

Emma Sultan

Doggy sorrows

By Jan Brzechwa

On the bank of the blue river

Little sorrows live.

The first reason is

That you're not allowed to enter the garden.

The second one – that the water doesn't want to be dry

The third one is that there's a fly in its ear,

Then the cat has to scratch,

And the hen can't be caught,

And that you can't bite your neighbour's leg,

And that no sausages fall from the sky.

And the last sorrow is this one:

The man gets to drive and the dog has to run on its own feet!

But it is enough to give the dog milk

And there are no more sorrows on the bank of the river.

I found translating the poem both challenging and interesting. The challenging part was because I couldn't read in Polish so I had to sound out the word. Given the fact that in Polish, the same letter can have a different sound, it was even more challenging. The interesting bit was thinking about which word would make sense in the English version. It was a funny poem so I really enjoyed translating it.