

Unhurried journey

COUNT THE WAVES (KUPU KUWI)

Every morn, when we wake
we walk through the woods, to the lake
the sunlight it shines
the nighttime it fades
1, 2, 3, count the waves
butterflies slip away...

Kupu kuwi tak incupe
Mung abure ngewuhake
Ngalor – ngidul, ngetan bali ngulon
Mrono – mreng mung saparan-paran
Mbok yo ojo mencok, tak incupe
Mentas mencok clegrok
Banjur mabur kleper

The moon waves goodbye
The world comes alive
1, 2, 3 count the waves
Wandering through the days

(Loose translation)
*That butterfly,
i try to catch you,
but your flight alludes me
north, south, east and west
here, there and in all directions
if you stop, i can reach you
stop over the flowers,
and fly away again.*