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Leggende Albanesi

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss2/3
Prima del mio tempo, le montagne ruggirono con fierezza,
I mari blu protessero e le pianure di giada sostennero,
Notte e giorno, la voce di libertà regnò feroce.

Gli echi di questo passato dorato,
Risuonano debolmente nelle pietre cadute,
Rimangono attutiti nella storia scura,
E diventano leggende.

Le leggende risvegliate durante gli anni,
Ricordano la nostra tranquillità antica,
E chiedono il loro ritorno alla storia.

Leggende di lacrime salate,
Rivelano la nostra identità dimenticata,
Ispirata dal paese, onore e mistero.
ALBANIAN LEGENDS

creative translation by

SIDITA KUSHI

Before my time, the mountains roared with pride,
The blue seas protected, jade fields sustained.
Night and day, voices of fierce freedom reigned.
But all was swept away by the eastern tide.

Faint echoes of this golden past still hide,
Resounding weakly in fallen stones, they abide.
Although muted in dark history and chained,
The most beautiful legends they became.

The Legends awakened throughout the years
Remember our ancient serenity
And beg for their return to history.

Legends of endless salty, scarring tears
Reveal our forgotten identity,
Built on blood, country, honor, mystery.