

Thơ Song Ngữ: Huỳnh Văn Hạng- THANH THANH

BÀN TAY MẸ

Ôi thần tiên đôi bàn tay Mẹ
Đôi bàn tay tắm mát tuổi thơ
Tay nâng bầu sữa cho con bú
Tay dắt con qua những đại khờ

Nhịp võng tay đưa, chiều nóng nực
Chăn khuya tay đắp đỡ cơn mơ
Tay ấp ôm con ngày trở gió
Tay ru khẽ quạt, giọng ầu ơ

Tay Mẹ dìu con từng bước một
Đôi chân vụng dại thuở ban sơ
Tay Mẹ nâng con vào tuổi lớn
Xa con vài bữa Mẹ trông chờ

Con ngã bao lần, đau tuổi Mẹ
Tháng ngày khổ nhọc với con thơ
Mẹ chỉ đôi tay, nhưng tất cả
Niềm yêu trái rộng mãi vô bờ...

Mẹ ơi, dưới bóng đôi tay Mẹ
Cuộc sống con là những giấc mơ.

HUỲNH VĂN HẠNG

MOM'S HANDS

Oh, my mother's hands were so fairy:
They cool showered my childhood – how merry!
They held her breast to breastfeed me in purity.
Her hands lead me through my age of immaturity.

Her hands swung the hammock in hot afternoons,
And blanketed me in deep nights in dream tunes.
Her hands hugged me on each windy day.
Her hands fanned me, she hummed in her way.

My mother's hands lead me step by step,
My clumsy feet in the beginning like a prep.
My mother's hands lifted me into adulthood.
A few days away from me, awaiting she stood.

How many times have I fallen, hurt her heart!
She spent hard days with her son at life's start.
My mother has only two hands, but they are all.
My love for her spreads endlessly to enthrall.

Mom, with the rare care of your fairy hands,
My existence is nice dreams in Heaven's plans.

Translation by THANH-THANH

MOTHER'S HANDS

Oh my god mother's hands

Hands bathing childhood

Breastfeeding hand

Hand in hand with the foolishness
Swinging hammock, hot afternoon
Late night blanket, hand to comfort dream
Holding the baby in the windy day
Hands gently fanning, voice lulling
Mother's hand guides me step by step
The clumsy feet of the beginning
Mother's hands lift her child into adulthood
Away from you for a few days, Mom is waiting.
How many times have I fallen, my mother's age hurts?
Hard days with a young child
Mother only hands, but all
Love spreads forever...
Mom, under the shadow of your hands
My life is a dream.

HUYNH VAN HANG

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