About the poet

Iveta Kokyova was born in a small Czech town Hořice. With five other siblings, she grew up with a mother, a Slovak Roma woman, and a father coming from a family of Olaš Roma. She is fluent in both dialects, but in recent years she has been using Slovak Romani as the main language of literary communication, because something in it "comes straight from her heart". A trained machine mechanic, in the past also a cleaner and packer, then a field worker at the Municipality of Hradec Králové, at the age of thirty-six she applied for distance learning in the field of social work in the environment of ethnic minorities at the Evangelical Academy in Prague, which she successfully completed with a high school diploma. She is currently a student of the master's program of the Faculty of Arts of Charles University, field of study - Roma Studies. She regularly entered the public space as a presenter and reporter for the Roma internet television, Romea TV. In the past, she was the coordinator of evaluations within the project - "Inclusive education". She is still a Romani language lecturer at the Faculty of Arts, UK. Juror of the Romano suno literary competition. Coordinator + lecturer of the Vaker romanes project. Lecturer of the Land of Stories project. Member + translator from the Romani language of the association Giľora. The guarantor and coordinator of the project - Support for the social inclusion of Roma through community development and entrepreneurship - Ministry of the Interior. Through her professional biography, Iveta acts as an emancipated, successful Roma woman of the new millennium. He belongs to the youngest generation of Roma authors who established themselves on the scene only in the post-millennial era. In his work, he draws mainly from his childhood, family stories and his own experiences.

About the Language

Romani (Romani - romaņi chhib) is an Indo-Aryan language belonging to the Indo-Iranian branch of Indo-European languages. It is therefore closely related to Hindi, Punjabi, Rajasthani or Gujarati. We can follow the migration of the Roma from their homeland, the Indian subcontinent, using borrowings from individual languages (e.g. Iranian languages, Armenian, Greek) with which they came into contact during their journey to Europe. Around the beginning of the first millennium AD, Roma from the Byzantine Empire began to travel around Europe. Romani is a very dialectically very diverse language. Individual dialects (e.g. Ola, Sinti, North-Central Romani, Lovar, and many others) show phonetic, lexical and grammatical differences.

From a grammatical point of view, Romani is an inflected language. It has only two genders: masculine and feminine and 8 cases (nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, local, instrumental and ablative). For verbs, we distinguish tense (present, future, past imperfect and past perfect), mode (indicative, imperative and subjunctive) and two genders (active and passive).

Romani is the mother tongue of the Roma, an ethnic minority that is scattered not only in Europe but all over the world. The exact number of speakers is difficult to establish due to the dispersion and often marginalized position of the Roma community. Estimates speak of tens of millions of speakers.

Despite the efforts of some Romaists, Romani still does not have a uniform orthography. It adapts to the majority languages of the countries in which the Roma live.

Milena Hübschmannová, a prominent personality and linguist, was the founder of Czech-Slovak Romanistics. Romani is still taught at FFUK in Prague.

An interesting fact is that some words from Romani have become part of Czech slang.

Iveta Kokyová:

**Tuke Tobě**

Andre luma kaja gilutňi bičhavav, Já tuhle báseň pouštím do světa

savore džene me džanen, ať vědí všichni lidé

sar tut bares kamav. jak moc tě mám ráda!

Me man pal kada na lažav! Mně to není ani trochu hanba!

But lačho the nalačho peha predžiďiľam, Prožili jsme spolu zlé i dobré

the avka pes na iľam. a přesto nebyla svatba.

Sar avela bišujekhto julos, Až bude dvacátého (prvního) června,

av man te mangavel. přijď k nám na námluvy.

Ži akana šunav sar andre tu o jilo marel, Protože já pořád slyším, jak ti tluče srdce

ča o Devloro džanel, so pes astarel. ajen pánbůh tuší, se ještě stane.

Te kaj aveha, všadzik tut rakhava, Ať budeš, kde budeš, všude najdu si tě

phundrada angaľaha tut chudava. k sobě tě přivinu, obejmu tě.

Te pre aver luma pes dikhaha, Až se setkáme na onom světě,

džanav, hoj dujdžene pre peste asaha. usmějem se, vím to, zase na sebe.

Ma pobister pre kada, so tuke phenavas, Pamatuj si dobře, - to - co jsem ti řekla,

ča duj džuvľa pre calo luma tut čačes kamas, jen dvě ženy - na celém světě – tě milují

 vskutku

Me tra daha! Já a tvá matka.

Ňisostar, miroro, ma dara! Ničeho, můj drahý, neboj se!

Furt tuha andro jilo avava! Vždy -bude s tebou – mé srdce

**Para ti**

Estoy lanzando este poema al mundo

deja que todos los hombres lo sepan

cuanto te amo!

No me avergüenzo en absoluto!

Pasamos juntos por lo bueno y lo malo

y sin embargo no hubo boda.

Cuando sea el veinte primero de junio,

ven a nosotros para el noviazgo

todavía puedo oír los latidos de tu corazón

Y sólo Dios sabe co bude dál

Dondequiera que estés, te encontraré

Te abrazaré, te tendré cerca de mi corazón.

Cuando nos encontremos en el otro mundo,

lo sé, nos sonreímos, el uno al otro otra vez.

Recuerda bien, qué te dije,

sólo dos mujeres - en todo el mundo - te aman de verdad.

Yo y tu madre.

Nada, querido, no te preocupes!

Siempre te llevare en mi corazon

**To you**

I am releasing this poem into the world

let all of men know

how much I love you!

I'm not ashamed at all!

We went through the bad and the good together

and yet there was no wedding.

When it is the twenty first of June,

come to us for courtship.

I can still hear your heart beating

and only God knows what could be about

Wherever you are, I will find you

I will hold you close, I will hug you.

When we meet in the afterllife

I know, we smile at each other again

Remember well, - what - I told you,

only two women - in the whole world - do love you

Me and your mother.

Don't worry, darling, don´t be afraid

I will always carry you in my heart

**Pour toi**

Je déclame ce poème à la face du monde,

Afin que tous les hommes sachent

combien je t'aime!

Je n'ai pas honte du tout !

Nous avons traversé le mal et le bien ensemble

et pourtant il n'y a pas eu de mariage.

Quand nous serons le vingt-et-un juin,

viens me voir chez nous pour demander ma main.

J'entends toujours battre ton cœur

Et Dieu seul sait ce qui nous attend.

Où que tu sois, je te trouverai partout

Je te serrerai contre moi, je te serrerai dans mes bras.

Quand nous nous retrouverons dans l’autre monde

Nous nous sourirons, je le sais, l’un à l’autre,

Souviens-toi bien de ce que je t’ai dit

Seules deux femmes au monde t'aiment vraiment

Moi et ta mère.

Ne t'inquiète de rien, mon amour,

Je te porterai toujours dans mon cœur