

Quid nostrum turbātis opus? Nōn verbera linguae  
 Nēve minās timeō neu saevae cuspidis ictum;  
 190 Hōc equidem vereor bellō contendere frātrēs,  
 Pangere germānō rōrātam sanguine pācem  
 Et mactāre diīs mortālia corda cruentīs.

### TRANSLATION

And already the moon had four times completed its circle with fire  
 When Quetzal, constant in mind and strong in body,  
 Returns in person safe (sound) in mind and eloquent voice.  
 Meanwhile burning envy seized the servants of Tezcatlipoca  
 And as a crowd they murmured deceits (lies) with one mouth,  
 “Does the retiring one think to grasp the Toltec power with a weak hand?  
 Will a shivering secret deed rouse gods fed on blood?  
 But if he forbids war, he leaves us and ours defenseless.  
 Whatever it is, only dark ruin remains (as) the throne (seat) of the realm.”  
 Inflamed by these threats, the crowd seized by hatred  
 Called Quetzal in a great and frenzied voice  
 And rebuked the prophet for scandalous behavior.  
 He unhesitatingly advanced before the door of his house,  
 Controlling their anger and voices with his eyes.  
 Not otherwise the anger of the sea swells and boils in storms  
 And the god of the sea placates the waters with a silent nod.  
 Their spirits having been subdued, the prophet thus began to speak:  
 Woe (to you)! Whyever, citizens, (are you) moved with any such insanity?  
 (Literally, Whyever, citizens, what so great insanity, [what] commotion  
 [is this]?)  
 What work of ours (mine) disturbs you? No attacks of the tongue  
 Nor threats I fear, nor the blow of the savage spear;  
 This indeed I fear: that brothers contend (to contend) in war,  
 (To) settle a peace sprinkled with brother's blood,  
 And (to) sacrifice human hearts to bloody gods.