FREEDOM

to write



Liberté by Paul Éluard

[English translation]

On my notebooks from school On my desk and the trees On the sand on the snow I write your name

On every page read On all the white sheets Stone blood paper or ash I write your name

On the golden images
On the soldier's weapons
On the crowns of kings
I write your name

On the jungle the desert The nests and the bushes On the echo of childhood I write your name

On the wonder of nights On the white bread of days On the seasons engaged I write your name

On all my blue rags
On the pond mildewed sun
On the lake living moon
I write your name

On the fields the horizon The wings of the birds On the windmill of shadows I write your name

On every piece of dawn
On the sea on the ships
On the demented mountain
I write your name

On the foam of the clouds On the sweat of the storm On dark insipid rain I write your name

On the glittering forms
On the bells of colour
On physical truth
I write your name

On the wakened paths
On the opened ways
On the scattered places
I write your name

On the lamp that gives light On the lamp that is drowned On my house reunited I write your name

On the bisected fruit Of my mirror and room On my bed's empty shell I write your name

On my dog greedy tender On his listening ears On his awkward paws I write your name

On the sill of my door On familiar things On the fire's sacred stream I write your name

On all flesh that's in tune On the brows of my friends On each hand that extends I write your name

On the glass of surprises On lips that attend High over the silence I write your name

On my ravaged refuges On my fallen lighthouses On the walls of my boredom I write your name

On passionless absence On naked solitude On the marches of death I write your name

On health that's regained On danger that's past On hope without memories I write your name

By the power of the word I regain my life I was born to know you And to name you

Liberty.