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## I Was As Full of Air As an Old Bullfrog translated by Terese Svoboda

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## I WAS AS FULL OF AIR AS AN OLD BULLFROG

My oxen are scattered like grain on a skin.  
They were taken by Arabs, taken by the grain of Wanding.  
I was left with nothing, so people push me around  
like they do Biny from LEak.  
A man who is no one does not talk in his village.

Last winter, in the month of "jump for god,"  
I danced at Longtai until my sweat flowed,  
danced in the dawn like the "Gong."

I used to spend all day swimming with my rival.  
I was as full of air as an old bullfrog.  
Ah, the flirting goes on but the seduction gets harder.

My Bull's testicles swing, they swing  
like the waterskin carried on a small man's head.  
(I have seen the stomach's importance,  
when people who cannot work for themselves  
do these odd jobs.)

The black and white one holds himself back.  
His distended belly is stuffed with grass.  
You are satisfied and your testicles are like mallets  
pounding as you walk, big as the Buruns  
who, with their swollen testicles,  
must walk leaving room for them.