

A World in Their Screams – English translation of the French text

NB: Please bear in mind that this English translation is merely intended as an aid for those unfamiliar with the French language. It should not be understood as an exact rendition of the original. Due to the poetic nature of the French text, subtleties of language such as elaborate constructions or occasional double meanings are inevitably lost, like in any translation of poetic texts.

<i>Ophis puthôn</i>	
<i>A World in Their Screams</i>	
<i>Ondes de sang</i>	<i>[Waves of Blood]</i>
<i>Le Dévoreur</i>	<i>[The Devourer]</i>
<i>Le Fleuve infini des morts</i>	<i>[The Unending Stream of the Dead]</i>
<i>Je rassemblais tes membres</i>	<i>[I Gathered Your Limbs]</i>
<i>Stasis</i>	
<i>Borée</i>	<i>[Boreas]</i>
<i>La Carrière d'ombre</i>	<i>[The Quarry of Darkness]</i>
<i>J'ai touché aux confins de la mort</i>	<i>[I Have Touched the Boundaries of Death]</i>
<i>Urserpens</i>	

στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη

μυθολογοῦσιν ἀετούς τινας ἢ κύκνους, ἀπὸ τῶν ἄκρων τῆς γῆς ἐπὶ τὸ μέσον φερομένους εἰς ταῦτο συμπεσεῖν Πυθοῖ περὶ τὸν καλούμενον ὀμφαλόν·

I have seen the new camps unfold,
the quarries of darkness where the slaves rot away.

Sun-war has reached its apex.
I fear the nearing darkness.

Last night, while your body was smoldering,
there was a world in your screams.
Love, I carve your face in the half-light of memory
and I hurtle towards utmost ruin.
Cries were heard coming from His monument –
this temple where darkness alone is our guide.
(A place for the cruelty of the people to be exerted without restraint.)

Woe! Woe betide the men of virtue
for they will be the slaves of slaves;
their bodies will fall first
and their names will be slandered.

Courage!
Resistance!

My body is a rope that vibrates between two realms:
strange harmony – not to glorify any world, never to hesitate about denying the gesture that gave birth to it.
The rope is a line, and the line is a stream –
the unending stream of the dead.
Hermes Infernal awaits the harvesting; the fields are ablaze.
The fire draws near.

στερρὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

There are no unconquerable citadels but in tacticians' books
and the stone walls are as fragile as the braids of your hair.
When they emerged innumerable, urged forward by the devourer and filled with blood to be shed, you did not shed a tear
and the walls resounded only of the screams of their blades.
The word engraved in the stone
that disperses the captured wind
carries toward forests to come
the history of these walls,
so that even the trees cry and grieve.
Thus, when the fog of sleep is made spray,
the half-light which carries you away
will not prevent you from glowing and making your name known.

Dead.

I was dead, and dead I entered the temple.

The serpent, master of the sun, lay motionless, and the ground began to tremble from the echoes of its wrath; its coils resounded of a thousand voices.

And the serpent of discord soared and devoured the sun to raise the reign of death.

You who are destiny,
ardour and fury,
forget the ash that flows from your chest,
do not mix it with the venom of the snake
and, without approaching the source,
undress
and descend into the Hades of war.

Descend into the Hades of war.

And if you see the One Unseen, do not halt
for you are not in the hands of the Unyielding.

ὑπέρ τε πόντον πάντ' ἐπ' ἔσχατα χθονός
νυκτός τε πηγὰς οὐρανοῦ τ' ἀναπτυχάς,
Φοίβου παλαιὸν κήπων.

When I reached the bank of the river,
I saw the dead swans and
I knew that we were approaching the infernal regions.

A well on the right, a white cypress nearby.

I listened to the whispers of time
and for one moment I tore from space
the sphere from which no life emanates.

The river is a lake,
a motionless sea
of which my thoughts are made spray.

εἰμὶ θεὸς τοιόσδε μαθεῖν, οἶόν κ' ἐγὼ εἶπω
οὐράνιος κόσμος κεφαλὴ, γαστήρ δὲ θάλασσα,
γαῖα δέ μοι πόδες εἰσὶ, τὰ δ' οὐατ' ἐν αἰθέρι κεῖται,
ὄμμα τε τηλαυγὲς λαμπρὸν φάος ἠελίοιο.

I am the sea on which I sail,
I am the ocean and the starry sky,
I am the sea that I profane, the sea where I founder.

My veins – a torrent,
my limbs – a forest,
my flesh – the bark of a tree
which conceals the dark heart of death.

The temple is destroyed and the god speaks no more.

Then I was seized with anguish.

I searched for your remains and gathered your limbs, when the wailers were gripped by terror at the sight of the snakes, innumerable,
which encircled your chest
like branches – they lived a life other than their own.

I held one in the palm of my hand and showed it the sun.

It froze and threw golden sparks.

Strange echoes reached us from Hell.

I made an offering to Persephone of this vein filled with noble blood
and I heard the song of the earth.

She welcomed me to the abode of shadows.

ἔνθ' ἀνεμοὶ πνείουσι δύω κρατερῆς ὑπ' ἀνάγκης,
καὶ τύπος ἀντίτυπος, καὶ πῆμ' ἐπὶ πῆματι κεῖται.

Pillage and murder.

May the doors bend and may the walls give in;
may the rain not wash away the ashes and
may the blood be an offering no more.

The fawn-coloured bricks reclaim their crimson hue,

the ground becomes fluid,
all fabrics turn black,
darkness transformed, murderous.

The flesh of the trees is putrid,
the war is the sky
and the ocean is a crowd.
The fires are advancing; carrion the people.

We will break the will of those men and submit them to the yoke of slavery.

Caught in the snares of dissension,
courage endures no more restraint.
Foreigners tear from us our soil and make us enemies;
brothers march against brothers and blood feeds on blood.

στεροὰ γὰρ ἀνάγκη.

Scream across the city, scream dead through a thousand screams: they are dead!

It exerts its will over a city of slaves,
because man is the most terrible beast.
The wars poison us, and
I know that by yielding to the black heart of the night
we will give up the common law.

Life under the lance and the soul on the sword:
the ways of fortune are cruel.

Filaments of eternal night
torn from the line of time,
the winds burn the bodies,
erasing traces, symbols or
alliances.

But the cold will not extinguish the pyres.
And if I die, it is to welcome Boreas in my veins.

I have seen the new camps unfold, the quarries of darkness where the slaves rot away.

The Omphalos screams of darkness.

I have returned from the quarry of darkness
for you. Among the dead you have chosen me.
I have returned from the forests of snakes entwined with darkness,
Its claws tearing from me the fantasy of a scream.

I have returned from the forests of snakes, entwined with darkness.
I have returned from the quarry of shadows.

I have touched the boundaries of death.

οὐκ ἄρ' ἔην γαίης μέσος ὀμφαλὸς οὐδ' ἑ θαλάσσης·
εἰ δέ τις ἔστι, θεοῖς δηλὸς
θνητοῖσι δ' ἄφαντος.

And here the journey ends.
I have tried to circumscribe the world, but it is lost in its course.
The soil is bloodred, the sky bloodred, the sea bloodred.
The Omphalos screams of darkness.
From now on the giant vultures will reign without mercy.
Wave of blood, burning wind: the Omphalos screams of darkness.
So come – come, for such is your kingdom.
Come.