

## **La Guerra (1)**

*(Antonia Álvarez Álvarez)*

La guerra tiene labios azulados,  
ojos de soledad, carne de frío,  
campos de noche eterna, gesto airado,  
inviernos sin otoño y sin estío,

## **Violeta.**

*(Antonia Álvarez Álvarez)*

Aromada de amor, dulce y discreta,  
escondida en la hierba y vergonzosa,  
nace al sol de febrero que la esposa,  
semioculta al abrigo de una grieta.

Eremita sin dueño y sin maceta,  
humildemente bella y olorosa,  
viene envuelta en verdor y es mariposa  
que aletea en los versos del poeta.

Ramillito de añil, flor de lo umbrío,  
pincelada de cielo y de dulzura  
sin aderezos casi, ni atavío.

Hoy puse en un jarrón tu esencia pura  
para empaparme en toda tu hermosura  
y soñarte alhajada de rocío.

## **La Guerra (2)**

*(Antonia Álvarez Álvarez)*

la guerra...  
tiene niños asombrados,  
manitas de miseria y extravío,  
cierzos que cortan vidas y sembrados,  
grises atardeceres, sol sombrío,

## **Hinter Bäumen berg ich mich**

*(Else Lasker-Schüler)*

Bis meine Augen ausgeregnet haben,  
Und halte sie tief verschlossen,  
Daß niemand dein Bild schaut.

Ich schlang meine Arme um dich  
Wie Gerank.  
Bin doch mit dir verwachsen,

## **War**

War has lips turned blue,  
eyes of solitude, flesh of cold,  
fields of eternal night, an angry grimace,  
winters without autumn or summer,

## **Violet.**

Scented with love, sweet and discreet,  
hidden in the grass and shy,  
she appears in the february sun that  
shackles her,  
half hidden in the shelter of a crack.

Hermit without abode and without a pot,  
humbly beautiful and fragrant,  
she comes shrouded in green and is the  
butterfly that hovers in de verses of the  
poet.

Bouquet of indigo, flower of the shade,  
brushstroke of heaven and of sweetness  
almost without adornments, nor attire.

Today I put your pure essence in a jug  
to drench myself in all your beauty and  
dream of you covered in dew.

## **War...**

has kids bewildered,  
little hands of misery and loss,  
northwinds that cut short lives and crops,  
grey nightfalls, the sun obscured

## **I Hide Myself behind Trees**

Until the rain from my eyes has ceased,  
And hold them deeply closed,  
So that no one can see your image.

I slung my arms around you  
Like tendrils.  
Didn't I grow into one with you,

Warum reißt du mich von dir?

Ich schenkte dir die Blüte  
Meines Leibes,  
Alle meine Schmetterlinge  
Scheuchte ich in deinen Garten.

Immer ging ich durch Granaten,  
Sah durch dein Blut  
Die Welt überall brennen  
Vor Liebe.

Nun aber schlage ich mit meiner Stirn  
Meine Tempelwände düster.  
O du falscher Gaukler,  
Du spanntest ein loses Seil.

Wie kalt mir alle Grüße sind,  
Mein Herz liegt bloß,  
Mein rot Fahrzeug  
Pocht grausig.

Bin immer auf See  
Und lande nicht mehr.

Why do you tear me away from you?

I gave you the flower  
Of my body,  
All my butterflies  
I shoed into your garden.

Always walking through grenades,  
I saw through your blood  
The world burn everywhere  
For love.

But now I beat with my forehead  
My temple walls dark.  
Oh you false juggler,  
You strung up a loose rope.

How cold each greeting is to me,  
My heart lies bare,  
This red vehicle of mine  
Is pulsating horribly.

I'm always at sea  
And won't land anymore.

### **La Guerra (3)**

*(Antonia Álvarez Álvarez)*

la guerra...  
tiene dientes afilados,  
cuchillos de acerado desafío,  
boquitas de hambre triste y rostro helado,  
inmensa podredumbre hacia el vacío,

War...  
has sharpened teeth,  
knives of steeled defiance,  
mouths of miserable hunger and a frozen  
face,  
immense decay unto emptiness,

### **Strange Meeting**

*(Wilfred Owen - extract)*

It seemed that out of battle I escaped  
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped  
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.

Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,  
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.  
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared  
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,  
Lifting distressful hands, as if to bless.  
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,—  
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.

(...)

"I am the enemy you killed, my friend.  
I knew you in this dark: for so you frowned  
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.  
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.  
Let us sleep now..."

#### **La Guerra (4)**

*(Antonia Álvarez Álvarez)*

la guerra...  
tiene el ceño ensangrentado,  
harapos y negrura de atavío,  
alaridos sin nombre y sin soldado,  
desbordadas las venas, turbios ríos.

War...  
has its brow soaked in blood,  
rags and blackness of attire,  
screams without name or soldier,  
overflowed veins, blurred rivers.

#### **La Paix**

*(Laurent Christine)*

Le drapeau blanc flotte au vent,  
La colombe vole lentement  
Vers l'imposant horizon  
Quit joint ciel et champs.

The white flag waves in the wind,  
The dove flies slowly  
Towards the awesome horizon  
That joins sky and fields.

Le coulage du sang innocent  
Qui a permis un apaisement,  
Ce sang nous fait le don  
De vaincre le mal et rendre le bon.

The flood of innocent blood  
That has allowed appeasement,  
That blood provides us the gift  
To conquer evil and bring forth good.

On entend un silence profond  
Quand un seul son reprends  
La mélodie sommeillante au fond  
Du coeur de chaque enfant.

A deep silence can be heard  
When a single sound picks up  
The melody, dormant deep down  
In every child's heart.

#### **La Guerra (conclusion)**

*(Antonia Álvarez Álvarez)*

La guerra...  
sal en la herida abierta de la tierra.

War...  
salt in the open wound of the earth.