

# Christopher Arkell

Translations by Christopher Arkell from book "On Wings Over The Horizon|"

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Why do you need my sorrowing?  
Why is it that you need my rain?  
Long time ago they said they'd bring  
Me sun; but you will wait in vain.  
Why do you need my fragile dreams,  
My mad amusements? they are all  
Just mirage crystal chimes, the themes  
And frets of my insufferable soul;  
My sting, caressing each caress,  
My venom, sweet and merciless,  
I'd flee it all, but you, I guess,  
Are somehow happy with all this.

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Over the earth a pair of wings one day  
Soared in search of an angel under heaven;  
It was chance those wings to him were given  
And it was chance that they were ripped away.

Time slid by without the slightest mercy,  
Merciless its punishments and their toll,  
That was how the body lost its soul  
Once trusting it to those who are unworthy.

In the black flock the white one's out of place;  
It's hard through blackthorn to ascend the sky;  
So if you can be born an angel, try  
To die an angel, with an angel's grace.

A pair of wings, lost by someone, soar  
And lose their way where clouds in towers climb;  
I was that angel, once upon a time  
Perhaps; but they know nothing of me more.

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I try to keep warm from that moment  
Once more for that touch I'm in torment  
Touch of the miracle fate granted me  
To dissolve me within its embraces  
To soar and to crash, as the case is,  
Catch it glancing, or held in a sigh,

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Drink it down to the last tear in the eye;  
There'll be those say she godlessly sins  
And by madness she wins  
Applause, with her eyes too bold.

Not for me to know or to hear  
Better cast off my raiment, appear  
On a sky-soaring cross that I rear;  
Here I'm no saint  
Nor a pesterer  
Of men, just a jester.

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I will tell you of that deep resounding ocean  
Where I swam upon the wave's white foam;  
I will tell you of the grief-enscarred emotion  
When I couldn't love you, couldn't love you home.  
I will tell you of the vastnesses of heaven  
Where a cloud was made to tumble over earth  
Where I cast away the common rules we're given  
Where a dream of you miraculously had birth  
I will tell you of that distant starry brightness,  
The white one; unique; merciless.

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Forgive me opening your door, forgive that action,  
Without a knock or noise, I entered your home ground;  
I lit in you an ardour, yet I cooled my passion  
Whatever I've been searching for, I've never found;  
Forgive me that I trusted you and knew no shame  
Forgive me charming you with boldness aptly tuned  
Forgive me that for now and ever I became  
Upon your soul an ever-to-be-weeping wound;  
Forgive me for the laughter, the tears flowing in streams  
And for sincerity that you could not accept  
Forgive me O my darling for the rosy dreams  
Forgive me that you've never understood me yet;  
Forgive me all that's now and happened ere before  
That followed accidentally and cannot bind me  
For having opened once upon a time your door .....  
Yet now I turn away and slam it shut behind me.

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Passing you brushed and touched my swarthy skin  
Can't your palm now forget the warmth it found within?  
Forgive me that; look on my shoulder, know  
That it is there your candle likes to glow.

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*Was the sky not in abundance ....  
Was the sea so very shallow ...?*

Did I really hide my wings  
From your accidental fires?  
Just your hunger satisfied,  
Hiding well my soul so daring  
From my innermost desires.

With the sun did I not lave  
From your feet the very dust  
And all yesterdays efface?  
Did I ask that you should chase  
Every moonbeam to its grave?

Was I then the senseless squall  
Whirling in your sleeping chest  
Like a daring miracle?

Down from my rebellious height  
I fell, a sinful angel,  
Another's soul to light;  
You are silent; I don't hear  
How you begged to dry each tear  
On a dress of perfect white  
And be perfumed by an umber  
Skin's scent; recall the summer?  
Was the light not in abundance?