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Salvation

I live on the other side of all things
I am not of isms, nor did I come out of anybody's uniform
I hate most the literary evenings and festivals
There I feel all the sorrow as it builds up within people
useless sediment, except in art

I live on the other side of all things
beside Saturn's ring
on the Paradise Islands in amber houses
the last century prematurely aged us
already we are a hundred years old

I live on the other side of all things
I learn from a spider and a red slug
I study the venation of leaves
I try to be pleasant and cheerful
but that internal beat
gives an altogether different rhythm
prophecy disgusting and bitter
that confrontation with the world
wasteland
where god weeps with sagging shoulders
and where there is no space for human life
Christ is a lucrative mass-produced doll
and nightingales are roasted on the grills of McDonald's.

Translated by Sara Elaquad - © 2007 Sara Elaquad

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