

## **Praise of Kuihwe**

Kuihwe, you who never rest day or night, how could we live a day without your watchfulness? How could we drink or how could we eat? For whatever we see on the table, no matter how various it seems, came into being because of your help and care. Your mother Maloña we must also thank, for earth is needed as much as water. But how could we even thank her without you, who alone of all the gods knew her and made her known? A third must also be thanked, Malme, goddess at once dazzlingly bright and hidden, a sister to your mother, if it is permitted to say so.

So we give thanks to three, but it's only you, daughter of Maloña, that we know and love: is it even possible to love what you don't know? The clouds are your servants, the winds are your messengers. You are as pure as rock-crystal, as pure as flame, and your mysterious element purifies as it nourishes. No matter how water is defiled, it returns to purity by itself. What could purify water, which itself purifies [other things]?

## **Cäyäru Kuihweu**

A Kuihwe, kio hlo ui ñältumu valinnu mälhonnun, lue poi övänänišäyöri ea valithu ñë tël com virkungarmo? Lue nöiyöri, muiyöri? Ermo a kaume keimu han nailo tälliwe, thiwata hil uvoä lëmpaya, olupëri han com tilhungarmo, kwällongarmo. Lauyö tël tauthetoči lai añau a Maloña, hwi šëmvoä renkua malun ewatue. Ñë lue poi tauthišoyöri hauta cön, ermo pamea yan tël colo, pamantai ou tël cui, šënua cön calti kaupñe? Hwi lauyö tël tauthetoči lai palpameu, pye a Malme, caltiko yan fäcwe-iluyua lai hwecala, veñako com añalo wai lauyö mol halue ituči.

Harmo tauthoya palimecai, ñë pamea, melaya nayan tël cocai a teina Maloñami. Wai nečua, cöm melayë erun to hlo pameyë ailo? Cul wifamtiko pye ufen, nömitoungpiko pye hwirin. Kwiyä cön kaicwetue, ifyëtue, kwiyäntömu mušenco com cwalfë heñoki. Rävöyömču hil umiuki ewau, këmi kwiyötiramu. Fui kwiyäntišöyöri pye miun ewafo, cam šëm pai kwiyäntömu?