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JOSEPH'S RETURN

Il ritorno di Giuseppe

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The countless stars at sunset
are contending the sky,
lights that meticulously
teach you the night.
An even-paced donkey,
your companion as you return,
scans the distance
as the day dies.

Before your eyes, the desert,
a sea of sawdust,
tiny fragments of nature's fatigue.
Men of sand have assassins' profiles,
locked in the silences
of prison with no boundaries.

The smell of Jerusalem,
your hand caresses the lines
of a thin doll, carved out of wood.
"You'll dress her up, Mary,
you'll play again
like you did when you were
a little girl".

And she flew into your arms
like a swallow,
and her fingers like tears,
from your eyebrow to the throat,
would suggest to this face,
once ignored, the tenderness of a smile,
an almost begged affection.

And the amazement in your eyes
rose up from your hands
that, empty around her shoulders,
filled up at her hips
with the precise shape
of a recent life,
of that secret that is revealed
when the belly leavens.

And to you, who would search the reason
of a deceit unexpressed by her face,
she offered the restless memory
among the remains of a gathered dream.



Le traduzioni di Mark Worden qui presenti sono la trasposizione letterale in lingua inglese dei testi delle canzoni contenute nell'album. È severamente vietata la riproduzione del testo in tutto o in parte.

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