

Light you are, and to light you shall return

Translated by Nigel Spencer

On that morning
In the pinks and yellows of dawn
Thousands placed eyes before mirrors,
Entered into the daily ritual,
Prepared faces to last till evening

A thousand gestures from a thousand people
Subduing this day to their tomorrows

All leaving for the convergence of fate,
Folly and chance

But how can anyone know?
A foreshadowing? A shuddering?
A nightmare of keys and IDs, all soaked in blood?

A voice of premonition that murmurs

“Tomorrow’s horoscope is useless this morning . . .
You will know silence today,
There will be absence today

There will be red for violence,
There will be black for ashes,
Choosing tender colours is useless this morning”

An ache in the temples, the belly . . .

And why deny this intuition that binds you to home?
This wild desire to run free at the end of the season?

Today you should have followed your instinct, your caprice

And not slept tonight in a strange burial place

Still you did leave
Despite all premonitions
You and the others
One following another
You entered glass cages

And ivory towers
Dividing your life between having and being
A smile and a wave
To your colleagues and friends
Living out much the same stories until nightfall

Then in a serene sky
Suddenly
Time rolled its fists
Into Boeings and struck
Punches from the Middle Ages
Into the face of the present
The faces of innocents
The face of a country in blood and in tears

A slight change of schedule and route
Today you are taking a trip into eternity

Together, whether in buildings
Or in planes,
All of you victims
Suicide commandos, marionettes
Of obsession and vengeance
A few mission-mad puppeteers
Making missiles of you all
Aimed at changing centuries
By false charisma-charged prophets
Plucky chess figures you are
In the government game
Pawns they push and slide
Starving the bellies of some, the souls of others
But slandering justice always
Hijacking bibles into gospels of fire and blood
And money and profit
Preaching submission to their sheep
For religion to divide and to conquer

When hate separates a world by beliefs
When hate separates a world bereft
And adrift between two faces of love,
Lips spitting out war that cynically
Promise peace
Betraying the billions who've bet their lives,
Their death, yes, their faith
Reflecting glory in the morning sun
And the buildings that must go down before it

Promising eternity for the killing of humans
The paired rows of victims, how could we forget them?
The paired deception of truth and lies
Victims armed and disarmed in their own societies?
How can we not see them as toys in the grip of the wind,
Squeezed in the fists of the mighty,
How can we not know that?

Playthings, far too often,
Here and everywhere,
Toys in the grip of the winds . . .

And now
Eyelids beat a retreat when a noise rips through the sky
And by what deranged act will we become prophets of doom, vultures?
By what deadly detour will we become assassins
of those in temples and towers . . .
Unwitting, unwilling?

Playthings, far too often,
Here and everywhere,
Toys in the grip of the wind . . .

Fists rolled into Boeings
Bombs insidiously shaped like children's playthings
Exploding in our minefields,
Their gardens of hopelessness
Their invalid future, their dismembered justice.

Their eyes are closed to glances of love,
To landscapes unknown
To the singular song of their souls
Laid waste or sacrificed on the altar
Of society, humanity, or divinity

No more lullabies on their lips
Nor sweet words of love
No more petal-soft caresses
Their dreams asleep without tombs

From outside time, above the smoking ashes
Glide millions of glances
Slide millions of souls
With lidless eyes on a voyage
To reunite the missing from the East and from the West

What visions of the world when eyes have been emptied?
What ideas can there be when heads have exploded?
Death no longer has borders or horizons
Death no longer has religion

Was there time to whisper one last prayer
To the one true god of life in our veins
Filled with our blood, which above all is holy?

This chorus of dying breaths
Can they cleanse the wind?
This volley of glances searching for light
Can they light our way?

Light you are and to light you shall return.

The waiting is dark
Here on Earth
Can we learn to see more?

Life, the one true god
Respect, the one true law
Humanity, the one true faith
From the East to the West, a single wind blowing
The present, a single planet
A single world
Filled with serene animals and caressed by the wind,
A single world
Trembling with sweetness and the deepest of visions,
Flowers rejoicing, rejoiced in
Flowers of bodies let be, and of thoughts freed of misfortune
Flowers of soul with petals of flesh
Flowers of instinct with stamens of intuition
Voluptuous foetal and floral vessels
For the birth of a new world.

Will tomorrow be more beautiful?