

Un passeig pels bulevards ardents

Narcís Comadira

A walk down the burning boulevards

Escaping, weeping caravans are dragging
Heavy loads. And farms burn in the distance.
Now I turn backwards, see faces I know
And know me not. Distress and fear drive them on.
Hunger and plague lay waste the cities of Europe.
There are armies plundering, peasants in revolt,
Priests selling their souls to ridiculous demons.
Gallop, horse, gallop! How bright is the green of the beech!

Saltpetre eats at the background of paintings,
An arthropod gnaws at the manuscript texts.
Love, love (and I kiss you), bring me armfuls of roses.

Like grass, like grass are the days of man,
Like the flowers of the field thus the quickly dies.
Love, love (and I kiss you), bring me armfuls of roses.

Ephemeral Beauty, never corrupted,
Come with the whip of a smile or of eyes.
Unnerve us the monotony's darkness,
Challenge past, present and future.
Come mid the fury of this vanishing world,
Of dark chaos, of lies and oblivion.
Make our eyes bleed, as, in no man's land,
All the heart of war, they sleeplessly strive.

Translated by Arthur Terry