

Diamanda Galas **"Artimis"**

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by Gerard Nerval

The Thirteenth returns... Once more she is the first;
And she is still the only one, or is this the only moment;
For you are surely queen, first and last?
For you are surely king, O first and last lover?...

Love the one who loves you from the cradle to the
grave;
The one alone I love loves me dearly still:
She is death - or the dead one... Delight or torment!
And the rose she holds is the hollyhock.

Saint of Naples with your hands full of fire,
Mauve-hearted rose, flower of Saint Gudule:
Have you discovered your cross in the desert of the
skies?

White roses, fall! you offend our gods

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