

POEMS

OS POETAS DO CHAN DO MONTE

THE TRUE LOVE

*The night falls
and the dreams arrive,
She falls asleep
and he appears in her dreams,
The perfect boy.*

*She's happy and he's too,
but the day returns
and they have to separate them.*

*The night returns,
and with the night, the dreams,
with the dreams, the perfect boy,
and with the perfect boy, the happiness.
Their love is a gentle fire
that it can't be extinguished.*

Lucia 2B

*Just like a light in my heart,
Just like a lake,
You have come from so far,
You are the doll in my way,
You are the person I can't hate.
Just like a dear flower
You are the person who has the power.
When you are close to me
I have no fear,
I feel free
When you are with me.*

Ivonne 2ºB

*I saw bullets under the clouds,
I saw bombs in front of parks,
I saw the death in my house.*

*Just like a cloud on my heart,
Just like the moon it covers the sun,
You have appeared in my dark life.
You are the unpleasant toy,
You mustn't have coins.*

Bruno 1ºB

*In this world
The sun turns out
The sea doesn't shine
We never see stars*

*Let the Earth turns round
Because love is lost
In the end the smog
We can only can see pain*

*Not another kiss
Not another trip
Only we can see tears
Only we can see fear*

Alba 1ºB

*Love
My love
My wonderful love
My red wonderful love
Dark dazzling night
Dark night
Night*

Leonardo 2ºB

TRADUCCIÓN

Oscar Wilde

Les Silhouettes

*The sea is flecked with bars of grey,
The dull dead wind is out of tune,
And like a withered leaf the moon
Is blown across the stormy bay.*

*Etched clear upon the pallid sand
Lies the black boat: a sailor boy
Clambers aboard in careless joy
With laughing face and gleaming hand.*

*And overhead the curlews cry,
Where through the dusky upland grass
The young brown-throated reapers pass,
Like silhouettes against the sky.*

*I saw a wound under your heart
I saw a tear going down through your face
I saw guilt in your mind
but I saw hope in your eyes.*

Fátima 2ºA

*It's very soon
to say never.
It's very late
to say something.*

*When you say something,
you keep quiet a lot.
When you shut up,
for me to say much.*

Lucía 2º A

AS SILUETAS

*O mar está manchado con anacos de gris
O lento vento morto está desentoadado
E coma unha folla murcha a lúa
Móvese cruzando a tormentosa baía.*

*Gravado claro sobre a pálida área
Permanece o negro barco un neno mariñeiro
Trepá a bordo con despreocupada alegría
Con cara leda e man brillante.*

*E no alto os chorlitos chían
Alí na herba parduzca das terras altas
Pasan os xoves segadores de pescozos morenos
Como siluetas contra o ceo.*

Miriam Ferradanes