



## POESIA ORIGINAL

*Alfred Carol*

IN THE SWARTEST WOODS .....	2
WHAT THE NATO MEANS .....	3
SONG .....	4

## IN THE SWARTEST WOODS

In the middle of the trip of our life  
I found myself in the swartest woods  
That I was no more in the right way.

Whose woods these were I didn't know  
but of fear my thoughts became frost  
as I watched the woods fill up with snow.

Between the trees and frozen lake  
The road diverged in two wild paths,  
And sorry I couldn't know which one to take,

Pitiful traveler long I sat  
And looked down as far as I could  
To where the valley ended in a fair pass

That my heart so dreadful had struck.  
I saw in its back the rays of the star  
which changed at once my sorrowful mood,

And then, as one who breathing hard  
Gains strength till the next stop,  
Thus my soul coming from far

Threw away the painful thought  
Carried out by this confused night  
and looked back to the terrible spot

That none before crossed alive.

Alfred Carol, Summer 86

## WHAT THE NATO MEANS

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces  
After the frosty silence in the gardens  
After the agony in stony places  
The shouting and the crying  
Prison and palace and reverberation  
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains  
He who was living is now dead  
We who were living are now dying  
With a little patience

What is that sound high in the air  
murmur of maternal lamentation  
Who are those hooded hordes swarming  
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth  
Ringed by the flat horizon only  
What is the city over the mountains  
Cracks and reforms and bursts in violet air  
Falling towers  
*Barcelona Madrid Valencia*  
*Vigo Gijón*  
Unreal

**T.S.Eliot**

A contribution to the CPAN

## SONG

You have sweet eyes  
                  that scan sky  
They are birds that  
                  suddenly fly out,  
then come back to your  
  face.

Your cheek is so tender,  
it has the soft consistence of the lily  
  flower.

Your hand moves  
                                  smoothly  
like the doe  
                                  on the green slope.

Now you are crafted, song.  
Go! and like a red arrow  
                                  Stab the blue wall

New T.

## FIRE

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!  
Set it all on FIRE  
BLOOD, BLOOD,  
rivers of BLOOD  
flowing, flooding,  
amid stars and strips.

DU SANG!  
- Qu'est-ce qu'il se passe?  
DU SANG... contre l'ambassade Americaine!  
- quoi?  
.DU SANG.... le Vietnam!  
Oh night and light  
faces on and oon  
the stream walked...  
- mais bien sur que c'est par là.

Le BAL, ALB, LBA  
It turns, turns in the glow.  
The light-yellow mist over:  
Her eyes, her EYES  
"The relation of eye-lid  
and cheek-bone"  
The wide banded buff colored irides  
Softening in almonds,  
Cheeks juicing peach;  
"and in the night stillness  
peach-tree petals  
turned into stars"

*Red rose rouge sang*

- S'il vous plait... une.  
- Elle est pour toi.  
- Oh...!  
"Et rose, elle a vecu  
ce que vivent les roses,  
l'espace d'un matin."

Il pleut, il brûle des étincelles  
sur la place du Tertre.

Oh yes! LIFE; LIFE  
FIRE....