

Five poems by Arthur Rimbaud,
translated by Salvador Ortiz-Carboneres

ASLEEP IN THE VALLEY

There is a small green valley where a river chants,
Wildly, catching rags of silver on the water plants;
Where the sun shines from the proud hill's height,
There is a small valley brimming with light.

A young soldier sleeps, open-mouthed, bare head,
His nape by the cool watercress of the river bed.
Asleep; under the clouds, upon the grass he lies,
Pale, in his green bed where rays fall from the skies.

Feet stretched among the gladioli, sleeping still.
Smiling in slumber, as children do when they are ill.
Earth, do keep him warm. Be kind. He is cold.

His nostrils don't quiver with the fragrant wind;
One hand across his breast, he sleeps in the sun,
He is at peace. In his right side, two red holes.

October 1870

Arthur Rimbaud, from *Premiers Vers* (1870-1872)

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