

## Song of Songs

Let us go, my Gypsy, my black love;  
your complexion is darker and your eyes are black;  
your legs are streaked and greasy is your hair;  
you're all black, you're all wild, oh my black love.

I cherish the scream from your eyes and I cherish the scream from your  
breast;  
it contains our love and in pain you love a woman and the pain bears  
the children,  
oh my naked love.

You're so huge in liberty and still greater is our love,  
our love's as dark as woods and as bloody as a god;  
my woman is the first among women: dark as a night, mysterious as a  
cloud,  
wild as this kiss of mine and mutinous as these verses of mine.

Our love a chaos will be: hazy and mixed and people couldn't find  
suitable words;  
we shall be kissing each other naked and warm and pinching's going  
to be our bloody song,  
I'll pull out your hair, and you'll press your eyes into my soul and the  
fury will be our damned song;  
we'll be winding like a snake and crawling like an ideal - and tragedy  
shall be our desperate song;  
we'll be bewitched by our love - it'll flog us with horror and the pain  
shall be our terrible song;  
woods shall be our temple, grass our bed - chaos - our deity,  
and the souls our sacrifice.

Out of chaos a child shall be born, our child - oh, my illegitimate wife  
and my illegitimate love;



And our cry shall be the cry of fervor and impudence: as huge as eternity,  
as passionate as pinching and as seductive as a woman in the forest dark.

Let us go, my Gypsy, my black love;  
we shall kiss amid the chaos, and from chaos a child shall sprout,  
the child of our blood, the child of our souls, the child of our life.

Let us go, my Gypsy, my naked love;  
and we shall give birth to a child, a nameless child;  
and we shall give it a name, the prettiest name of the pretty:  
mutiny shall be his name, oh, you illegitimate love of ours!

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*Translated by Damir Biličić*