

Riddle 65 (or 63)

Please check bio – we usually keep these quite short, but feel free to add a note below if you'd like to plug a particular publication:

Riddle 65's translation comes to us from Judy Kendall, Reader in English and Creative Writing at Salford University. <http://www.salford.ac.uk/arts-media/arts-media-academics/judy-kendal> She's especially interested in poetic composition, visual text **and translation**, both in an academic context and from the standpoint of a creative practitioner. **You can see her creative record of the process of translating an Old English riddle in 'brief brief: a riddle' in Amsterdam's *Versal Literary & Arts Journal* issue 12, <http://www.versaljournal.org/index/#/versal12/>.**

Cwico wæs ic, ne cwæð ic wiht, cwele ic efne sepeah.^{[1][SEP]}
Ær ic wæs, eft ic cwom. Æghwa mec reafað,
^{[1][SEP]}hafað mec on headre, ond min heafod scireþ.^{[1][SEP]}
biteð mec on bær lic, briceð mine wisan.
Monnan ic ne bite, nymþe he me bite;
^{[1][SEP]}sindan þara monige þe mec bitað.

Quick to life I was, I did not quip at all, **yet even so I'm** quelled.
Before I was, renewed I came. I'm everybody's quarry,
they hold me in fetters, and hack off my head,
bite my stripped body, snap my stalk.
I will not bite a man, unless he bites me;
many are they that bite me.

Possible Solutions: Onion, Leek, Chives