

サーカス/Circus

サーカス

幾時代かがありまして
茶色い戦争ありました

幾時代かがありまして
冬は疾風吹きました

幾時代かがありまして
今夜此処での一と殷盛り
今夜此処での一と殷盛り

サーカス小屋は高い梁
そこに一つのブランコだ
見るともないブランコだ

頭倒さに手を垂れて
汚れ木綿の屋蓋のもと
ゆあーん ゆよーん ゆやゆよん

その近くの白い灯が
安値いりボンと息を吐き

観客様はみな鯛
咽喉が鳴ります牡蠣殻と
ゆあーん ゆよーん ゆやゆよん

屋外は真ッ闇 闇の闇
夜は却々と更けます
落下傘奴のノスタルヂアと
ゆあーん ゆよーん ゆやゆよん

Circus

There have been however many eras
And there has been brown war

There have been however many eras
And in the winter gales have blown

There have been however many eras
The one here this evening, in its prime
The one here this evening, in its prime

From the circus tent's lofty beam
A solitary trapeze artist swings
A barely visible trapeze artist swings

Hanging his arms while upside down
Beneath the dirty cotton canopy
Yuahhn Yuyohhn Yuyayuyon

A white lamp burning nearby
Exhales its breath of cheap ribbons

The spectators, all of them sardines,
With oyster shells of ululating throats
Yuahhn Yuyohhn Yuyayuyon

Darkness beyond the tent the darkest dark
The evening stretches on endlessly late
The nostalgia of him in his little parachute
Yuahhn Yuyohhn Yuyayuyon

from Poems of the Goat