

## Geoff Berner

### "The Violins - Al Kamantjaat"

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The violins weep with the Gypsies heading for  
Andalusia,  
The violins cry for the Arabs departing Andalusia.  
The violins cry for a lost epoch that will not return,  
The violins cry for a lost homeland that could be  
regained.  
The violins burn the forests of the far darkness  
The violins wound the horizon, and smell the blood in  
my veins.  
The violins are horses on a string of phantoms, and  
water groaning,  
The violins are a field of wild lilac that move forward  
and backward.  
The violins are a beast tortured by the nails of a woman  
who touches and then move away,  
the violins are an army that builds a grave of marble  
and melodies.  
The violins are the anarchy of hearts picked up by the  
wind on a dancer's foot,  
the violins are flocks of birds seeking shade under an  
incomplete banner.  
The violins are the complaints of the curled silk on a  
passionate night,  
The violins are the effect of wine denied to an earlier  
thirst.  
The violins follow me, here and there, to avenge me,  
The violins are searching to kill me, wherever they find  
me.  
The violins cry for the Arabs departing Andalusia,  
the violins weep with the Gypsies heading for  
Andalusia.

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