*The Drunken Boat & Other Poems*

*From The French Of Arthur Rimbaud*

Versions by

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**THE DRUNKEN BOAT**

As I flew down the raving river,

Free at last of the boatman’s hands

That nailed themselves to my mast,

That forced me into Indian waters,

I did not miss the stinking crew -

Those pawns of English grain & cotton -

They ran along behind me now,

& the river let me freely flow.

In the roar & whipping of the tide,

I, through that snow, like a child’s mind

Rode! & free floating driftwood

Has not known the triumph I have known.

Tempests blessed my mornings on the sea;

I danced on waves as light as foam;

Giant rollers flashed eternal souls,

& at night, I did not miss the lantern’s eyes.

As sour apples are sweet to boys,

The green sea penetrated all my seams,

& wine & vomit washed away,

Along with tiller & chains.

Since then I’ve been bathing in the poem

Of the star-encrusted milky sea,

Drinking in the azure greens, where, pale

& dreaming, a pensive corpse sometimes drifts by;

& where, abruptly blue, delirious & languid

In the burning day, the rhythms of the sun,

Stronger than alcohol, more vast than song,

Churn in the beaming reds of love!

I’ve known the skies of light, & waterspouts & waves;

I’ve known the dark before the rising wings of day;

& sometimes in the twilight I have seen

What other men have only dreamed they’ve seen!

I’ve seen the sun descend, strange with mystic signs,

Flashing violet arms like an actor

In an antique tragedy,

Tonal waters escaping in simmering mists.

I’ve seen green nights & frozen scenes,

Kisses melted on the eyelids of the sea,

Ancient memories bleeding in a stream

Of golden mornings & blue, florescent songs!

I’ve endured for years the beating surfs,

Mad as crazy cattle leaping for the reefs;

I do not think that Mary’s luminous feet

Could still the muzzle of the growling sea!

I’ve fondled lovely peninsulas,

Mixing flowers with human skin & panther eyes!

Rainbows stretched like endless bridal chains

Beneath the surface of the crowded waves.

I’ve seen enormous nets, & marshes

Where giants rot amid the reeds;

The sudden splash of white-caps in a calm,

& towering canyons of distant mist.

Glaciers, silver suns, flaming skies, pearl depths!

Hideous wrecks beneath dusty gulfs,

Where a giant parasitic serpent falls

From a twisted tree, reeking black perfume!

I’ll reveal these visions to the children!

These blue surfaces, golden fishes, singing fishes!

The flowering foam has blessed my ride,

& dauntless winds have let me fly!

Sometimes, martyred & weary of zones,

The sea would roll me on her gentle breasts,

& lift me to her shadowed, yellow knee,

& I would sleep upon her lap, then, womanly.

I’ve sailed the isles, my decks awash

With blood & waste of pale-eyed gulls,

& drifting past my fragile eyes

The sleeping moonbeams fell behind.

I’ve floated lost amid the cove’s hair,

Thrown aloft by storms to where

There are no birds; I could not save the battleships,

My body drunk & bloated there.

Freely fuming, mounted by a purple mist,

I’ve pierced the deep red wall of clouds

With imagery, my poet’s runes:

The lichens of the sun & azure tongues.

Spotted with electric crescent moons,

I’ve danced along a maddened plank,

As spiral hammers clanged against

The slowly burning, sea-blue heavens.

I’ve trembled, felt Behemoth’s spine,

& heard the groaning of the storms;

I’ve seen the ancient horror films,

& wished for safe, European walls!

I’ve seen the islands in space! Islands

Opening windows for the wanderer;

Do you sleep in a night so exiled & deep,

Infinite golden bird, my future Lord?

It’s true, I weep too much! Dawn breaks my heart!

Moons are cruel & suns are bitter,

When you have been drunk with love’s sad water.

O, let my keel break! O, let me bleed into the sea!

If ever I shall return, it will be to the pond,

Where once, cold & black, toward perfumed evening,

A child on his knees set sail

A leaf as frail as a May butterfly.

I cannot, bathed in your languors, O waves,

Follow the cotton carrier’s wake,

Nor salute the bridges of pride & flags,

Nor pass the prison’s hulking, horrid shape!

**O SEASONS, O CASTLES**

O seasons, O castles,

What soul eludes its fate?

I’ve made a magic love

Of joy, which no one can escape.

May it live forever, long

As morning birds still sing.

But for me, it’s gone away. It

Kidnapped my life, then held

My body hostage. It drained out

My soul, so that now

I cannot speak. Words

Fly off in a mad prison break.

O Seasons! O Castles!

How long must I wait?

**MEMORY**

1.

The sea is clear, like a child’s tear;

White skinned women attack the sun;

Silken banners fold, & lilies fly

Beneath the walls where once a virgin cried.

Angels’ work - but no - for a yellow current

Descends, black & heavy, & cool as grass. & she,

Somber, under the sky’s blue roof, demands

For her curtains shadows of the hills & arches.

2.

Ah! The limpid surface swirls its dear broth!

Water drowns our fresh-made beds with pale gold!

The soft green robes of the women

Release a swarm of doves from their branches.

Purer than pure gold, a warm & yellow eyelid,

A marshland flower - token of faith, my love -

Promptly at noon, from the murky mirror, duels

The sweet rose Sphere with heat in the pale sky.

3.

My lady stands at attention in the field

Where seeds rain down; the umbrella

She holds, & crushes the white petals,

Too proud, in the grass, where a child reads

A red leather book. Sadly, he, as

A thousand white angels choose up sides,

Takes the road beyond the mountain! & she,

All frozen & black, runs after the escaping man!

4.

I long for the strong young arms of grass!

The golden moons of April in the bed’s holy heart;

The joy of abandoned shipyards, victims

To August nights that fertilize the soil!

She is crying now beneath the walls! The breathing

Of the poplar trees is the only breeze. & then,

There is this dull grey surface, without source,

That dredges on, & drives an unmoving boat.

5.

Toy of this sad water’s eyes, I am caught,

O unmoving boat! O! Arms are short! Neither this,

Nor the other flower: not the teasing yellow one,

Nor the comforting blue one in the grey depths!

Ah! The pollen of the willows released by a wing!

The roses of the reeds have been eaten long ago!

My boat, unmoving yet, with its chain tangled

Beneath this shoreless water’s eyes, - in what mud?

**MARINE**

Silver cars with copper trim,

Silver ships with steel trim,

Stir the foam,

& shake the tree-stumps & the thickets.

The currents of the land,

The giant trenches of the tide,

Flow in a circle in the east,

After the columns of the forest,

After the ramparts of the whirlpool,

Against the edges of tornadoes, crashing light.

**THE STAR**

The star cried like a rose in your listening heart,

& white infinity dripped from your neck to your hips.

The sea turned to rust on your bright red breasts,

& mankind drained black blood on your omnipotent thighs.

**THE WOLF**

The wolf screams beneath the leaves

& scatters the beautiful feathers

Of his dinner in the wind:

I too have eaten my own limbs.

A salad or a bowl of fruit,

Are waiting to be picked,

But the agent in the spider’s web

Will only chew a flower.

I want to sleep! I want to boil

On a rich man’s stove!

My juices overflow this kettle,

& mingle with the fire below!

**BOHEMIAN LIFE**

So I’m walking along, hands in torn-out pockets,

& my coat is really looking perfect

Under the Romantic sky, & I’m a slave

To my dreams of splendid love!

My only pair of pants had a huge hole.

But, as if I was in some fairy tale, I shouted poems

As I went. & I had a room at the Milky Way.

& of course the stars were rustling like leaves.

So, I listened to them, there by the highway underpass,

On those sweet September nights when the rain

& the dew made me drunk as any wine;

& there, rhyming for the fantastic shadows,

& strumming the fibers of my wounded shoes,

I sat: one foot poised above my heart.

**AT THE GREEN INN**

For about a week, the soles of my boots

Were torn by the stony roads. I entered Charleroi.

-At the Green Inn: I ordered some bread

With butter & lukewarm ham.

Satisfied, I stretched my legs beneath the table

Of green: I contemplated the simple images

On the wallpaper. - & they were adorable -

When a girl with enormous breasts, & lively eyes,

-That one, never one to avoid embraces! -

Giggling, served me buttered bread,

With warm ham, on a multicolored plate,

With marbled pink ham & flavored by a clove

Of garlic, - & she filled my big mug, with a foamy head

That turned to gold in a ray of sunshine.

**THE CLEVER MAID**

In the brown dinette, perfumed

With the aroma of varnish & of fruits, at my ease

I scarfed a plate of various foreign

Delicacies, & I sprawled in my big chair.

As I ate, I heard the clock, in joyful silence.

The kitchen door burst open,

-& a serving maid entered, I knew not why,

Her throat exposed, her hair cleverly mussed.

&, as she trembled her little finger

Across her cheek, of peachy pink & white skin,

Pouting, like a child, with her lips,

She rearranged the plates, coming casually close;

-Then, just so - subtly, to sneak a kiss, -

Said softly: “Feel here: I’ve caught a cold on my cheek...”

**HUMANITY**

Humanity was putting shoes on the vast child Progress.

**THE CLOSET**

It is a large carved closet made of

Old dark oak, & it has the quality of

An old person. The door is open, & a shadow

Of an odor descends your throat like vintage wine.

It is full of strange antiques:

Of yellow sheets, old clothing,

Of women & children, of faded lace,

Of ancient cloaks embroidered with ghosts.

You could find medals, locks

Of blonde hair, tiny portraits, dried flowers

Mingling with the smell of fruit.

My closet, you know what has happened,

& you would tell me, & I can hear you whispering

When you slowly open your big black doors.

**A WINTER DREAM**

This winter, we’ll depart in a little pink car

With a blue interior.

We will be satisfied. Baskets of kisses are waiting

In soft, upholstered corners.

When the evening shadows make ugly faces in the glass,

You will close your eyes,

So as not to see the snarling monsters, & the cities

Of black demons & wolves.

& then you will feel a little scratch on the cheek -

Just a little kiss, running like a crazed spider

Around your white neck -

& you will say to me: “Get it off!”-

& I will search for it for a very long time.

Because those little spiders can really move.

**OPHELIA**

1.

On the black dead water where stars still sleep,

A great white lily, Ophelia, floats;

Her long sheets of hair float about her skull.

You hear on shore the sound of the kill.

Sad Ophelia, always passing,

Pale & white, down the long black stream.

One thousand years & still sweet madness

Whispers her name in the wind.

Her breasts are kissed by the wind.

Her veil is wreathed by the sea.

Tender willows sway & cry, & reeds

Bend low to touch her dreaming eyes.

Tired lilies sigh around, & often,

She wakes, in wet nightgown,

In a foreign nest, as wings escape.

Mysterious singing sprinkles from the golden stars.

2.

Ophelia: pale & beautiful as snow!

You died, sweet child, mated to a river!

Bitter winds fell off a mountain

To harshly speak of freedom.

A great breath twisted your hair

With strange rumors, in a dream.

Your heart listened to the Universal Song

In the creaking trees & the breathing night.

The booming voice of the loony sea

Broke your new heart, too human & soft.

A mad pale knight sat mute

At your knees, on that April day.

Heaven! Love! Freedom! What dreams, O mad girl!

You melted on him like snow in a fire!

Your visions stumbled among your words,

& cold infinity exploded in your blue eyes!

3.

Under the rays of the stony stars

I went for the flowers I left;

& on the black waves, all veiled in white,

A giant white lily, Ophelia, slept.

**SHAME**

For now, no razorblade

Has cut out his brain,

That green mass of fat,

& ancient steam.

(Hah! He should cut off his

Nose, his lips, his ears, spill

His guts & abandon

His legs! A favor!)

Not really. No, I believe

That as long as the blade on his head,

The boulder on his ribs,

The bonfire on his breast

Holds off, the idiot child,

Annoying & dull as a bull,

Should never give up

His cheating heart.

He’s an evil killer cat,

Stenching up the world.

But, as he dies, O God,

Let his voice be heard.

**OPENING NIGHT**

She was almost nude

& big bold trees

Threw their leaves against the glass

So cleverly: pressing, pressing.

Sitting in my chair,

Her hands were tightly closed.

Alive with joy on the floor,

Her tiny feet were frail, so frail.

Pale, I watched

A nervous strand of light

Flicker on her lips,

& on her breast, the tattoo of a rose.

I kissed her fragile knees.

She laughed quickly, the soft sound

Spreading in a clear thrilling arc,

The sound ringing like crystal.

The little feet beneath the nightgown

Pulled up. “Please stop!”

-When the first attempt succeeded,

The laughter pretended to scold!

Pitiful & trembling under my lips,

I gently kissed her eyes:

-She threw back her head:

“Oh! It’s more than I can stand!”

**THE SLEEPER IN THE VALLEY**

A river sings in a yellow hollow,

& catches the silver clothing of the grass,

Where the sun reflects the mountain’s pride:

A little valley swirling with light.

A teenage soldier, with open mouth & bare head,

With his head awash in the cool blue weeds,

Sleeps; he is prone; on the grass beneath the clouds,

Pale on a green bed, in a luminous rain.

His feet are in the gladiolas. He sleeps. Smiling

As a dying child, he is taking a brief rest:

Nature, rock him in your warm arms: he freezes.

His nostrils will not quiver to the strongest perfume.

He is asleep in the sun, his hands on his breast,

Peacefully. There are two red holes beneath his heart.

**FAWN’S HEAD**

In the forest, green-gold jewelry-box,

In the forest, half-hidden

By splendid flowers kissed with sleep,

Life breaks through the fine blanket,

A frightened fawn reveals both his eyes

& bites the red flowers with his white teeth.

Brown & bloodstained as ancient wine,

His lips explode with laughter beneath the branches.

& after he’s escaped - like a wily squirrel -

His voice trembles within every leaf,

& we spy the fearful bullfinch,

The Golden Kiss of the Woods, as he meditates.

**SENSATION**

In summer blue evenings,

I’ll walk the trails

Picking my way through

stubby prickles of grass

In reverie, feeling its coolness

fresh on my feet.

I’ll bathe my naked head

in the new wind.

I will not speak,

I will not think:

But infinite love

will rise in my soul,

& I’ll travel, travel far away,

like a refugee,

Through the country - thrilled

like I’m with a girl.

**MY STOLEN HEART**

My sad heart gushes in poop,

My heart drenched in tobacco spit:

They vomit currents of soup

My sad heart drowns in shit:

Beneath the ridicule of the troop

Bursting with hilarious taunts,

My sad heart gushes in poop,

My heart drenched in tobacco spit!

Ithyphallic & military,

Their sarcasm has dirtied it!

You see pictures on the tiller.

Ithyphallic & military.

Oh waves of magic,

Seize my heart, & wash it!

Ithyphallic & military,

Their sarcasm has dirtied it.

When all their wages are spent,

How to get you back, oh stolen heart?

There will be burps of wine

When all their wages are spent:

I’ll feel my stomach turn,

When my heart has been ravaged:

When all their wages are spent

How to get you back, oh stolen heart?

**ETERNITY**

It is regained!

What? eternity.

In the sea mixed

With sunshine.

My soul eternal

Observe your vow

Regardless of the night

& the burning day.

For then, you disengage

From human suffering,

From common striving!

You take flight accordingly...

Without hope,

No direction.

Science & patience.

The suffering is assured.

No more tomorrow,

Satin embers,

Your desire

Is devotion.

It is regained!

What? Eternity.

In the sea mixed

With sunshine.

**FROM THE LETTERS**

15 MAY 1871

If brass wakes up a horn, it’s not its fault. It’s obvious to

me. I am there as my thoughts are born. I watch them &

listen to them. Now I strike the bow: the symphony stirs in

its depths, or leaps to the stage.

\*

The first study of he who wants to be a poet is the complete

knowledge of himself. He searches for his soul, tastes it,

tests it, learns it. As soon as he knows it, he must cultivate

it!

\*

The poet is truly the thief of fire. He is responsible for

humanity, & for the animals.

\*

A language must be found! Every word being an idea, the

day of a Universal Language will come!

\*

It will be a language of the soul for the soul, containing everything: smells, sounds, colors, thoughts holding on to thoughts & pulling. The poet will define that part of the unknown awakening in his time in the Universal Soul: he will give more than the mere formation of his thought, more than just the notes taken on his personal march toward Progress. Enormity becoming normal, absorbed by all, he will really BE PROGRESS, & it will multiply through him!

**FROM THE LETTERS**

7 MAY 1873

Now I am crossing through the night. Midnight to 5AM. Last month my room overlooked a garden. There were huge trees beneath my narrow window. At 3AM, the last candle went out: all the birds cry out at once in the trees: it’s finished. No more work. Then I had to look at the trees & the sky, seized by that unspeakable hour, the first morning. I looked across at the lycee dorms, absolutely muted. Already the chopping, lovely noise of the carts on the boulevards. I smoked my pipe, & spit on the tiles. My room was a loft. At 5AM, I went downstairs to buy bread. It was time. Workmen were walking everywhere, but for me it was time to get drunk on wine & return to my room to eat, then fall asleep at 7AM, when the sun brought the woodlice from under the tiles. An early morning sun in June still turns me on. And December nights.

**MYSTIC**

The angels whirl their woolen skins on the emerald slope of

the steel hill.

Flaming fields leap to the crest. On the left, the ridge is

scarred by numerous wars & homicides. Catastrophic

noise describes its curve. Behind the right hand edge, the

line of Oriental Progress forms.

& while the band strikes up above the picture, composed of

empty conch-shells & human dreams,

the fragrant stars blossom in the night & the universe descends opposite the hill like a shade pulled down in front of my face & sweet scents rise from the blue canyon below.

**DAWN**

I have embraced the summer dawn.

The palace faces slept, & the water was dead. Shadows

were painted on the road to the woods, where I walked,

waking up the warm, living air. Rocks starred coldly, &

wings flew off without a sound.

My first date was on a cool, lighted path, where a flower

told me its name.

I laughed at the blonde waterfall splashing in the pines: &

then I saw the goddess, standing on the silver peak.

Little by little I peeled off her veil, there, on the path, & I

waved my wild arms! & then, on the plain, where I woke up

the cock. Then she ran to the City, through steeples & domes, &

out among the marble wharves, & I chased her.

As the road rose by a laurel wood, I wrapped her in her

frozen veil, feeling the galaxies of her body. Dawn & a child

fell by the forest border.

When I awoke, it was already noon.

**VIGILS**

1.

It reposes in light, neither fever nor languor, on the bed or

on the meadow.

It is the friend, neither weak nor strong. The friend.

It is the beloved, neither tortuous nor tortured. The beloved.

The air & the world ignored. Life.

-Was this it, then?

-& the dream froze.

2.

The lighting returns to the pillar. From the opposite sides

of the room, of questionable decor, harmonies rise to

merge. The wall that faces the viewer is a series of mental

images of friezes, atmospheric orchestras & geological

accidents. - An intense short dream of sentimental groups

of divergent characters in every possible appearance.

3.

The lamps & the carpets of the vigil make the sound of

waves, at night, slapping along the hull & around the prop.

The sea of the vigil, like the breasts of Emily.

The tapestries, halfway up the wall, the thatch of lace tinted emerald, where the doves of the vigil fly.

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

The plague of dark earth, the real sun of the shores. ah! Wells of magic; the only dawn in sight, for now.

**GROOVES**

On your right the summer dawn shakes the leaves awake,

& the fog & the traffic in the park, & the banks along the left

carress with violet hands of shadow the thousand canyons

of the drunken road.

Lines of fairies! Yes! See the floats of giant glided wooden

animals, their poles & paper buntings, to the angry gallop

of the twenty speckled circus horses, & kids & grownups on

their fabulous beasts: - twenty spherical cars, decorated

with flowers & flags like oldtime coaches of snappy

children, pastoral in suburbia.

Even the coffins beneath the grey tents rise & float among the shiny black feathers, rolling along to the measure of the grandiose horses, blue & black.

**THE BRIDGES**

In the crystal grey sky there is a mad arrangement of

bridges; some straight, some bending in high arches,

others falling at hard angles to the first. These figures dot

the lighted paths of the canal, & eventually, with all this

wealth, the banks shrink, then sink away.

Traffic lights, stores, street-signs & fragile railings grow

from the bridges. Minor chords cross one another,

disengage, & disappear. Ropes rise from the shore.

I can distinguish a red coat, & perhaps a clown suit & some

musical instruments. Would these be pop songs, pieces of

classical symphonies, or the remnants of church-hymns?

The water, blue & grey, spreads from the arm of the sea in

a varicose vein.

A white ray tumbles above the clouds & brings an abrupt end to this merciless comedy.

**PHRASES**

When the world is reduced to a black tree for the two of us,

sand for our faith, musical walls for our love, I’ll find you.

If I look down, & see only an old man, beautiful & relaxed

in the midst of incredible luxury, look toward your feet, &

I’ll be there.

If it turns out that I’m what you remember, or if I turn out

to be your conqueror, then I’ll strangle you.

\*

When you’re strong, are you gonna run? When you’re

happy, do you want to be mocked? When we’re really bad,

what the hell are they going to do with us?

Get all dressed up! Dance around! Laugh! I never could

throw love out the window!

\*

My companion, panhandler, infant monster! My

embarrassment doesn’t mean a thing to you - the sad

women & the games - the games! Climb on us with your

impossible voice - your voice!- savior from this ugly

despair!

\*

A dark morning in July. A taste of ashes floats in the air.

A smell of damp wood on the fire. Dew wet flowers.

Destruction along the bike paths. Fog creeps from the low

canal onto the field. What has happened to the incense, &

where are my toys?

\*

I’ve made bridges of string from one steeple to another, &

garlands from one window to another: chains of gold,

swinging from star to star.

& I can dance.

\*

The pond in the hills is always smoking. What magic will

lift into the white western sky? & what purple frost will fall?

\*

As public funds evaporate in feasts of brotherhood, a bell

of rosy flames bellows in the clouds.

\*

A pleasant aftertaste of Indian ink, black powder rains on my vigil. I turn down the lamp, throw myself on the bed, & with my face arrested by the shadow, I recognize you:

my daughters & my queens!

**FLOWERS**

From a golden balcony amid the ropes of silk, the veils of

grey, the green velvets & plates of crystal, dark as sunlit

bronze - I see the flowers waking on a tapestry of silver

threads, & their eyes & their hair.

Pieces of amber gold planted on the agate pillars of dark

wood hold up an emerald dome, the bouquets of white satin

& fine stems of rubies encircle the floating roses.

Like a god with enormous eyes of blue & a body of snow, the ocean & the sky lure the throng of strong, young roses up the marble stairway.

**ROYALTY**

One fine morning, in a county of soft people, a man

& a pretty woman made a public declaration: “My friends,

here is your Queen!” “I want to be Queen.” She laughed,

trembling. He told them of his revelation that their

problems would soon be over. They all celebrated &

congratulated each other.

In effect, they were monarchs before noon, & purple banners hung from the houses all afternoon as they paraded toward the courtyard of the palms.

**BOTTOM**

With reality being too sharp for my grand ego, in my

lady’s name, a big bird of blue & gray violently dragged my

wings to the corners of the ceiling following evening

shadows.

At the foot of the balcony that supported her adorable

jewels & physical masterpieces, I became a great gross

bear with purple gums & thick, messy fur, with eyes of

crystal & silver for consolation.

Night fell dark as an aquarium of fire.

By morning, June dawn battleground - I ran the lawn, an ass, braying & brandishing my grief, until the Sabines arrived from the edge of town to throw themselves over my beastly breast.

**BEAUTIFUL BEING**

Before the snow the Beautiful One stands tall. The

whistles of death & the circles of morally dull musical

fountains swell & tremble like a troop of worshiped

ghosts; red & black bruises appear on the superb flesh.

The colors of life itself deepen, dance, & detach from the

Vision, in the shipyard. Earthquakes threaten & rumble,

& the force of these effects mix with mortal sounds & the

raucous music of the world, far behind, & launches our

beautiful mother, - herself remote, herself still standing.

Oh! Our bones are upholstered with a new body of love.

Oh the face of ash, the emblematic mane, the arms of crystal! The cannon that knocks me down in a melody of trees & song of light!

**ONE REASON**

A tap of your finger on the tambourine discharges all sound &

initiates the new harmony.

One step from you, an army of fresh troops begins to march.

You turn your head: love is renewed!

Your head turns back: love is renewed!

“Save us from fate & end all our ills, from the beginning of

time: the children sing. “Improve our fortunes substantially &

fulfill our desires,” they pray.

You will arrive in time, because you are everywhere.

**WAR**

Child, special skies have opened my eyes: the

nuances of their characters shaded my own face.

The phenomenon were imitated. Now, the

inflection of everlasting moments & the infinity

of mathematics chases me all over the world,

where I’ve become a popular star, esteemed

recipient of the respect & enormous affections

of strange children. I dream of a War, of

righteous might or unimagined logic.

It is as simple as a phrase of music.

**LEAVING**

Seen enough. The picture was the same in every climate.

Had it all. The racket of villages, forever in the sunlight.

Knew too much. The dead ends of a life. - Oh Racket & Visions!

Escape into love & new sounds!