Song of Songs

Let us go, my Gypsy, my black love; your complexion is darker and your eyes are black; your legs are streaked and greasy is your hair; you're all black, you're all wild, oh my black love.

I cherish the scream from your eyes and I cherish the scream from your breast; it contains our love and in pain you love a woman and the pain bears the children, oh my naked love.

You're so huge in liberty and still greater is our love, our love's as dark as woods and as bloody as a god; my woman is the first among women: dark as a night, mysterious as a cloud, wild as this kiss of mine and mutinous as these verses of mine.

Our love a chaos will be: hazy and mixed and people couldn't find suitable words; we shall be kissing each other naked and warm and pinching's going to be our bloody song, I'll pull out your hair, and you'll press your eyes into my soul and the fury will be our damned song; we'll be winding like a snake and crawling like an ideal - and tragedy

shall be our desperate song; we'll be bewitched by our love - it'll flog us with horror and the pain

shall be our temple, grass and had a least the pain shall be our terrible song;

woods shall be our temple, grass our bed - chaos - our deity, and the souls our sacrifice.

Out of chaos a child shall be born, our child - oh, my illegitimate wife and my illegitimate love;

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and his name will be: an illegitimate child; and it'll wade the world hungry as our passion, damned as our song and bloody as this love of ours;

And the curse shall be broken on him and there'll be no place for him among the people;

he'll be damning his father and his mother and their love, taking the curse from men to god;

misery and horror shall tremble under his foot and there will be no crumbs of dried bread;

they will hunt him and chain him and crime shall be his food.

The world is dead, my love, and it's so dark in its boredom; the people is dead, my love, and dreamy is its song, the silence is insane, my love, and silence is their speech; look, they're sleepy and yawning's their day's music; their soul's as empty as the whores' laughter, and their laughter as lifeless as the law;

their laws are like their gods - oh, there's no heart in their deity; so dull is their sacrifice, as cigar smoke, and its smell like carrions' smell; there are no stars in their sky and the clouds are different; their sun is as pale as the death candle and the walls are their forest; it's so desolate, dark, my love, and their days are the same as their thoughts;

there's no unrest in their eye and their eye like a sow's eye is; there's no revolt in their movements and their movements like oxen's movements are;

there's no blood in their body and their soul like God is empty.

That is where we shall throw our baby, oh my black love; that is where his feet shall wade and his curse will flash; that is where the flame of his soul shall tremble: the thought of mutiny, the movement of revolt and the breath of fury; he'll be the one to wake the sleeping and resurrect the dead; and the chains shall be his fiancée.

You, illegitimate child of ours, oh you, illegitimate mother of his - as nameless as crime and as lonely as hunger!

And we'll cheer with the voice of our kisses and the fullness of our blood:

Oh, you nameless, you are our child!

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And our cry shall be the cry of fervor and impudence: as huge as eternity, as passionate as pinching and as seductive as a woman in the forest dark.

Let us go, my Gypsy, my black love; we shall kiss amid the chaos, and from chaos a child shall sprout, the child of our blood, the child of our souls, the child of our life.

Let us go, my Gypsy, my naked love; and we shall give birth to a child, a nameless child; and we shall give it a name, the prettiest name of the pretty: mutiny shall be his name, oh, you illegitimate love of ours!

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Translated by Damir Biličić