



ON NAHUATL WISDOM

Let the Sun do His work, the ascending eagle, the beloved prince, the captain, the lord who warms and abides; the *macegual*,¹ the eagle and the tiger shall be honored; he shall be colored, shall be spread throughout the plain. White shall be his tresses,² his bones, his broken skull, but he shall know the house of the Sun, wherein the Sun delights in war cries, where the varied, fragrant, aromatic flowers are imbibed, wherein the eagles, the tigers, the war dead, the lord captains are honored.

The small boy, still a tender little bird,³ not yet out in the world, shall be a piece of jade, a piece of turquoise in the sky, in the house of the sun; true jade, true turquoise, burnished and resplendent⁴ shall be his heart, offered to the Sun. And He shall hold it up, and enter into His belly, and it shall be His provision, and He will take it there to His sister, the sister of the gods.

¹ A mythical beast. [Translator's Note.]

² Not from age, but from the dust the wind sprinkles over the warrior's dead body.

³ *in oc tototl, in oc atzintli*, literally, "still a bird, watery," that is, as yet without solidity, still of a tender age.

⁴ *tlamatilloli*, literally, anointed, because of the similarity of its shine.