

My Wanderlust

Arthur Rimbaud's "Ma bohème"
Translation by Kathleen Moore (16-09-2016)

Off I went, fists in my sagging pockets;
My overcoat suddenly become ideal;
Off I went, beneath the sky, Muse, loyal to you;
Ooh, la! la! I dreamed only of splendid loves!

My only pants had a large hole.
Little Tom Thumb dreamer, I husked rhymes
Along my route. My Inn was the Big Dipper.
My stars in the sky softly rustled

And I listened to them, sitting on the wayside,
Those good September nights when I felt the dew
Drops on my brow, like a strong wine;

Where, rhyming in the midst of fabulous shadows,
I pulled the elastics of my wounded shoes like harps,
one foot next to my heart!

By Kathleen Moore