



PANTAÏS CLUS
- closed dream -

1 pichòta flor

l'erba es totjorn
mai verda altra part
pichòta flor
d'ins de garigas exoticas
d'isclas de ton enfança
vò lei montanhas de seuva
d'un volcan aluenchat
d'ins lei prats sens estaca
d'un parlar passent
d'ins lei promessas dau vent
e l'idea qu'es mai doç
d'ins la debuta deis autrei
que dins lei braç dau pacient
mimòsa pudica embé ieu
esconduda dei vistas e dei dires
quites ara l'ombrum de l'aubre vielh
quites ara l'ombrum que t'estofa
per de prats embelits onte lo soleu tusta
altra part es totjorn mai chucòs
altra part es totjorn mai doç
que lei pèiras rufas de la vida cada jorn

pichòta flor

pichòta flor creissuda dau betum
veirem Belém belèu e sei doçors de pastel
pichòta flor dei barris de castèu
naissuda un jorn dins meis uèlhs de castanha
ai pas tant l'amarum dei morèlas
aimi mai lo gost just de l'amor UN
gost que mòrre a l'ombrum moderne
siáu l'òme demorat dei morre-porcins
pichòta flor de saladèla
au calabrun te venon caçar ma bèla

1 little flower

grass is always
greener elsewhere

little flower
in exotic scrublands
islands of your childhood
or the wooded mountains
from a distant volcano
in unattached meadows
of a passing talker

in the promises of the wind
and the idea that it's softer
in the beginning of others
than in the arms of the patient one
mimosa modest with me
hidden from sight and statements
you leave the shadow of the old tree
you leave the shadow that smothers you
for embellished meadows where the sun beats down
elsewhere is always juicier
elsewhere is always sweeter than
the hard stones of life every day

little flower

little flower born from the concrete
we may see Belém and its pastel sweets
little flower from castle walls
born in my brown eyes
I don't have so much the bitterness of nightshades
I prefer the taste of love ONE
taste that dies in the modern shadow
I am the man left to the dandelions
little saladella flower
at dusk they come to chase you my dear

aquelei barjacaires au bèu parlar
dei prats mai verds
mai siáu lo ralh de la luna
siás regina de la feruna de luenh
son çaçaires de mantunas
demòri ieu sens geina lo rei de tu, l'una

pichòta flor

se l'ancia èra lassa porriá èsser silenci
s'avaliscar e laissar l'astre
èstre aici, mon pomastre quand descansi
pichòta flor mai
l'ombra e lei còdols que fugisses
t'an gardada dei becs deis aucèus de maganha
e dau secat amor que n'es pas
que te cuehl un ser per te laissar tombar
tre que l'odor doça se'n va
e sovent lei floretas
que se sòmian flirtadas
acaban en boquet
embé d'autrei flors secas
qu'an quitat seis amors
per una erba mai verda
d'ins un prat inventat

2 rei de la luna

ai enregat lo carrairon
que me disián menar
vèrs la dralha reiala
e tu tanben n'agantes un
trepadissa cambada
en subre dei rodans
ai estrassat ma ropa
ai bartassadas

these smooth talkers
of greener meadows
but I am the moonbeam
you're queen of wildlife from afar
they are hunters of many
I do remain shamelessly the king of you, the one

little flower

if anguish was tired it could be silence
disappear and leave the star
be here, my wild apple tree when I rest
small flower but
the shadow and the pebble you shun
have protected you from the beaks of the birds of ill omen
and from the dry love that is not love
who will pick you up one evening to let you down
as soon as the sweet smell goes away
and often the little flowers
who dream of being flirted
end up in a bouquet
with other dry flowers
who left their loves
for a greener grass
in an invented pasture

2 king of the moon

I followed the narrow path
which should lead, they say
to the royal ways
you too have taken one
you stride
above the rut
the thorny bushes
have torn my coat

e ponhut de sang viu
tot un lòng pergamin
(Jòrgi Reboul)

dirai un mòt vengut de ren

*siáu lo rei de la luna
siás reina de la feruna
siam leis armas de l'amarum
leis aigas de la paluna
leis anges deseparats
de ce que pareís sens masca
siam leis èssers parats
dei plagas de sa majestat dei moscas
siás regina de lutz
siáu rei de gaire pus
siam enfants de mon taisum
enfin l'aire de tu
lei reires e sei parents
d'aquestei paraulas foscas
son leis inseparats:
lo sèns aparat dei mòts
que naissan dins ma boca*

tèxte a cordurar de seda terra veusa tèsta seca
lèst per madurar la lenga dins la seuva pas de deca
ma man coma la leca de lei
e dins mon còr pausi cada mòt
dins un parlar d'eleit
siáu lo rei de la luna sobeiran deçauput
ancian saberut que saup pus comptar leis estèlas
èri dei gigants qu'an pas paur dau lendeman
ara siáu un enfant batèu sens vèla
e sabí pas coma far sens èla
es coma per s'envolar sens alas

*and I stained a whole long parchment
with bright blood*

I shall say a word that came from nothing

*I am the king of the moon
you are queen of the wildlife
we are the souls of bitterness
the waters of the swamp
the angels separated
from what seems unmasked
we are the beings adorned
with the wounds of the lord of the flies
you are queen of light
I am king of little more
we are children of my silence
finally the air from your breath
the forefathers and their parents
from these vague words
are the unseparated ones:
the preserved meaning of the words
that are born in my mouth*

text to be sewn with silk widowed earth dry head
ready to ripen the language in the forest no default
my hand like the stone of law
and in my heart I lay every word
in an elitist speech
I am the king of the moon disappointed sovereign
former scholar who doesn't know how to count the stars
I was of the giants who are not afraid of tomorrow
now I am a child boat without a sail
and I don't know how to do without her
it's like flying without wings

es coma perdre la vista
perdèri ma fortuna sus de camins tòrts
e ara dins mon còr i a pus gaire d'uman
vieu fugir lei gens
e dins meis uèlhs passa lo temps
e siáu pus rei de ren ansin s'acaba mon cant

repic

parli dau mau de ma lenga
de tu que t'aluences
dei fremas valentas
e dei mòts de l'amor que va luenh
ò nineta faguem lei maletas
podem partir ensems èstre inchalhents
ò polida siguem lèstes
fau que pus ren nos arreste
dins un chale nupciau la calor de Caiena
e la lutz egipciana quand èri minòt
coma per oblidar dins un sòmí calent
que siam eliminats dins un chaple viciós
e pas televisat siam lei reis de l'arena
transformats en betum
porriam partir e sens patir ensems
e sensa perdre de temps viure simpatic
porriam se fisar mai en practica
parlam dau mau que nos tanca
de ieu que m'estaqui de tu que t'escapes
de se remembrar lo temps qu'èri rei d'Itaca
siáu l'òme dei mila torns
aimi lo temps passat embè tu
siás regina de l'iscla
ai popas lisca siás ma Calipso
per lei mars passèri tant d'anciás
per tornar veire tei uèlhs

it's like losing one's sight
I lost my chance on tortuous paths
and now in my heart there's hardly any human
I see people running away
and in my eyes time passes by
and I'm no longer king of anything so ends my song

chorus

I talk about my language's ache
about you who are moving away
about valiant women
and words of love that goes far
oh baby, let's pack
we can leave together be carefree
oh my beautiful one, let's be ready
nothing must stop us
in a nuptial delight the heat of Cayenne
and the light of Egypt when I was a kid
as to forget in a warm dream
that we are eliminated in a vicious massacre
and not broadcast we're the kings of the sand
transformed into concrete
we could leave and without suffering together
and without wasting any time live friendly
we could have confidence but in practice
we speak of the evil that is closing us
and of me who attach myself you who escape
of remembering the time when I was king of Ithaca
I am the man with a thousand tricks
I like the time spent with you
you are queen of the island
smooth-breasted you are my Calypso
by the seas I spent so many anguishes
to see your eyes again

aguèri tant fe, faguèri tant cants
l'amor de luenh dei temps ancians
e siáu pus ren de tot
vist que siáu pus rei de tu

repic

*auriáu aimat de te donar la man
quand ton cèu se fai bas, mon amic
quand lo freg monta e te nèga lo còr
e t'escana la vòtz e lo crid
(Miquèla)*

3 leis alas dau temps
*ai escrich quauquei mòts
sus leis alas dau temps
leis armas son tant
escuras de còps*

*me faguèri minòt
sus lo vent dau desert
dau temps dau despart
venguèri pitòt*

*me'n anèri tant luenh
sens comptar lei sasons
e coma un resson
tornèri mai bòn*

*faguèri de vòts
'mbé lei mans e leis uèlhs
lisqueta anuech
sarà uèi lo moment*

I've had so much faith, I made so many songs
love from afar from the ancient times
and I'm nothing anymore
since I'm no longer king of you

chorus

*I would have liked to give you a hand
when your sky is getting low, my friend
when the cold rises and drowns your heart
and strangles your voice and the cry*

3 the wings of time
*I wrote a few words
upon the wings of time
souls are so
obscure sometimes*

*I became a child
on the desert wind
and at the time of departure
I became a seaman*

*I went so far
without counting the seasons
and like an echo
I came back a better man*

*I made wishes
with my hands and my eyes
my beauty tonight
will be the moment*

l'a de gens que sabon coma lo temps passa
e ieu va sabi pas coma lei tempèstas
passan sus la vida e ieu va sabi tròp
s'ai paur es de dire "te'n fagues pas"
l'a de gens sens saber tant
coma d'argent sens sabor
se siam ensems es que l'a de sèns encara
que siam d'aquelei gens essenciaus.
fau que m'en vagui suau
per tornar coma un magician
qu'ansin en sèt signes de ieu
sauràs cu siáu e ligats coma siam
l'aurà pus de tempèsta en ton sen
rèsta ben coma siàs
fau qu'aguessiam fisança coma nautreï fem
per tres cents ans aurem, nos,
bèla doça filha luenh
la vida simpla de quand eriam enfants
*dins lo temps dei jorns d'avans
plegaviam d'aucèus de papier
sus leis alas dau temps*
t'espèri tant coma que la calma
venguesse dins ton esperit
e qu'espelisse lo cant de ton còr ferit
en mila flors
per veire ton sorrire coma leis amics fan
passar ma man sus ta gauta fresqueta
coma lei gens de l'amor fan
siam tu e ieu ensems
lei gens d'una legenda dau Corasan

repic

some people know how time passes
but I don't, like storms
pass upon my life and I know it too much.
if I'm afraid, it's only to say "don't worry"
there are people without knowledge
like money without taste
if we're together there still is some sense
and we are of these essential people.
I have to leave quietly
to come back like a magician
so that upon seven signs I'll make
you'll know who I am and linked as we are
there won't be any storm left in you.
please stay as you are,
we need to be confident as we are
for three hundred years we'll have
beautiful sweet girl from afar,
the simple life of when we were children.
*In the time of days gone by
We used to fold paper birds
On the wings of time*
I'm waiting for you as much as I want calm
to come to your mind
and your wounded heart's song to blossom
into a thousand flowers.
to see your smile as friends do
pass my hand on your fresh cheek
like love people do
we are you and me together
people from a Khorasan legend

chorus

4 pensarai en tu

ai d'imatges sus mei dets
plagas de veritat puèi que
sabi lei mòts que dies pas
toei lei mòts de ton jardin secret
lei paraulas pregondas de ton còr
vieu tei penas dien toei que
(en barrant leis uèlhs)
fariáu mielhs de te laisser
perqué siáu l'emperor de ton còr
ai d'imatges sus mei dets
plagas de veritat puèi que
sabi lei mòts que dies pas e

***me'n anirai comptar lei sasons sens tu
embé lo monde davans leis uèlhs
pensarai en tu
t'esperarai detràs lei mars e lei rius
caminarai avans e puèi
pensarai en tu***

a como é bom a gente amar
quando tem jeito pra dá
um amor firme a você
a tua face mimosa
os teus lábios cor de rosa
teu olhar me seduziu

***eu irei contarei estações sem você
com o mundo na frente dos olhos
vou pensar em você
esperarei por você através do tempo
seguirei em frente e depois
vou pensar em você***

4 I'll think of you

I have images on my fingers
wounds of truth because
I know the words you don't say
all the words of your secret garden
the deep words of your heart
I see your sorrows they all say
(closing your eyes)
I had better leave you
because I am the emperor of your heart
I have images on my fingers
wounds of truth since
I know the words you don't say and

***I shall go and count the seasons without you
with the world right before my eyes
I'll think about you
I'll long for you beyond the seas and the streams
I'll go on my way and
I'll think about you***

how good it feels to love
when one walks the way to give
a true love to you
your face is like a mimosa
your lips the colour of the rose
your eyes seduced me

***I shall go and count the seasons without you
with the world right before my eyes
I'll think about you
I'll long for you beyond time
I'll go on my way and
I'll think about you***

5 ma cançon

***ai jamai pogut dire
ma cançon***

ai d'arena dins lo pitre
mon còr ne'n beguèt de litres
es carema dins mon astre
monarca devengut pastre
Paris pas vist faguèri de tu mon Elena
passèri la mar en cadenas laissèri totei mei penas
canti lei mòts de silènci mòts naissuts de l'ancia
de seda distancia
fau de veus de tei paraulas perdudas
voliáu de palais e d'òrts 'mbé de pavons
pas d'espaventaus es pas mentau
ma peur es pacienta l'espaci entier es d'aur
aimi pas leis espaimes
e lei laissi pas m'amudir
l'espèr en ieu es tòrt
liure dei remembers dins ma tèsta
lo soleu sus lei piramidas
te prenguèri tu per mon amira
ères pas lèsta tu mon amiga
ton odor m'aclapa ton ombra pacienta
fa venir lo calament
siáu lèst a combatre, ma lenga polida
despareisse talement
monarca devengut tigre dins l'arena vòli viure
monaca devenguèt liura
voliáu de palais e d'òrts 'mbé de pavons
pas d'èsser pas ben tant
sentimentau

repic

5 my song

***I never could say
my song***

I have sand in my chest
my heart drank liters of it
it's the Lent of my luck
monarch become shepherd
Paris unseen I made you my Helena
I crossed the sea in chains I left all my troubles
I sing the words of silence words born from anxiety
of silk distance
I make veils of your lost words
I wanted palaces and gardens with peacocks
not scarecrows it's not mental
my fear is patient the entire space is gold
I don't like spasms
and I won't let them mute me
hope in me is crooked
rid of memories in my head
the sun on the pyramids
I took you as a landmark
you were not ready, my friend
your perfume overwhelms me your patient shadow
brings the lull
I am ready to fight, my beautiful language
disappears so much
monarch become a tiger in the sand I want to live
doll become free
I wanted palaces and gardens with peacocks
not to be in such a bad way
sentimental

chorus

ai pas de temps per la crenta
regacha quand monti la penda
es ara que l'abandon tempta
ma lenga perduda es encenta
ai mai de mila ans de mestreja
dei mòts e dei sons dins lo calamèu
siáu en equilibri estrechi l'espaci
de Tupac a Trencavèu
ai l'arma famamina
dins lo còr ai famina
canti lei mòts de familha
la lenga dei rèires camina
creïssi talament
siáu aquí per ganhar l'acarament
fau de fautas aparentament
crèson que siáu novici lo vici l'an
fan la farça faussa / facilitat
me'n garci èsser mèstre / difficile
fau que m'en vaguï suau
tornar coma un Caravagi
vaguèji trobar clus lo bagatge
cantariáu en aramèu tastar ton gost caramèla
ta boca chucosa de mèu
vòli me negar en èla
ton retrach me regala, mon pitre la plaga la bala
Icare se cramèt leis alas
vòli me regar en èla
i a mai de mila ans de destrucis
de tot ce que siam fa encara mau
siam lei reis d'aur de la pròsa dicha
bòrd que fugissem son idor
polida ròsa richa laïssa jaire
lei traïdors son bidòrs
vòli despassar lo mau èsser pas vos
pareïssi pas antau siáu tormentau

I have no time for fear
watch as I climb the slope
it's now that abandonment is tempting
my lost language is pregnant
I have a thousand years of mastery of words
and sounds in my pipe
I'm in balance I shrink the distance
between Tupac and Trencavel
my soul is fierce
famine is in my heart
I sing family words
the language of the ancestors walks
I grow so much
I am here to win the confrontation
I make mistakes apparently
they believe that I'm a novice the vice they have it
they make the farce wrong / easy
I don't care, being the master / difficult
I have to go slowly
come back as a Caravaggio
I wander trobar clus the baggage
I would sing in Aramaic enjoy your caramel taste
your luscious mouth of honey
I want to drown in her
your look treats me, my chest the wound the bullet
Icarus burned his wings
I want to plant myself in her
there are more than a thousand years of destroyers
of all that we are it's still hurting
we are the golden kings of spoken prose
since we were fleeing their ugliness
beautiful rich rose drop it
the traitors are twisted
I want to go beyond evil to be unlike you
I don't seem like that I am impetuous

*passarai lo destrech que nos liga
que d'èsser tres estiga ma tristessa e siáu las
e aici s'escrui ce que lo mai compta
es que la cresença sens dobt
e l'amor sens ombra
s'ameritan la rota
siguesse l'onga
per anar querre au fons de la dotz
la gota doçor que dedins se viam
totei dos*

*mas ieu enfant pichonet
vòli viure
vòli estar drech
(Mauris, tèxte d'Alan Pellhon)*

6 vòli

lei contorns de ta pèu
lo mèu doç de ton tot
lo gost d'un tu nusa
mon desir banha
la lusor de tei gèstes
la linha de ton èsser
la doçor lèsta de tei mòts
lo balanlet de tei ancas

vòli

***te far dansar sus la poncha de mei mòts
frustar tei bocas 'mbé ma lenga
tastar lo chuc de ton arma
sentir ton pitre que batèga***

l'odor de ton pitre
la moïssor de ton pietz
l'esquilh de tei manilhas

*I will cross the strait that binds us
because being three stirs up my sadness and I'm tired
and here is written what counts the most
it's that belief without doubt
and love without shadow
deserve the road
however long
to go and seek at the bottom of the well
the sweet drop in which
we can both see each other*

*but me, little child
I want to live
I want to be right*

6 I want

the outlines of your skin
the sweet honey of your whole
the taste of a naked you
my desire is bathing
the glow of your gestures
the line of your being
the agile sweetness of your words
the swaying of your hips

I want

***to make you dance on the tip of my words
to skim your lips with my tongue
to taste the juice of your soul
to feel your beating chest***

the smell of your bosom
the moistness of your breasts
the sliding of your hips

ma doçor ganha
la calor en tu lèsta
ima e chucosa
lei colors que ton còrs dessenha
me fan lingueta d'èsser en tu

repic

ven embé ieu passar ta vida
ven embé ieu passar ton temps
vòli ieu t'abraçar tu polida
totjorn
abrar tei dobtes e tei popas
escafar tei paurs
desliurar ton gaug

repic

7 camin de l'estela

sus lo camin
èri solet
dins la sorniera
rason perduda
èri esclau de la luna
encadenat ai luganas
de l'infern

sus lo camin
rescontrèri
la messagièra
de la fortuna
- vaquí la clau de la luz
que m'a donat l'estela
de l'espèr

my sweetness wins
the warmth in you prompts
wet and juicy
the colors that your body draws
make me long to be in you

chorus

come with me to spend your life
come with me to spend your time
I want to embrace you, my pretty
always
to kindle your doubts and your breasts
to erase your fears
to release your pleasure

chorus

7 path of the star

on the path
I was alone
in the dark
I had lost my mind
I was a slave to the moon
chained to the moonlight
of hell

on the path
I met
the messenger
of fortune
- here is the key of light
given to me by the star
of hope

*es èla que laïssa
la calma se far
quand l'arma s'afana
l'estèla*

*ploravi pas
sus ma facha sorna
lo temps passava
coma se vei la luz
dintre la sombror
dau potz*

*aïs oras estrechas
lo retrach fach
d'ombrum
caminavi negre
e ros entre la poussa
rufa d'un aièr
e l'aiganha lisca
d'un ara estelat*

8 lo bauç

davans meis uèlhs i a un bauç
e li vieu la solesa deis enfants
sens amor
s'i fan son niu au mai aut
sens amor

li an mes uè ce que li fa mau
e se dien la promessa deis enfants
sens amor
que saràn vius sens aguer paur
de totjorn

*she's the one who lets
calmness come
when the soul flares
the star*

*I wasn't crying
on my dark face
time was passing
like one can see the light
in the gloom
of a well*

*at the narrow hours
with a look made of
shadows
I was walking black
and red between the rough
dust of a yesterday
and the delicate dew
of a starry now*

8 the precipice

in front of my eyes there's a precipice
and I can see the loneliness
of loveless children
they build their nest at the highest
without love

there today they laid down all that hurts
and they tell themselves the
loveless' children's pledge :
to stay alive without being afraid
of eternity

fan de beis espaventaus
embé leis escomessas que li fan
seis aujòus
se'n van toei liures dei maus
de l'amor

*partirem
per de matins docets
coma se la vida tota èra lo tocar
de tei dets dintre lei mieus mau desvelhats*

*partirem
per far batèsta
aï vents de facia*

*lei braç duberts
sens crénher l'aura
si sa careça*

9 temps dei sòmis

بصري يا عين بصري
في مليون نفس
بعتمة عيوني
عم تشكي من سواد النور
في حلم مظمور
و مصطبة و زوار
عم يرصدوا ماضي الأيام الجاية.
بصري يا عين بصري

*tu, me rejonharàs benlèu aqueste ser
trobarèi lo sòm e tas pèrlas jol coïssin*

*tu, encara fa jorn, ieu t'espèri aici
que los sòmis arriben, qu'aparesca ton sen*

they build lovely scarecrows
with their forefathers' challenges

they go away free from the aches
of love

*we'll leave
for sweet mornings
as if life was the touch
of your fingers between mine still asleep*

*we'll leave
to wage battle
against the headwinds*

*with our arms open
not being afraid of the wind
nor it's caress*

9 dream time

can you see O my eyes
this million of beings
in the night of my gaze
complaining about too black a light?
can you see this buried dream,
these visitors on the belvedere,
sounding out the past of the days to come?
can you see O my eyes?

*you shall join me perhaps tonight
I shall find sleep and your pearls under the cushion*

*you, it's still daylight, I wait for you here
let the dreams come, let your bosom appear*

*ieu, vendrèi agachar dins tos uèlhs, un miralh
un rebat, mon retrach, ton èime corporal*

*tombarèi de contunh dins ta granda espirala
te vendrèi agachar dins un darrièr badalh*

*ton iris me farà dintrar dins ton astrada
ton estelum entièr vendrà la davalada*

***vaquí lo temps dei sòmis a passat
espèri ren
que la patz sota d'aubres enaurats
aquí veirem lei retrachs daurats
s'espelirem
dins lei braç d'uneis amics oblidats
ansin sarem un jorn acampats
respirarem
liberats de l'aura dei temps passats***

siam sus una dralha polida
tu mon amiga precisa lega
vivem la vida au bòrd de l'iga
où! passa li la man mon còr a d'encisas
cachaïre d'amar encara descisa
me'n vau en vòu
ton arma m'atira
visqueriam pas en van
lo monde nos mira
l'abonde me calma estranja lei
ne'n perdi mon ira
aï que de remembres de doça via
aquela vida un jorn s'arresta estranja lei
ange dei temps de vaga somiada
aï ges de tencha
l'onda escafa mei piadas

*I shall come and look into your eyes, a mirror
a reflection, my gaze, your corporal spirit*

*I shall fall endlessly into your great spiral
I shall come and look at you in a last breath*

*your iris shall make me enter your destiny
all of your stars shall become my fall*

***the time for dreaming has passed
I'm not waiting for anything
but for peace under big trees
here we shall see the golden looks
we will blossom
in the arms of forgotten friends
so we'll be gathered together one day
we will breathe
released from the wind from the past***

we are on a beautiful path
you my friend precise desire
we live on the edge of the gulch
oh! run your hand on it my heart has wounds
crusher of bitterness I go down again
I'm leaving flying
your soul attracts me
we haven't lived in vain
the world is watching us
exuberance calms me, strange law
I lose my anger
I only have memories of a sweet way
this life one day ends, strange law
angel of times of dreamt wandering
I have no more ink
the wave erases my footprints

fem de fuecs sens fin
d'enfants se'n van
vivon sens vam es brut
son pichons, de sants bessai pas
son decents se'n van sens bruch
mon dessenh ditz ren
sens ges d'encens brutla te vòli tu
monde ensems exista pas enfin eisiti pus
ai de sau dins mei saumes
de sang de faune deçauput
de centenaus de centaures mòrts
que m'aurián defendut
siáu paraula d'aur
parli pareis qu'es d'art
testard descendent dau parlar mut
estent qu'es tard parlam d'art madur
pas d'armadura parli l'arma pura
ma lenga dura tant viva t'a convençut
es consensus
lenga fusta creses qu'es lo parlar gus
fas just lo faus es fosc en fach es fòu
esfraiam mai que çò que pensi
qu'aviam cresegut
fem de fuecs sens fè enfin es van
fau far lo verbe lutz
fau de fuelhas foscas de rimas just
per pas perdre l'us
es l'espèr que m'a permes dins l'ermàs
d'èsser fòrt pas tus
e sempre es detràs la mòrt
que dins mon còr i a tu

*quand partirai vos va dieu ara
me vieu coma un aucèu
leugier*

we make infinite fires
children leave
they live half-heartedly it's dirty
they're small, saints maybe not
they're decent they go away without a noise
my drawing doesn't say anything
without incense it burns I want you
world together doesn't exist finally I don't hesitate
I have salt in my psalms
disappointed faun blood
hundreds of dead centaurs
who would have defended me
I'm golden speech
I speak it would seem that it's some
stubborn art descended from the mute speech
as it's late we speak of mature art
not wearing any armor I speak with pure soul
my language lasts, so lively it convinced you
it's a consensus
hackneyed phrases you think it's poor
you're just a fake it's blurry actually it's crazy
we're more frightening than I think
we had thought
we make fires without faith finally it's pointless
we have to make the verb light
I make dark leaves of rhymes just
not to lose the use
hope allowed me in the desert
to be strong not mawkish
and it's always beyond death
that in my heart there's you

*when I will leave I'm telling you now
I see myself as a bird
lightweight*

*que montarà
tant e encara totjorn mai lèu
totjorn mai aut sens se sociar
d'onte son viatge s'acabarà*

io me'n vau

ai l'arma gelada e la man geinada
e lo gibre estaca mei labras
e mon pitre s'abra sota lei cades
mei bregas liuras gotas de vida
que degun lei gusta
siáu ieu l'òdia e la faula
e la fauta que brutla
e la fam sens fin
l'enfant sens filha per li dire « tant »
siáu lo temps las que passa lèu
onte me'n vau degun li va
detràs lei vaus que lo vent d'ivern
se lèva e se lava ma paraula lorda
me siáu negat dins una dorga seca
sens ges de gota
un ange me toca e aluencha la fosca
mon bof s'amorça escota
ma lenga s'engana de rota
siáu la frucha poirida
la lucha perduda d'aquesta epòca
lo void e lo gost de la luna
aluca lo potz e tusta
siáu la justa lutz escota
capiti pus de dormir
e piti pus ai pietat pus
capissi pus de morir
de còrre fau rire capiti pus
despassar la manca e
mon còr se tanca tant

*that will rise
all the time faster
higher and higher without worrying about
where his journey will end*

io I'm leaving

my soul is frozen and my hand is embarrassed
and frost ties my lips
and my chest burns under the junipers
my free lips drops of life
that nobody tastes
I am the hatred and the tale
and the fault that burns
and the endless hunger
the child with no girl to tell him "maybe"
I am the weary time that passes quickly
I go where no one goes
beyond valleys where the winter wind
gets up and where my dirty words wash
I drowned in a dry jar
without a drop
an angel touches me and keeps the darkness away
my breath blows out, listen
my language is getting lost
I am the rotten fruit
the lost fight of this time
the void and the taste of the moon
light the well and strike
I am the light just listen
I can't sleep anymore
and I don't believe anything anymore I pity no more
I don't understand death anymore
nor the race, you have to laugh I can't make it anymore
to overcome the lack and
my heart is closing so much

*quand serai mòrt m'enterraretz
al pus fons de la cava AEIOU*

*vòli volar sus lo serre
luenh de la terra
vòli dançar sus lo monde endormit
coma un fiu de seda banhada*

pous de l'artèri es lo potz de l'art
èra lo postulat de l'apòstol
èri la poussa podra a la boca
lenga mòrta èstre brut
letra muta laissar brutlar l'us alucat
l'a ges de doçor dins mon còr sorn
siáu sadol me'n vau
coma l'esmaut romput m'esmauguèt
cu saup ce que vòu aqueu monde sens color?
perdi l'espèr qu'ai perqué non sai
es per èstre oneste l'espèr tu l'as
ieu l'aspre l'ai pres
quiti lo monde endormit e quiti tot
a mieja lutz caprici tu de mon nis
quitar de sorrir capiti pus
de passar la man e mon còr s'estaca tant

repic

part II
*e vaici s'aurorant dau pivèu de la nuech
l'assèti fresc
per leis oras cremadas
e la ròsa d'estiu que va tombar
ma fèbre partirem devers l'adrech d'un lamp
qu'es aquí coma aquò que se fau enanar
(Jörgi Reboul)*

*when I'm dead you'll bury me
deep in the cellar AEIOU*

*I want to fly on the tops
far from the land
I want to dance on the sleeping world
like a wet silk thread*

pulse of the artery is the source of the art
it was the apostle's postulate
I was dust, powder in mouth
dead language, raw being
mute letter let burn the luminous use
there is no sweetness in my dark heart
I'm sated I'm leaving
like cracked enamel moved me
who knows what this world without color wants?
I'm losing hope and I don't know why
it's to be honest, hope you have it
I took the sour
I'm leaving the sleeping world and I leave everything
in the shadow you caprice of my nest
to stop smiling I can't
step down anymore and my heart ties itself so much

chorus

part II
*one still can find in the middle of the night
the ever cool bench
for the hours of great heat
and the summer rose ready to strip
my fever we shall go right south with the speed of lightning
it is there and one must go there this way*

me'n vau onte degun li va
sens ges de camin
me'n vau ...
quand serai mòrt enterratz me
luenh deis uèlhs dau monde brut, solet
toei meis amics prendràn de flors passidas
per lei metre sus ma tomba
onte vau demorar
tot solet
v'en faguètz pas me'n vau per mielhs tornar
emai cramar dins lo cèu fugir lo monde crudèu
sarai coma un aucèu me'n vau

me vau jitar d'amont e sautar dins lo ren
veire la bauca e lei baumas leis avencs
auçar mitat leis uèlhs au luenh avans de m'amorçar
veirai Canaan uèi e Sanaa deman
l'aurà de fuec dau Ponent au Levant
se levarà l'aura finala e sarà l'auga
d'un monde perdut
sarà vengut lo temps dei Leviatans
e dei demons dau mitan dau monde
onte me'n vau degun li va
siáu la gelosia emai l'amor la mòrt e l'ambrosia
la racina d'artemisa e la fuelha d'anis
siáu lo soleu de maganha
que se'n garça de toei vòstei jutjaments
que son càrcer s'afondra enfin
sarai ben lèu mai liure qu'un libre sens tencha
mai viu qu'un pantais clus que pus ren
empacha en fach
ma paraula es ma vida
e la vida es una lucha sens relàmbi
es ansin.

I'm going where no one goes
without any path
I'm leaving...
when I'm dead bury me
away from the eyes of the dirty world, alone
all my friends will take faded flowers
to put them on my grave
where I shall remain
alone
don't worry I'm leaving to come back better
and burn in the sky to escape the cruel world
I'll be like a bird I'm leaving

I will throw myself from above and jump into nothingness
to see the cliffs, the caves and the chasms
looking up half far away before I pass out
I'll see Canaan today and Sanaa tomorrow
there will be fire from east to west
the final wind will rise and it will be dawn
from a lost world
Leviathan's time will come
and demons from the middle of the world
where I go nobody goes
I am jealousy and love, death and ambrosia
the absinthe root and the anise leaf
I am the dark sun
who doesn't care about your judgments
because his prison finally collapses
I will soon be freer than a book without ink
more alive than a closed dream that nothing
prevents in fact
my word is my life
and life is a relentless struggle
that's how it is.

