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BEATUS ILLE QUI

(Happy The One Who ...)

To Mario Quintana

I thirst for you

On this evening of lilac foam,

My constant friends:

Pink hyacinths, everyday things,

Blue words on bright purple lips

Like Quintana's poems.

I feel nostalgic for Muscat wines,

Beaumes-de-Venise,

I want scents:

Strawberry, vanilla, coriander,

Blue tits leaving the ground

Before even touching the sky.

I turn my gaze away

From sentences which are tangled up, jammed together, shut in,

From displays of wit which are ironic, cynical, cutting.

I, the simple scribe initiated

Into the ancient splendours of language

By the mystical Celtic knots

Of a humble and sweet solitude

Like the silk of idle hours

And the velvet of two eyes

Closing over the all-consuming fire of a tear.

Beatus ille qui procul negotiis ...

NOTE:

BEATUS ILLE QUI PROCUL NEGOTIIS .. Happy The One Who ...

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*□□□□ *Mario Quintana* □ 1906-1994 □□□□□□□□□□。