

DMMA

<p>Nuair a bhí mé óg, Thart a ceathair nó cúig mbliaina d'aois Siuilfinn go scoil agus ó scoil le mo mhathair - in Tidewater Virginia, sna a naoi deag 's caogaidí</p>	<p>When I was young, Around four or five years old I would walk to and from school With my mother – in Tidewater Virginia, In the 1950's.</p>
<p>Lá amháin, Agus shiuil muid abhaile Bhí fear gorm ag siuil chugainn Go tobann, stad sé Ansin chuaigh sé 's sheas sa tsráid Ag fanacht orainn siuil thairis</p>	<p>One day, As we walked home There was a black man walking toward us Suddenly he stopped And went and stood in the street Waiting for us to walk past him.</p>
<p>Níor thuigim é sin – an fáth a rinne sé é sin ... Mar sin é, stad mé D'amharc ar mo mhathair Agus duirt dí – cad é an fáth atá sé ag déanamh é sin?</p>	<p>I didn't understand that – why he did that So, I stopped Looked at my mother And said to her – Why is he doing that?</p>
<p>Is dóigh liom go raibh fearg ar no mhathair D'fostaigh sí mo laimh, duirt i gcogar 'whuisht' go feargach 'S shrac sí mé Agus ar shiuil chuaigh muid.</p>	<p>It seemd to me That my mother was angry She grabbed my hand Said in a whisper, 'whuisht' angrily And yanked me And on we went.</p>
<p>Sna a naoi deag caogaidí, seascaidí, seachtaidí Ifreann, níos gairide ná sin Bhí ciníochas mór i Meireceá Go hairithe sa Deisceart.</p>	<p>In the 1950s, 60s, 70s Hell, more recently than that There was great racism in America Especially in the South.</p>
<p>Agus deireann daoine éigin "Déanigi Meiriceá Mór Arís" An leithéid de bréaga! An leithéid de bréaga ar fad!</p>	<p>And some people say Make America Great Again Such lies. Such total lies.</p>