Séparation: Separation

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Séparation
Separation

by Sarah Slotkin

Les quatre catacombes
jouent leur jeu
et vous me tirez
dans chaque direction
pendant que le soleil
se couche

Et je crie « Ce n’est pas juste! »
et « Il fait froid ici! »
mais vous ne m’écoutez pas
vous ne m’écoutez plus

J’étais belle, tu sais
J’étais lisse
Rien ne pouvait m’arrêter
même si les squelettes
dansaient autour de nous
je n’avais jamais peur

La vie, ma chérie, le monde
sont devant ma porte
Et nous étions belles
nous étions lisses,
mais nos visages
sont toujours sauvages
Et ça, je le changerai,
seule,
sans vous.

The four catacombs
play their game
and you draw me
in every direction
while the sun
goes down

And I cry “It’s not fair!”
and “It’s cold out here!”
but you do not listen
you no longer listen

I was beautiful, you know
I was sleek
Nothing could stop me then
even the skeletons
dancing all around us
I knew no fear

Life, my darling, the world
were at my open door
And we were beautiful
we were sleek
but our faces
were always wild
And that, I will change,
I alone,
without you.