

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### FETES GALANTES

On voit des marquis sur des bicyclettes  
On voit des marlous en cheval-jupon  
On voit des morveux avec des voilettes  
On voit des pompiers bruler les pompons

On voit des mots jetés à la voirie  
On voit des mots élevés au pavois  
On voit les pieds des enfants de Marie  
On voit le dos des diseuses à voix

On voit des voitures à gazogène  
On voit aussi des voitures à bras  
On voit des lascars que les longs nez gênent  
On voit des coïçons de dix huit carats

On voit ici ce que l'on voit ailleurs  
On voit des demoiselles dévoyées  
On voit des voyous, On voit voyeurs  
On voit sous les ponts passer les noyés  
On voit chômer les marchands de chaussures

On voit mourir d'ennui les mireurs d'oeufs  
On voit périliter les valeurs sûres  
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-deux

*Louis Aragon*

### LES CHEMINS DE L'AMOUR

Les chemins qui vont à la mer  
Ont gardé de notre passage  
Des fleurs effeuillées  
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres  
De nos deux rires clairs.  
Hélas! Des jours de bonheur,  
Radiuses joies envolées,  
Je vais sans retrouver traces  
Dans mon coeur.

Chemins de mon amour,  
Je vous cherche toujours  
Chemin perdu, vous n'êtes plus  
Et vos échos sont sourds.  
Chemins du désespoir,  
Chemins du souvenir  
Chemins du premier jour  
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,  
La vie effaçant toute chose,  
Je veux, dans mon coeur,  
Qu'un souvenir repose,  
Plus fort que l'autre amour.  
Le souvenir du chemin,  
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,  
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi  
Brûler tes mains.

*Jean Anouilh*

### GALLANT FESTIVITIES

One sees marquises on bicycles  
one sees pimps in petticoats  
one sees brats with veil  
one sees firemen burning their pompons

one sees words thrown on the rubbish heap  
one sees words carried aloft  
one sees the feet of the children of Mary  
one sees the backs of public speakers

one sees gasogene powered cars  
one also sees handcarts  
one sees fellows whose long noses bother them  
one sees eighteen-carat fools

one sees here what one sees elsewhere  
one sees girls gone astray  
one sees gutter snipes, one sees voyeurs  
one sees the drowned passing under the bridge  
one sees shoe sellers out of work

one sees egg caddlers dying of boredom  
one sees reliable values in jeopardy  
and life is fleeing by the six-four-two

*Translated by Christopher Goldsack*

### THE PATHWAYS OF LOVE

The paths that lead to the sea  
have kept, of our passing-by  
flowers with fallen petals  
and the echo, beneath their trees,  
of both our bright laughs,  
Alas! Of the days of happiness,  
radiant joys now flown  
I wander without finding their trace again  
in my heart.

Paths of my love.  
I still seek you,  
lost paths, you are no more  
and your echos are hollow.  
paths of despair,  
paths of memory,  
paths of the first day,  
Divine paths of love.

If one day I have to forget him,  
life effacing everything,  
I wish in my heart,  
that one memory should remain,  
stronger than the other love.  
the memory of the path,  
where trembling and utterly bewildered  
one day, upon me, I felt  
your hands burning.

*Translated by Christopher Goldsack*

## COMBAT DEL SOMNI

### DAMUNT DE TU NOMES LES FLORS

Damunt de tu només les flors  
Eren com una ofrena blanca:  
La llum que daven al teu cos  
Mai més seria de la branca:

Tota una vida de parfum  
Amb el seu bes t'era donada  
Tu resplendies de la llum  
per l'esguard clos atresorada

Si hagués pogut ésser sospir  
de flor! Donar-me, com un llir,  
a tu, perquè la meva vida  
s'anés marcint sobre el teu pit  
I no saber mai més la nit,  
Que al teu costat fóra esvaïda.

*Josep Janés*

### JO ET PRESENTIA COM LA MAR

Jo et presentia com la mar  
I com el vent, immensa, lliure  
Alta damunt de tot atzar i tot desti..  
I en el meu viure, com el respir.

I ara que et tinc  
Veig com el somni et limitava.  
Tu no eta un nom, ni un gest.  
No vinc a tu com a la imatge blava  
D'un somni humà.

Tu no ets la mar,  
que és presonera dins de platges,  
tu no ets el vent, pres en l'espai.

Tu no tens limits;  
ni hi ha, encara, mots para dir- te,  
ni paisatges per sè el teu món-  
ni hi seran mai.

*Josep Janés*

### LA ROSA Y EL SAUCE

La rosa se iba abriendo  
Abrazada al sauce,  
El árbol apasionada,  
La amaba tanto!  
Pero una niña coqueta  
Se la ha robado,  
Y el sauce des consolado  
La está llorando

*Francisco Silva*

## THE STRUGGLE IN THE DREAM

### ONLY FLOWERS OVER YOU

Above you there were only flowers.  
They were like a white offering:  
The glow they threw on your body  
will never again belong to the branch;

They gave you a whole life of perfume  
With their kisses.  
You were resplendent in the light  
Kept as a treasure by your closed eyes.

If only I could have been the sigh  
of a flower! I would offer myself, as a lilly,  
to you, so that my life  
would wither over your breast,  
And no longer know the night  
That, next to you, has vanished.

*Translation by Josep Miquel Sobrere & Edmon*

### I IMAGINED YOU ARE LIKE THE SEA

I felt you were like the sea  
and the wind: immense, free  
towering over all fate and all destiny.  
and in my life like breathing.

And now I have you  
I see how limiting my dream had been.  
You are not a name, not a gesture.  
Nor do I come to you as the bluish image  
of a human dream.

You are not the sea,  
for the sea is a prisoner held captive by the beaches;  
You are not the wind caught in space.

You have no limits;  
yet there are no words to name you,  
no scenery to become your world-  
there never will be.

*Translation by Josep Miquel Sobrere & Edmon Colomer*

### THE ROSE AND THE WILLOW

The rose was opening  
embracing the willow  
The passionate tree  
Loved it so!  
But a coquette young girl  
took it away,  
and the distraught willow  
laments it so

*Translation by Ted Perry*

## PAMPAMAPA

Yo no soy de estos pagos  
Pero es lo mismo  
He robado la magia  
De los caminos

Esta cruz que me mata  
Me da la vida,  
Una copla me sangra,  
Que canta herida.

No me pidas que deje  
Mis pensamientos,  
No encontraras la forma  
De atar al viento.

Si mi nombre te duele  
Echalo al agua,  
No quiero que tu boca  
Se ponga amarga.

A la huella, mi tierra,  
Tan trasnochada.  
Yo te daré mis sueños,  
Dame tu calma.

Como el pájaro antiguo  
Conozco el rastro,  
Se cuando el trigo es verde,  
Cuándo hay que amarlo.

Pore so es que, mi vida,  
No te confundas,  
El agua que yo busco  
Es más profunda.

Para que fuera cierta  
Te alcé en un canto,  
Ahora te dejo sola,  
Me voy llorando.

Pero nunca, mi cielo,  
De pena muero,  
Junto a la luz del día  
Nazco de Nuevo.

A la huella, mi tierra,  
Tan trasnochada.  
Yo te daré mis sueños,  
Dame tu calma

*Hamlet Lima Quintana*

## MAP OF THE PLAINS

I am not from these provinces  
but no matter  
I have stolen the magic  
of their paths.

The cross that kills me  
gives me life,  
the verse that cuts me  
Sings with its wounds.

Do not ask me to give up  
my thoughts,  
You will not find a way  
to stop the wind.

If my name pains you  
throw it into the water,  
I do not wish that your mouth  
Should be bitter.

At soil's edge, my earth,  
You have watched with me through the night,  
I will give you my dreams  
Give me your peace.

Like the ancient bird  
I know the trail,  
I know when the wheat is green  
And when to love it.

It is for this reason, my Life,  
and for no other,  
that I seek  
deeper waters.

So that you might be real  
I have created you in song,  
Now I leave you abandoned  
And I go, weeping.

But never, my Heaven,  
Will I die of sorrow,  
For as the day dawns  
So am I born anew.

At soil's edge, my earth  
You have watched with me through the night,  
I will give you my dreams  
Give me your peace.

*Translation by Jean-Ronald LaFond,  
Allison Weiss & Lucio Bruno-Videla*

**CANCIÓN DE CUNA PARA  
DORMIR A UN NEGRITO**

Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe  
Tan chiquitito,  
El negrito, que no quiere dormir  
Cabeza de coco, grano de café  
con lindas motitas,  
con ojos grandotes,  
como dos ventanas  
que miran al mar.  
Cierra los ojitos,  
negrito asustado;  
el mandinga blanco te puede comer,  
ya no eres esclavo!  
yi si duermes mucho  
el señor de casa  
promete comprar  
traje con botones  
para ser un "groom".  
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,  
duérmete, negrito,  
hm...  
cabeza de coco,  
grano de café  
*Ildefonso Pereeda Valdes*

**CANTO NEGRO**

Yambbambó, yambambé!  
Repica el congo solongo,  
repica el negro bien negro,  
Aoé!  
Congo solongo del Songo  
Baila yambó sobre un pié,  
Yambbambó, yambambé!

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
El negro canta y se ajuma,  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
El negro se ajuma y canta.  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
El negro canta y se vá.

Acuememe serembó a-é,  
Yambambó a-é,  
Yambambé a-ó.  
Tamba, tamba tamba, tamba,  
Tamba del negro que tumba,  
Tamba del negro, caramba,  
Caramba, que el negro tumba,  
Yambá, yambó!  
Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé!  
!Baila yambo sobre un pié!  
*Nicolás Guillén*

**CRADLE SONG FOR  
A LITTLE BLACK BOY**

Ninghe, Ninghe, Ninghe  
little tiny one,  
black baby, who doesn't want to go to sleep.  
Coconut head, coffee bean  
with pretty freckles,  
with eyes wide open  
like two windows  
overlooking the sea.  
Close your little eyes,  
frightened little black boy;  
the white boogey-man may come eat you up  
You are not a slave anymore!  
And if you sleep a lot  
the master of the house  
promises to buy you  
a suit with buttons  
so you can be a groom.  
Ninghe, ninghe, ninghe,  
sleep little black one,  
hm...  
coconut head,  
coffee bean  
*Translation by Paul C. Echols*

**BLACK SONG**

Yambbambó, yambambé!  
The Congo solongo struts by,  
the very black man struts by,  
Aoé!  
The Congo solongo from Songo  
dances the yambó on one foot.  
Yambbambó, yambambé!

Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
the black man sings and gets drunk,  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
the black man gets drunk and sings.  
Mamatomba serembé cuserembá,  
the black man sings and goes.

Acuememe serembó a-é,  
Yambambó a-é,  
Yambambé a-ó.  
Tamba, tamba tamba, tamba,  
the black man staggers,  
the black man staggers, caramba,  
caramba, the black man falls,  
Yambá, yambó!  
Yambambé, yambambó, yambambé!  
He dances the yambo on one foot!  
*Translation by Paul C. Echols*