what life is like in your town? What kinds of work do people do?
¿Qué fiestas celebra la gente de su pueblo?

What holidays are celebrated in your town?
¿Cuáles son algunas de las (muchas) diferencias entre Nueva York y su pueblo?
¿Cuáles son algunas de las diferencias entre la gente de aquí y allá?

What are some (of the many) differences between NYC and your town?
What are some of the differences between the people here and there?
¿Qué tipo de problemas enfrentan sus comunidades en Nueva York?

What kind of problems face your communities in NYC?
En su experiencia, ¿los niños indígenas en NY hablan las lenguas de sus padres?
Si no hablan, ¿porqué no?

In your experience, do indigenous children in NY speak their parents languages?
If not, why do you think they don’t?
¿Cree que sus lenguajes están en peligro de desaparecer?

Do you think your languages are in danger of disappearing?
¿Qué cree usted que se pierde cuando se pierden las lenguas?

What is lost when a language is lost?
Tlapanec

- Like Mixtec, also Oto-Manguean
- Tlapanecan languages are most closely related to Subtiaba, an extinct language of Nicaragua
- There are 120,072 speakers of all dialects of Tlapanec (INEGI 2010)
- Spoken in Guerrero
I am a woman from the countryside; I grew up ignoring many things but with the strength forged by hard work and an intangible wisdom that the passivity from the countryside gifts to those that appropriate it.

Yo soy una mujer de campo, crecí ignorando muchas cosas pero con la fortaleza que el trabajo arduo deja y con la sabiduría intangible que la pasividad del campo regala a quien se la apropia.
When I left the village, I left many things but I brought with me my jet black hair, my brown skin, my indigenous face, my short stature, I brought those things that say where I come from and how I’ve lived.

Cuando me fui del pueblo, abandoné muchas cosas pero traje conmigo mi pelo tan negro, mi piel morena, mi cara indígena, mi corta estatura, me traje esas cosas que dicen de donde vengo y como he vivido.
I have lived in obscurity because nobody remembers how my people lived and few care about how they will live on. How have they been able to forget about us? How are we not brought to light by their curious gaze on me?

He vivido en el olvido porque nadie recuerda como ha vivido mi pueblo y pocos se preocupan por cómo vivirán, ¿cómo han podido olvidarse de nosotros? ¿Cómo esa mirada curiosa sobre mí no les revela quienes somos?
Now far from home and amidst large cities; I observe how people place on me that which clutters them, that which makes them despise themselves, helps them forget...I see guilt in their eyes for looking at me differently as well as an encouraging relief that what they see is not them.

Ahora lejos de mi casa y en medio de las grandes ciudades, observo cómo las personas depositan en mí eso que les estorba, eso que los hace despreciarse a sí mismos, eso que les ayuda a olvidar... veo en sus ojos una culpa por mirarme diferente pero también veo el alivio de quien confirma que eso que ve, no es él.
Although you might not think so, I go proudly, I walk with the demeanor of a champion; I display my lineage this way.

Aunque se pueda pensar lo contrario yo voy con orgullo, camino con el porte de quien se sabe vencedor, así porto mi linaje.
I do not find superiority in my blood but I do find hypocritical their discrimination, did they forget that magically they got rid of the link that binds us? Do they forget that all the humiliation that distinguishes my people is the result of hunger, exploitation, haggling, of breaking my back just to survive?

No encuentro superioridad en mi sangre pero sí encuentro inferior su hipócrita discriminación, ¿ya olvidaron que como por arte de magia hicieron desaparecer el vínculo que hay entre nosotros? ¿Olvidan que todas las vejaciones que distinguen a mi pueblo son el resultado del hambre, de la explotación, del regateo, de partirme el lomo para apenas sobrevivir?
But although they strive and scheme and make every effort to forget me, they will never succeed me away, I stand here to remind them who I am, speaking my language, defending equality.

Pero aunque se esfuercen por olvidarme, aunque todos se coludan y pongan todo su empeño en ello, nunca lograrán apartarme, aquí estoy de pie recordándoles quien soy, hablando mi lengua y defendiendo la igualdad.
Pero aunque se esfuercen por olvidarme, aunque todos se coludan y pongan todo su empeño en ello, nunca lograrán apartarme, aquí estoy de pie recordándoles quien soy, hablando mi lengua y defendiendo la igualdad.

But although they strive and scheme and make every effort to forget me, they will never succeed in pushing me away. I stand here to remind them who I am, speaking my language, defending equality.
The Totonacan language family is made up of Totonac and Tepehua, spoken primarily in the states of Veracruz and Puebla.

244,033 speakers of all varieties of Totonac (INEGI 2010)
Ti palhuhua tachuhuín tapatzankgama

Lenguas en peligro de extinción

by Don José Juárez
Ti palhuhua tachuhuin tapatzankgama
Languages in danger of extinction
¿Tuxla kinkga okgpuzaman?
¿Qué nos está pasando?
¿Ni xla ki ni amahui?
¿A dónde vamos?
Chali, chali lhuhua tachuhuin makgnu mahui
Todos los días muchas lenguas estamos enterrando,
Every day, we bury many languages
akgxni xla ma Tamakgnu tachuhuin
Cuando una lengua se entierra,
  When a language is interred
ta makgnú kgi lilatamatkan,
  we bury a new life,
patzakgayahui ki kilhtzucutkan.
  and we forget our roots.
olvidamos nuestras raíces.
Kgapolhhua xla tzucuyahuiki latamayatkan.
Empieza a oscurecer nuestra existencia.
It begins to obscure our existence
Makgapatzzakgayahui.
Nos equivocamos.
We err.
Akgtanzangoayahui.
Nos perdemos.
We stray.
Nalhli kgalhtitumi latamayahui.
Ya no vivimos una vida ejemplar.
We no longer live exemplary lives.
Ankgalhin li lakganunahui tahuilalahui
Todo el tiempo nuestra cara no es real, enmascarada,
Our faces are no longer real, masked,
tzukgu xla ki lilatamatkgan,
uestra vida empieza
our life begins to be
lilakga kgolo, huan
una vida de carnaval
a carnival life.
Mali puhuaniyahui kin tatakan.
   Entristecemos nuestros abuelos.
      We sadden our grandfathers.
Mali maxananahui kin tatakan.
   Avergonzamos a nuestros abuelos.
      We shame our grandfathers.
Mali tasayahui kin nanakan.
   Hacemos llorar a nuestras abuelas
      We make our grandmothers cry.
Lihua xla kgaskinkkga xla na lakgmaxtuyahui
Es esencial rescatar
	It is essential to rescue
king kilhtzukutkghan,
nuestro orígen,
	our origins,
na lakg maxtuyahui kin tachuhiinkghan
rescatar nuestra lengua,
	to rescue our language,
hua xla na kga talilakgapastakgyahui
que es nuestra identificación
	which is our identification.
Nana xla katlankga
Es enorme
Enormous is
xla huiliyahui king kilhtzukutkan.
el trabajo de revitalizar nuestra raíz.
the work of revitalizing our roots.
Tliwaklhi na layahui
Tenemos que ser fuertes
We must be strong
chali chali
todos los días.
every day.
Lakgxtum nalayahui kin.
   Tenemos que unirnos todos.
      we must all unite
Pakgs li tala na la ukgxilhahui kin
   Todos tenemos que vernos como hermanos.
      we must all see each other as brothers
Mima chiyu tum kilhtamaku.
   Viene el tiempo diferente.
      The new time comes.
Pakgsi katuxahuat natalakgpali.
   El mundo cambiará.
   The world will change.
Pakgsi na talakgapaliyahui kin.
   Todos a vamos a cambiar.
   We will all change.
Pakgs stlani na la ukgxilhahui kin.
   Todos nos veremos bien (entre nosotros).
   We will see each other as good.
Lakgxtumi na la akgtiniyahui kin
   Nos conduciremos de una forma correcta.
   We will conduct ourselves in a correct manner,
Akgtankgs lakgatitumi kilhtzukuma kiltamaku,
   empieza una vida correcta,
   begin a correct life,
Kgastlani xla na tzuku talatamati,
   empieza una vida hermosa.
   begin a beautiful life.
pakgs lakgxtumi xla na la ukgxilhahui
Todos nos vamos a ver
We will all see,
pakgs na kga kiskulunahuiyani kin Puchini kan.
todos nos bendecirá nuestro Dios.
our God will bless us all.
Kga ti palhuhua xla li tamakuhui
Tiene muchos nombres
He has many names,
puru kga chatumi xla
  pero es el mismo,
  but he is the same,
pakgs xlakgs kgatani kin
  todos somos sus hijos
  and we are all his children.
King kga ukgxilhahui kin
  Así nos ve a nosotros
  That is how he sees us.
Two Totonac poems by Jun Tiburcio (Chumatlán, Veracruz)

From: Sueño en grande/Lank Tamanixni (Coatepec, Veracruz: Banco de Ideas, 2001).

republished in: Words of the True Peoples, Volume II: Poetry
Carlos Montemayor and Donald Frishmann eds. University of Texas Press, 2005
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chunchu</th>
<th>English</th>
<th>Aymara</th>
<th>Spanish</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Akit chuchut kmastakgay xatlan tiyat</td>
<td>I am water that moistens the earth.</td>
<td>Soy un agua que humedece a la tierra.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Akit xkgakgatat kpuntanuy k’kakiwin.</td>
<td>I am light that penetrates the plants.</td>
<td>Soy rayo de luz que penetra a las plantas.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Akit sakgsinat nikuma mastay xtalhtsi.</td>
<td>I am fruit that produces the seeds.</td>
<td>Soy un fruto que produce las semillas.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Akit chankat
nikuma chitnikan
ksakgsi

Akit xawat
nikuma mastay
xapatum kuxi.

Akit milakgaxtajat
nikuma lakatlawanan
kmi lakan.

I am a field
that offers
its corn.

I am a tear
that dries
on your face.

I am the cane
that spills
its honey.

Soy milpa
que ofrece
la mazorca.

Soy lágrima
que se seca
en tu rostro.

Soy caña
que derrama
la miel.
Tachuwin xa tutunakuku

Dulce idioma tutunakuku

Sweet Tutunaku language

by Jun Tiburcio
¡Stlan! Kin tachuwinkan xa tutunaku xtaskgolh-tachuwin laktsu tsiktsi chu ama un akan tla’wan makasanan. Lakgasu taxtuyacha k’kekgapixni.

My sweet Tutunaku language, song-language of birds and of the sonorous, passing wind. It glides gently from my tongue.

Mi dulce idioma tutunaku, canto-lenguaje de pájaros y del viento que pasa sonoro. Tenuemente de desliza en mi paladar.
Kin kilhpine mapakglhaye
akgatum xanat tachuwin
a tlokgonit xuntilhnin
lhpitkgonit nak chiwix.

From my lips, there blossoms
a spiral language sign
created by my ancestors
and carved into stone.

Mis labios hacen florecer
un signo espiral de lenguaje
que hicieron mis antepasados
labrados en una piedra.
¡Stlan! Kin tachuwinkan xa tutunaku xtaskgolh-tachuwin laktsu tsiktsi chu ama un akan tla’wan makasanan. Lakgasu taxtuyacha k’kekgapixni.

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The silent speech of the leaves
that sway in the gentle breeze,
the rustle of fallen mountain leaves,
stirred by my passing feet.

Silencio hablar de las hojas
mecidas por el viento sutil,
sonido de hojarasca motañés
que mis pies provocan al caminar.
¡Stlan! Kin tachuwinkan xa tutunaku xtaskgolh-tachuwin laktsu tsiktsi chu ama un akan tla’wan makasanan. Lakgasu taxtuyacha k’kekgapixni.

My sweet Tutunaku language, song-language of birds and of the sonorous, passing wind. It glides gently from my tongue.

Mi dulce idioma tutunaku, canto-lenguaje de pájaros y del viento que pasa sonoro. Tenuemente de desliza en mi paladar.
¡Xtajalhpanin Yohualichan! 
The cries of Yohualichan that emerge from its palaces!
Taxtumacha kmakgtsaps. 
The words of Zempoala:
Xtachuwin Sempoala. 
living words!
¡Xatakni tachuwin! 
The music of Tajín!
Xtatlakgni ¡Tajin! 
It proclaims eternity!
Skima latamat.
¡Lamentos de Yohualichan! 
¡Lamentos de Yohualichan!
Que brotan de sus palacios. 
Que brotan de sus palacios.
Palabras de Zempoala. 
Palabras vivas!
¡Música de Tajín! 
¡Música de Tajín!
Que clama eternidad.