

## L'edat d'or

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### **Good-bye**

On the platform, the good-bye carries the weight  
of what we know to be absolutely unavoidable  
-the burning ballast that will bring down  
the rare hopes we deceive life with.  
My spirit is this monumental station,  
battered and grayish, with weathered suitcases and parcels  
heaped in disorder under the lashing wind.  
The worst is over, yet the good-bye  
has left us empty and stripped of what we have lived,  
and the bustle of the city presses us  
to give ourselves over to desolate random images.  
Only when the uproar sweeps us away  
and we forget to reproach ourselves for so many,  
many furtive unfounded dreams, do we notice  
the music streaming from an apartment above, the smiling girl  
and even the extemporaneous rooster that playfully sings  
beneath the splendid afternoon sun.

Traduït per D. Sam Abrams