

Juan Arabia

Paul Verlaine

Someone left his life on the mountain
to fill with light the room.
Like moonfog it's his song...
to those strangers that in the wound
build themselves. Left behind: the civilized blush,
the bourgeois pen that with trickery guised in mist
the reality of the sordid flavor;
the irruption of the blue-eyed king
translates Blake who disclosed in hell
what the sea and the lion have of eternity.
He unravels intense leaves of woods.

The Man with the Wind Soles

«If we are absolutely modern—and we are—it's because Rimbaud commanded us to be».

—No, that's a lie.

Rimbe never said you could talk on his behalf

From your 5-star Hotel Lautréamont,

From the self-complacency of university

And Utah hamburgers.

—No, No... Gentlemen!

first thing first:

I'll dream tonight

That your eyes are Rimbe's eyes

Like the goodness of a woman who lies

And of whom I only request a lie.

I.

Well, we unloaded the cart:

Just a few bottles of wine and Rimbaud's poppies.

We grew up without realizing so, and now we wait on the road.

At least we were close to people and their land,

Even though all of our habits were corrupted.

In the beginning, the town was light-blue,

The sun woke us up and left us giddy after noon.

We were the shiny grapes of summer,

With our peel we stripped the wind bare.

II.

It's not hard to understand

That the eternal needs to spill blood.

They are only surprised of what they daren't do:

And I find the sea, I see my face

In the lizard mirror...

And though the night is cold

I won't die for being here.

Although they postpone the communion,

I can kill God, writing "He's dead"

On a chair.