

Solekahn

"A Stream"

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Along my way I passed through the marshes
Along their swampy edges I crossed the rivulet
The frog, the island, and the dowser stood before me
Damned!

He lives there alone in the fog
In a place one could only pass through

Everywhere black motionless dead waters
Dead horses white bones
Gas forces down my eyelids
The soil swelled
I dissolved myself and began to flow
I got as much arms as I see things raising

A beast three legs half developed
Two faces degenerated creature
Hanging near the banks
Blowing poison fumes through his nostrils... black
Thousands of people crossing the bridge
They have not been heard of since
Since chemical tanks make the river grow
Wastes and residues ran in my blood
A cloud of unfledged birds
Pulling out the last feathers to each other
Unsurprisingly they fall
The end of a generation

Over the plains I drift
Over the lakes I hang around
In a while I will drive, because there's a hole and there
I must follow the river bed
The sea is not far
And before all evaporates, I hear a voice calling

After having infiltrated the layers of the mountain
I met the hazel stick that were still rolling on
Birth out of the soil, water symbol of life and death
The frog, the island, and the dowser stood before me

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