

FEAST OF HUNGER

I am hungry, Anne,
Ride away on your donkey, Anne...

Nigh the only taste I feel
Is for soil and stones. So peal
Din! Din! Din! Din! Make your meal,
Eat air, rocks, iron and coal.

My hunger grazes greedily
On the bran's common!
Sucking from the bindweed
Its gaudy venom.

Eat
The poor road-mender's broken stones,
Slabs from ancient churches hewn,
Boulders by the deluge thrown,
Loaves in the grey valley strewn!

My hunger is bits of black air;
The ringing blue;
- 'It's my stomach eager grits.
It's pure woe.

On the field the leaves are thick!
I journey on rotten fruits.
At the deep furrows I pick
The sweet weeds and the violet.

I am hungry, Anne,
Ride away on your donkey, Anne...

Arthur Rimbaud, from *Les Illuminations*
(1872-1873)

Translated by Salvador Ortiz-Carboneres