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## 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.*