

SORROM BORROM

The dream of the river Gave



OCCITAN

FRANÇAIS

ENGLISH

CATALÀ

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English translation: Joan-Frederic Brun

Springs

1. Silence

a.

Silent fragrance of incense

of ice

pile

nothingness, fear raised

above faceless and nameless

mineral

Even before the bare soil

rises

in your fingertips

of fair scum,

before its nacre

for the first time can frost,

before the aggregate

could be heard any murmur

the silence of the planet

going through, alarming,

the anger of the wide

and furious ocean

b.

Here blades were dark
lightning's, vessels of fog,
scary clouds
waiting for the cry of the great deluge
to open a path
toward the heady dream.

2. Abysses and glaciers

a.

Time had stopped since it was night
and there were so many roars
within its hands the Master's fury
reflected in the wide water
where stars appeared like in a mirror,
so close of its body.
Then the insane wind arose
pushing crowds of clouds
dissipating its rustling
over stolen potholes
over pink glaciers
where were unsuccessfully screaming
ogres covered with snow,
homeless shepherds claiming
their revenge to rocks
launched from the summits
cursing the frozen sky
for they believed it had abandoned them ...

b.

The fault, and the night her daughter
there was the day with its stars
sea and impatient wind, and time
and monsters.
One day, the clouds on summits on eructated

**and from their moods
spurred blue screams
and the earth gave them shroud**