

Li Lunatico	The Lunatic
Su Paráboles e Poemas de Khalil Gibran	On Parables and Poems by Khalil Gibran
Traductet in Interlingue (Occidental) de Dorlota Burdon	Translated into Interlingue (Occidental) by Dorlota Burdon
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Contenete	Contents:
Prefacie	Preface
LI LUNATICO	The Lunatic
Qualmen yo deveni un lunatico	How I became a lunatic
Deo	God
Mi amico	My friend
Li para-avie	The para-view
Li somnambulistas	The somnambulists
Li sagi can	The wise dogs
Li du eremites	The two hermits
Pri dar e prender	About giving and taking
Li sett selves	The seven selves
Guerre	War
Li fox	The fox
Li sagi rey	The wise king
Ambition	Ambition

Li nov plesura	The new pleasure
Li altri lingue	The other languages
Li granate	The grenades
Li du cages	The two cages
Li tri formicas	The three ants
Li interrator	The interrogator
Sur li scalunes del temple	On the steps of the temple
Li beat cité	The blessed city
Li Bon Deo e li Maliciosi Deo	The Good God and the Mischievous God
Defete	Defeat
Li nocte e li lunatico	The night and the lunatic
Facies	Faces
Li plu grand mare	The greatest sea
Crucificat	Crucified
Li astronom	The astronomer
Li grand desire	The great desire
Un halm de herbe dit	A blade of grass speaks
Li ocul	The eyes
Li du erudites	The two scholars
Quande mi Grive nascet	When my Grive is born
E quande mi Joya nascet	And when my Joya is born
Li perfect munde	The perfect world
Pri Khalil Gibran	About Khalil Gibran

Prefacie.	Preface.
Li planlingue Interlingue, quel esset creat de Edgar de Wahl in li annu 1922 con li nómine Occidental, have ancor nur poc litteratura.	The planned language Interlingue, which was created by Edgar de Wahl in the year 1922 under the name Occidental, has only a little literature.
In li recent annus Vicente Costalago ha scrit e publicat pluri libres in Interlingue.	In recent years, Vicente Costalago has written and published several books in Interlingue.
Il ha traductet litteratura, ma anc scrit original litteratura in Interlingue.	He has translated literature but also written original literature in Interlingue.
Yo comensat scrir in Interlingue in li annu 2020.	I began writing in Interlingue in the year 2020.
Yo ha scrit diversi racontas original in litteratura, ma anc quelc traductiones.	I have written various original stories in literature but also some translations.
Vu posse trovar les in mi blog Puellesses.	You can find them on my blog Puellesses.
Li roman Li Lunatico, quel Khalil Gibran publicat in li annu 1918, es mi unesim plu grand traduction in Interlingue.	The novel The Lunatic, which Khalil Gibran published in the year 1918, is my first major translation into Interlingue.
Yo traductet it ex li anglesi original, ma yo usat anc li german traduction de Kim Landgraf e li Ido traduction de Brian Drake.	I translated it from the original English, but I also used the German translation by Kim Landgraf and the Ido translation by Brian Drake.
In li comense yo volet solmen traducter quelc partes, ma li traduction in li international lingue Interlingue esset tant facil que yo decidet traducter li tot ovre.	Initially, I only wanted to translate some parts, but the translation into the international language Interlingue was so easy that I decided to translate the entire work.
Yo mult mersia David MacLeod e Leo Stif por corecter mi manuscrite.	I thank David MacLeod and Leo Stif for correcting my manuscript.
Li parabóles e poemas del lunatico es vermen un interessant textu, quel contene mult sagiesses quel es anc hodie, pos plu quam cent annus pos li publication, ancor actual.	The parables and poems of the lunatic are truly an interesting text, containing much wisdom that is still relevant today, over a hundred years after its publication.
Yo espera que ti-ci modest traduction aricha li litt litteratura de Interlingue e que it anc posse	I hope that this modest translation enriches the literature of Interlingue and that it can also

auxiliar trovar nov amicas e amicos por li bell e facil international lingue Interlingue.

help to find new friends for the beautiful and easy international language Interlingue.

Page 3

LI LUNATICO.

The Lunatic.

Qualmen yo deveni un lunatico.

How I became a lunatic.

Tu questiona me qualmen yo devenit un lunatico.

You ask me how I became a lunatic.

It evenit talmen: Un die, longmen ante que li deos hat nascet.

It happened thus: One day, long before the gods were born.

Yo avigilat ex un profund dorme e yo trovat que omni mi mascas esset furtet: Li sett mascas quelesyo hat fat e portat durante sett vives.

I awoke from a deep sleep and found that all my masks had been stolen: The seven masks that I had made and worn during seven lives.

Yo curret sin mascas tra li stradas criante: Furtades, furtardes, ti-ci damnat furtades.

I ran without masks through the streets shouting: Stolen, stolen, this cursed theft.

Mannes e féminas ridet pri me e quelc curret a su hemes havente timor de me.

Men and women laughed at me, and some ran to their homes in fear of me.

E quande yo atinget li piazza del mercate, un püer stat sur li tegment de un dom e criat: Il es un lunatico.

And when I reached the market square, a boy stood on the roof of a house and cried: He is a lunatic.

Yo regardat adsupra por vider le, li sole besat mi propri nud facie por li unesim vez.

I looked up to see him; the sun kissed my own naked face for the first time.

Por li unesim vez li sole besat mi propri nud facie e mi anim esset inflammat de amore al sole e yo ne volet plu portar mascas.

For the first time, the sun kissed my own naked face, and my soul was inflamed with love for the sun, and I no longer wanted to wear masks.

E quasi in transe yo criat: Benedit, benedit es li furtardes, qui furtet mi mascas.

And almost in a trance, I cried: Blessed, blessed are the thieves who stole my masks.

Talmen yo devenit un lunatico.

Thus, I became a lunatic.

E yo trovat e libertá e securitá in mi follie; li libertá e li securitá de solitá de esser

And I found freedom and security in my madness; the freedom and security of being

comprendet, por tis qui comprende nos insclavar alquó in noi.	understood, for those who understand us enslave us with something in us.
Ma ne lassa me tro fier pro mi securitá.	But do not let me be too proud of my security.
Mem un furtard in un cárcere es secur de un altri furtard.	Even a thief in a prison is secure from another thief.

Page 4

Deo.	God.
In li ancian dies, quande li unesim tremores del parlada movet mi labies, yo ascendet li sant monte e parlat a Deo e dit: Mastre, yo es tui sclavo.	In the ancient days, when the first tremors of speech moved my lips, I ascended the holy mountain and spoke to God, saying: Master, I am your slave.
Tui celat volentie es mi lege e yo deve obedir te por semble.	Your hidden will is my law, and I must obey you for the sowing.
Ma Deo ne respondet e desaparit quam un fort tempeste.	But God did not respond and disappeared like a strong tempest.
E pos mill annus, yo ascendet al sant monte, parlat denov a Deo e dit: Creator, yo es tui creation.	And after a thousand years, I ascended the holy mountain again, spoke again to God, and said: Creator, I am your creation.
Tu ha fat me de argil e yo debi omnicos a te.	You have made me from clay, and I owe everything to you.
E Deo ne respondet, ma desaparit quam mill rapid ales.	And God did not respond but disappeared like a thousand swift wings.
E pos mill annus yo ascendet li sant monte e parlat a Deo denov e dit: Patre, yo es tui filio.	And after a thousand years, I ascended the holy mountain and spoke to God again, saying: Father, I am your son.
Pro compassion e amore tu ha genitet me e per amore e adoration yo deve heredar tui reyatu.	For compassion and love, you have begotten me, and through love and adoration, I must inherit your kingdom.
E Deo ne respondet e desaparit quam li nebul quel vela li distant colines.	And God did not respond and disappeared like the mist that veils the distant hills.
E pos mill annus yo ascendet li sant monte e parlat a Deo denov a dit: Mi Deo, mi scope e mi	And after a thousand years, I ascended the holy mountain and spoke to God again, saying: My

realisation; yo es li tui yer e tu es li mi deman.	God, my purpose, and my realization; I am your yesterday, and you are my tomorrow.
Yo es tui radica in li terre e tu es mi flor in li ciel, e juntmen noi cresce vers li facie del sole.	I am your root in the earth, and you are my flower in the sky, and together we grow towards the face of the sun.
Tande Deo inclinat se süper me e chuchocat in mi oreles dolci paroles e mem quam li mare envelopat li riverette, quel flue a it, il envelopat me.	Then God inclined himself over me, whispered into my ears sweet words, and just as the sea envelops the little rivers flowing into it, it enveloped me.
E quande yo descendet al valleys e al planuras anc Deo esset ta.	And when I descended to the valleys and the plains, still, there was God.

Page 5

Mi amico.	My friend.
Mi amico, yo ne es to quo yo sembla esser.	My friend, I am not what I seem to be.
Semblar es solmen un veste, quel yo porta — un cuidosimen textet veste, quel protecte me contra tui questiones e te contra mi indiferentie.	Seeming is only a garment that I wear — a carefully woven garment that protects me from your questions and you from my indifference.
Li yo in me, mi amico logia in li dom del silentie, e ta it deve restar por sempre, inperceptibil e inaccessibil.	The I within me, my friend, lies in the house of silence, and there it must remain forever, imperceptible and inaccessible.
Yo ne vole que tu crede ni to quo yo di, ni que tu fide in to quo yo fa, nam mi paroles es necós altri quam tui propri penses in son e mi actes es tui propri esperanties in action.	I do not want you to believe what I say, nor do I want you to trust in what I do, for my words are nothing but your own thoughts in sound, and my actions are your own hopes in action.
Quande tu di: Li vente suffla al ost , tande yo di: Yes, it suffla al ost , nam yo ne vole que tu save, que yo ne pensa pri li vente, ma pri li mare.	When you say: The wind blows east, then I say: Yes, it blows east, for I do not want you to know that I do not think about the wind but about the sea.
Tu ne posse comprender mi maritim pensada e yo ne vole que tu comprende it.	You cannot comprehend my maritime thoughts, and I do not want you to comprehend them.
Yo vole esser sol sur li mare.	I want to be alone on the sea.

Quande it es li jorne por te, mi amico, it es li nocte por me.	When it is day for you, my friend, it is night for me.
Ma mem tande yo parla pri li midí dansante sur li colines e pri li purpur ombres, qui furtivmen vada tra li valley.	But even when I speak of the noonday dancing on the hills and the purple shadows that stealthily move through the valleys.
Nam tu ni posse audir li canzones de mi tenebre, ni vider mi ales battent al stelles.	For you cannot hear the songs of my darkness, nor see my wings beating against the stars.
E yo ne vole que tu audi o vide.	And I do not want you to hear or see.
Yo vole esser sol con li nocte.	I want to be alone with the night.
Quande tu ascende a tui Ciel, yo descende a mi Inferne.	When you ascend to your heaven, I descend to my inferno.
Ma mem tande tu voca me trans li invictibil abisse; Mi camarado, mi compagne , nam yo ne vole, que tu vide mi Inferne.	But even as you call me across the unbridgeable abyss; My comrade, my companion, for I do not want you to see my inferno.
Li flamme vell brular tui visivité e li fum vell plener tui narices.	The flames would burn your visibility, and the smoke would fill your nostrils.
E yo ama mi Inferne tro mult por desirar que tu visita it.	And I love my inferno too much to desire you to visit it.
Yo vole esser sol in li Inferne.	I want to be alone in the inferno.
Tu ama lu ver e lu bell e lu vertuosi; e pro te yo di que it es bon e convenient amar ti coses.	You love the truth and the beautiful and the virtuous; and for you, I say that it is good and fitting to love such things.
Ma in mi cordie yo ride pri tui amore.	But in my heart, I laugh at your love.
Ma yo ne vole que tu vide mi rision.	But I do not want you to see my laughter.
Yo vole rider sol.	I want to laugh alone.
Mi amico, tu es bon e caut e sagi; no, ti es perfect.	My friend, you are good and careful and wise; no, you are perfect.
E anc yo parla sagimen e cautmen con te.	And even I speak wisely and carefully with you.

E támen yo es un lunatico.	And yet I am a lunatic.
Ma yo cela mi alienitá.	But I hide my madness.
Yo vole esser alienat sol.	I want to be mad alone.
Mi amico, tu ne es mi amico, ma qualmen yo posse far te comprender?	My friend, you are not my friend, but how can I make you understand?
Mi via ne es tui via, tâmen noi marcha juntmen, manu in manu.	My way is not your way, yet we walk together, hand in hand.

Page 6

Li para-avie.	The para-bird.
Unquande yo dit a un para-avie: Tu deve esser fatigat star in ti-ci solitari agre.	Once I said to a para-bird: You must be tired of staying in this solitary field.
E il dit: Li joya es profund e durabil e yo nequande es fatigat de it.	And it said: The joy is profound and enduring, and I am never tired of it.
amb Pos un minute de pensada yo dit: It es ver, nam yo anc save ti-ta joya.	After a minute of reflection, I said: It is true because I also know that joy.
Il dit: Solmen tis qui es stuffat per pallie posse saver it.	It said: Only those who are tired of searching can know it.
Tande yo forlassat le e yo ne savet ca il complimentat me o ca il depreciat me.	Then I left it, and I did not know whether it was complimenting me or depreciating me.
Un annu passat, durante que li para-avie devenit un filosof.	A year passed, during which the para-bird became a philosopher.
E quande yo denov passat le, yo videt du cornilles constructent un nide sub su chapel.	And when I passed by again, I saw two ants building a nest under its hat.

Page 7

Li somnambulistas.	The Sleepwalkers.
In li cité, in quel yo nascet, habitat un fémina e su filia, de qui ambi esset somnambulistas.	In the city where I was born, there lived a woman and her daughter, both of whom were sleepwalkers.

In un nocte quande li tot monde dormit, li matre e li filia marchat ancor dormiente, incontrat unaltru in lor nebulosi jardin.	One night when everyone was asleep, the mother and the daughter, still asleep, walked and encountered each other in their misty garden.
E li matre parlat e dit: Finalmen, finalmen, mi adversaria!	And the mother spoke and said: Finally, finally, my adversary!
It esset tu, qui destructet mi yunesse e tu qui constructet tui vive sur li ruines de mi!	It was you who destroyed my youth and you who built your life on the ruins of mine!
Yo vole mortar te!	I want to destroy you!
E anc li filia parlat e ella dit: O odios fémina, egoistic e old!	And the daughter spoke too, and she said: Oh hateful woman, selfish and old!
Tu ancor sta inter me e mi libertá!	You still stand between me and my freedom!
Tu, qui desira que mi vive es un ecó de tui propri pallid vive!	You, who wish for my life to be an echo of your own pale life!
Ah, yo prefere que tu es mort!	Ah, I prefer you dead!
In ti momente un gallino comensat cantar e ambi féminas avigilat se.	At that moment, a rooster began to crow and both women woke up.
Li matre dit tant dulcimen: Esque it es tu, mi carissima?	The mother said so sweetly: Is it you, my dearest?
E li filia respondet anc dulcimen: Yes, mi car matre.	And the daughter responded just as sweetly: Yes, my dear mother.

Page 8

Li sagi can.	The wise dog.
Un die un sagi can passat un gruppe de cates.	One day, a wise dog passed by a group of cats.
E quande il aproximat se e videt que ili esset tre ocupat e ne atendet le, il haltat.	And when he approached and saw that they were very busy and not paying attention to him, he stopped.
Tande un grand e seriosi digni cat elevat se ex li gruppe e regardat de supra a altri cates e dit: Fratres, prega e quande vu hat pregat denov e	Then a large and serious-looking cat rose from the group, looked down at the other cats, and said: Brothers, pray, and when you have prayed

<p>ancor unvez e vu es sin dübit, vermen, tande it va pluviar muses ex li ciel!</p>	<p>once and again, and you are without doubt, truly, then it will rain mice from the sky!</p>
<p>E quande li can audit to, il ridet in su cordie e tornat se de ili e dit: O, vu ciec e stupid cates, esque it ne es scrit e esque yo e mi preavos ne ja longmen save que per pregas, crede e suplication, it ne pluvia muses, ma osses.</p>	<p>And when the dog heard this, he laughed in his heart, turned away from them, and said: Oh, you blind and foolish cats, isn't it written, and haven't I and my ancestors known for a long time that through prayers, belief, and supplication, it doesn't rain mice, but bones.</p>

Page 9

<p>Li du eremites.</p>	<p>The two hermits.</p>
<p>Sur un solitari monte habitat du eremites, qui adorat Deo e amat unaltru.</p>	<p>On a solitary mountain lived two hermits who worshiped God and loved one another.</p>
<p>Ti ambi eremites havet un scudelle argiliosi e to esset lor sol possession.</p>	<p>Each of them possessed a clay bowl, and that was their only possession.</p>
<p>Un die un maliciosi spiritu ineat in li cordie del seniori eremite e il venit al juniori eremite e dit: It es longmen que noi ha habitat juntmen.</p>	<p>One day, a malicious spirit entered the heart of the elder hermit and he went to the younger hermit and said, We have been living together for too long.</p>
<p>Li témpor ha arivat por noi por separar se.</p>	<p>The time has come for us to separate.</p>
<p>Lass nos divider nor possessiones.</p>	<p>Let us divide our possessions.</p>
<p>To fat li juniori eremite trist e il dit: To chagrina me, fratre, que tu vole forlassar me.</p>	<p>This saddened the younger hermit, and he said, It grieves me, brother, that you want to leave me.</p>
<p>Ma si tu deve surtir, dunc it es talmen, e il aportat li scudelle argiliosi, il dat it a il e dit: Noi ne posse divider it, fratre, it deve esser li tui.</p>	<p>But if you must go, so be it, and he brought the clay bowls, handed them to his elder, and said, We cannot divide them, brother, they must be yours.</p>
<p>Tande li seniori eremite dit: Ye ne va acceptar almosnes.</p>	<p>Then the elder hermit said, I do not accept charity.</p>
<p>Yo prende solmen to quo yo possede.</p>	<p>I take only what I possess.</p>
<p>It deve esser dividet.</p>	<p>It must be divided.</p>

E li juniore eremite dit: Si li scudelle es ruptet, quel usage it vell haver por te o me?	The younger hermit replied, If the bowls are broken, what use will they have for either of us?
Si it plese te, tande lass nos plutost lotar.	If you prefer, let us fight instead.
Ma li seniori eremite dit ancor unvez: Yo vole solmen justicie e solmen to quo yo ne permesse es que ni li justicie ni to quo yo possede es decidet per superb hazarde.	But the elder hermit said once more, I want only justice, and only what I do not permit is that justice and what I possess be decided by mere chance.
Tande li juniore eremite ne savet plu, qualmen il posse persuader le e il dit: Si it es vermen tui desire e si tu vole it malgré omnico tu vole it talmen, tande lass nos rupter li scudelle nu.	The younger hermit knew no more how to persuade him, and he said, If it is truly your desire, and if you want it despite everything, then let us break the clay bowls now.
Ma li facie del seniori eremite ne savet plu, qualmen il posse persuader le e il dit: O tu damnat caudard, tu ne vole combatter.	Ma li facie del seniori eremite ne savet plu, qualmen il posse persuader le e il dit: O tu damnat caudard, tu ne vole combatter.

Page 10

Pri dar e prender.	About giving and taking.
Un vez vivet un mann, qui possedet un tot valley plen de agullies.	Once, there lived a man who owned an entire valley filled with needles.
E un die li matre de Jesu eat a il e dit: Amico, li veste de mi filio es lacerat e yo deve lappar it ante que il ea al temple.	One day, the mother of Jesus approached him and said, Friend, the garment of my son is torn, and I must mend it before he goes to the temple.
Esque tu ne vole dar a me un agullie?	Would you not give me a needle?
Ma il ne dat a ella un agullie, ma il dat a ella un erudit discorse pri dar e prender por aportar it a su filio ante que il eat al temple.	But he did not give her a needle; instead, he delivered an erudite discourse about giving and taking to bring it to her son before he went to the temple.

Page 11

Li sett selves.	The seven selves.
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In li max quiet hor del nocte, quande yo jacet mi-dormient, mi sett selfes sedet juntmen e talmen conversat chucotante con unaltru:	In the most quiet hour of the night, when I lie half-asleep, my seven selves sit together and converse, chuckling with each other:
Unesim self: Ci, in ti lunatico, yo ha habitat mult annus e yo havet nequó por far, quam renovar su dolore e recrear su grive in li nocte.	**First self:** Here, in this lunatic, I have dwelled for many years, and I have nothing to do but to renew its pain and recreate its sorrow in the night.
Yo ne posse tolerar plu mi fate, nu yo rebelle.	I cannot tolerate my fate anymore; now I rebel.
Duesim self: Tu have un plu bon fate quam me, fratre, nam yo deve esser li joyosi self de ti lunatico.	**Second self:** You have a better fate than me, brother, for I must be the joyous self of this lunatic.
Yo ride su rision e canta su felici hores e dansa con trivez alat pedes su plu brilliant penses.	I laugh at his laughter, sing his happy hours, and dance with tripping feet his brightest thoughts.
It es yo, qui rebelle contra mi fatigant existentie.	It is I who rebel against my tiresome existence.
Triesim self: E quo es con me, li amorosi self, li flammant torche del savagi passion e fantastic desires?	**Third self:** And what about me, the amorous self, the flaming torch of wild passion and fantastic desires?
It es yo, li self qui es malad pro amore, qui deve rebeller contra li lunatico.	It is I, the self who is sick with love, who must rebel against the lunatic.
Quaresim self: Inter noi omnes it es yo, qui es li max miserabil, nam nequó altri es dat a me quam abominabil odie e destructiv abomination.	**Fourth self:** Among us all, it is I who am the most miserable, for nothing is given to me but abominable hatred and destructive abomination.
It es yo, li self qui es quam un tempeste, qui nascet in li nigri cavernes del inferne, qui deve rebeller contra ti lunatico.	It is I, the self who is like a storm, born in the black caverns of hell, who must rebel against this lunatic.
Quinesim self: No, inter vu omnes it es yo, li pensant self, li imaginari self, li self del fame e sete, qui es condannat a vagar sin repose serchant por inconosset coses e coses queles ne es ja creat; it es yo, ne vu, qui deve rebeller.	Fifth self: No, among you all, it is I, the thinking self, the imaginative self, the self of hunger and thirst, who is condemned to wander tirelessly seeking unknown things and things that are not yet created; it is I, not you, who must rebel.
Sixesim self: E yo, li laborant self, li compassionant laborero, qui con patient manu	Sixth self: And I, the working self, the compassionate laborer, who with patient hands

e li fortmen desirant oculus forma li dies a images e yo da li elementes sin formas nov e eterni formas, it es yo, li solitari self, qui deve rebeller contra li inquiet lunatico.	and strong desiring eyes shapes the days into images and gives the formless elements new and eternal forms – it is I, the solitary self, who must rebel against the restless lunatic.
Settesim self: It es strangi, que vu omnes vole rebeller contra ti mann, nam chascun e omni de vu have un predeterminat fate por realisar.	**Seventh self:** It is strange that you all want to rebel against this man, for each and every one of you has a predetermined fate to fulfill.
Ah, yo vell preferer esser un de vu, un self con un determinat destine.	Ah, I would prefer to be one of you, a self with a determined destiny.
Ma yo have null destine, yo es li self qui fa nequó, li self qui sede in li mut e vacui necū sin témpor, durant que vu es ocupat per recrear vive.	But I have no destiny; I am the self who does nothing, the self who sits in the mute and vacant nest without time, while you are busy recreating life.
Esque it es vu o yo, vicinos, qui deve rebeller?	Is it you or I, neighbors, who must rebel?
Quande li settesim self parlat talmen, li altri six regardat a it plen de compassion e dit nequó plu e quande li nocte crescet plu profundmen un pos li altri indormit envelopat per un nov e felici submission.	When the seventh self spoke thus, the other six looked at it full of compassion and said nothing more and as the night grew deeper, one by one, the others fell asleep, enveloped in a new and blissful submission.
Ma li settesim self restat vigil e regardat firmen adin li nequó, to quel es detra omni coses.	But the seventh self remained vigilant and gazed steadfastly into the nothingness, that which is behind all things.

Page 12

Guerre.	War.
Un nocte esset arangeat un festine in li palace e ta aparit un mann e prosternat se avan li prince e omni gastes regardat a il.	One night, a feast was arranged in the palace, and a man appeared and prostrated himself before the prince, capturing the attention of all the guests.
E ili videt que un de su oculus mancat e que li vacui orbite sanguat.	They noticed that one of his eyes was missing, and the empty socket bled.
E li prince questionat le: Quo evenit con te?	The prince inquired, What happened to you?
E li mann respondet: O prince, yo es un furtard per profession e in ti nocte, pro que li lune ne brilliat, yo eat por raubar li butica del mone-	The man replied, Oh, Prince, I am a thief by profession e on this night, because the moon was not shining, I entered the money changer's

cambiator e quande yo grimpat in it tra li fenestre yo fat un erra e ineat in li ovrería del textor.	shop to rob it, and when I climbed in through the window, I made a mistake and entered the workshop of the weaver.
E in li tenebre yo collidet con li textuore del textor e mi ocule esset extirat.	In the darkness, I collided with the weaver and my eye was plucked out.
E nu o prince, yo peti por justicie contra li textor.	Now, O Prince, I seek justice against the weaver.
Tande li prince fat advocar li textor e il venit e it esset decretet que un de su ocules es extirat.	The prince summoned the weaver, and he came e it was decreed that one of his eyes should be plucked out.
O prince , dit li textor, li decret es just.	Oh, Prince, said the weaver, the decree is just.
It es corect que un de mi ocules es prendet.	It is correct that one of my eyes is taken.
E ya, ve!	Behold!
Yo besona ambi ocules, por que yo posse vider li du láteres del drap, quel yo texte.	I need both eyes so that I can see the two sides of the cloth that I weave.
Ma yo have un vicino, un sapatero, qui have anc du ocules e il ne besona ambi ocules por su labore.	But I have a neighbor, a cobbler, who also has two eyes, and he does not need both eyes for his work.
Tande li prince fat advocar li sapatero.	Then the prince summoned the cobbler.
Li sapatero venit.	The cobbler came.
E ili extirat un del du ocules del sapataro.	And they plucked out one of his two eyes
E li justicie esset satisfat.	Justice was satisfied.

Page 13

Li fox	The fox
Un fox regardat a su ombre durante li ascension del sole e dit: Yo va haver un camel quam lunch hodie.	A fox looked at its shadow during the sunrise and said: I will have a camel for lunch today.
E durante li tot matine il serchat cameles.	And throughout the morning, it searched for camels.

Ma ye midíe il videt denov su ombre e dit: Un mus va suficer.	But by midday, it saw its shadow again and said: A mouse will suffice.
Page 14	
Li sagi rey	The Wise King
Unquande regnat in li distant cité Wirani un rey, qui esset e potent e sagi.	Once upon a time, there reigned in the distant city of Wirani a king who was both powerful and wise.
Il esset timet pro su potentie e amat pro su sagiesse.	He was feared for his power and loved for his wisdom.
Nu in li centre di ti-ta cité esset un puteo, li aqua de quel esset frigid e cristallin, de quel omni habitantes trincat, mem li rey e su cortesanes; pro que ne esset altri puteo.	In the center of the city, there was a well whose water was cold and crystal clear, and everyone, including the king and his courtiers, drank from it, as there was no other well.
Durant un nocte, quande omnes dormit, un sorciera intrat li cité e versat sett guttes de un strangi liquide ad-in li puteo e dit: Qui de ti hor trinca ti-ci aqua, va devenir alienat.	One night, while everyone slept, a sorcerer entered the city and poured seven drops of a strange liquid into the well, saying: Whoever drinks this water at this hour will become insane.
Durant li sequent matine, omni habitantes, except li rey e su chambellane, trincat del puteo e devenit alienat, exactmen quam li sorciera hat predict it.	During the following morning, all the inhabitants, except the king and his chamberlain, drank from the well and became insane, exactly as the sorcerer had predicted.
E durant ti die li homes in li strett stradettes e sur li piazza del mercate fat nequó altri quam chuchotar unaltru: Li rey es alienat.	Throughout that day, people in the narrow streets and market square did nothing but whisper to each other: The king is insane.
Nor rey e su chambellane ha perdit lor rason.	Our king and his chamberlain have lost their minds.
Noi certmen ne posse esser regnat per un alienat rey.	Surely, we cannot be ruled by an insane king.
Noi deve detronar le.	We must dethrone him.
In li sam vésperre li rey ordonat que un aurin cope es plenat con aqua ex li puteo.	In the same evening, the king ordered a golden cup to be filled with water from the well.

E quande on adportat li cope a il, li rey trincat profundmen e dat it anc a su chambellane por trincar ex it.	When the cup was brought to him, the king drank deeply and gave it to his chamberlain to drink as well.
E esset un grand joyada in ti-ta distant cité de Wirani, pro que li rey e su chambellane hat reganiat su rason.	In that moment, a great rejoicing spread across the distant city of Wirani, for the king and his chamberlain had regained their sanity.

Page 15

Ambition.	Ambition
Tri mannes incontrat se al table de un taverne.	Three men sat at the table of a tavern.
Un esset un textor, li altri esset un carpentero e li triesim un plugator.	One was a weaver, the other a carpenter, and the third a plowman.
Li textor dit: Hodie yo ha vendit un delicat mort-linage por du pezzes de aure.	The weaver said: Today I sold a delicate piece of linen for two pieces of gold.
Lass nos haver li tot vin, quel noi desira.	Let's have all the wine we desire.
E yo , dit li carpentero, Yo vendit mi max bon sarco.	And the carpenter added, I sold my best chest.
Noi va haver un grand rostbif con li vin.	We shall have a grand roast with the wine.
Yo solmen spadat un tombe , dit li plugator, ma mi patron payat me duplic por to.	I only dug a grave, said the plowman, but my employer paid me double for it.
Lass nos anc haver miel-pasteterie.	Let's also have honey pastries.
E durant li tot vésperre li taverne esset ocupat, pro que li tri mannes sovente comandat vin, carne e pasteteries.	Throughout the entire evening, the tavern was bustling, and the three men frequently ordered wine, meat, and pastries.
E ili esset gay.	They were cheerful, and the tavern keeper rubbed his hands together and smiled at his wife, noting that the guests were consuming so much.
E li tavernero frictet se su manus e subridet a su marita.	When they left the tavern, the moon was high in the sky, and they walked along the road singing and shouting together.

Nam li gastes consumat tam mult.	The tavern keeper and his wife stood in the doorway, watching them.
Quande ili forlassat lo taverne, li lune esset alt in li ciel e ili marchat along li strada cantante e vocante juntmen.	Ah, said the wife, such gentlemen!
Li tavernero e su marita stat in li porta del taverne e regardat ad-detra les.	So generous and cheerful!
Ah , dit li marita, ti seniores!	If they could grant us such fortune every day!
Tant generosi e tant gay!	Then our son wouldn't have to become a tavern keeper and wouldn't have to work so laboriously.
Si ili mey dar nos tal fortun chascun die!	We could educate him, and he could become a priest.
Tande nor filio ne vell dever devenir un tavernero e ne vell dever laborar tant penosimen.	Tande nor filio ne vell dever devenir un tavernero e ne vell dever laborar tant penosimen.
Noi vell posser educar le e il vell posser devenir un prestro.	Noi vell posser educar le e il vell posser devenir un prestro.

Page 16

Li nov plesura	The New Pleasure
Durante li passat nocte yo inventet un nov plesura.	During the past night, I invented a new pleasure.
Quande yo provat it por li unesim vez, un ángel e un diábol hastat vers mi dom.	When I tried it for the first time, an angel and a devil hurried to my home.
Ili incontrat se al mi porta e combattet unaltru pri mi nov creat plesura.	They met at my door and fought each other over my newly created pleasure.
Li àngel criat: It es un pecca!	The angel exclaimed: It is a sin!
Li diábol criat: It es un vertú!	The devil shouted: It is a virtue!

Page 17

Li altri lingue.	The Other Languages
Tri dies pos que yo nascet, quande yo jacet in mi silkin lulluore regardante con grand consternation li nov munde circum me, mi matre parlat al nutressa, diente: Qualmen standa mi filio?	Three days after I was born, as I lay in my silken cradle gazing with great consternation at the new world around me, my mother spoke to the nurse, saying: How is my son faring?
E li nutressa respondet: Il standa bon, seniora, yo ha nutrit le trivez, e yo ha nequande videt antey un bebé, qui es tant yun e ja tant gay.	And the nurse replied: He is doing well, madam, I have fed him the finest porridge, and I have never seen a baby so young and already so cheerful.
E yo esset indignat; e yo criat: To ne es ver, matre, nam mi lette es dur, e li lacte quel yo trincat, esset amari in mi bocca e li odore del mamme in mi narices es mal e yo standa tant miserabil.	And I was indignant; and I cried: It is not true, mother, for my bed is hard, and the milk that I drink tastes bitter in my mouth, and the smell of the nursery in my nostrils is unpleasant, and I am so miserable.
Ma ni mi matre ni li nutressa comprendet; pro que li lingue in quel yo parlat, esset li lingue del munde ex quel yo venit.	But neither my mother nor the nurse understood, for the language in which I spoke was the language of the world from which I came.
E ye li duant-unesim die de mi vive, quande yo esset baptisat, li prestro dit a mi matre: Vu deve esser vermen felici, seniora, que vor filio nascet quam crist.	And on the twelfth day of my life, when I was baptized, the priest said to my mother: You must be truly happy, madam, that your son is born a Christian.
E yo esset surprisat e yo dit al prestro: Tande tui matre in li Ciel deve esser infelici, pro que vu ne nascet quam crist.	And I was surprised, and I said to the priest: Then your mother in heaven must be unhappy, for you were not born a Christian.
Ma anc li prestro ne comprendet mi lingue.	But even the priest did not understand my language.
E pos sett lunes, un die un sortiero regardat a me, e dit a mi matre: Tui filio va devenir un important statmann e un grand ductor del homes.	And after seven months, one day a soothsayer looked at me and said to my mother: Your son will become an important statesman and a great leader of men.
Ma yo criat: To es un fals profete; nam yo va devenir un musico e yo va esser nequó altri quam un musico.	But I cried: You are a false prophet; for I will become a musician, and nothing but a musician.

Ma mem in ti età mi lingue ne esset comprehendet e mi astonament esset grand.	But even at that age, my language was not understood, and my amazement was great.
E pos triant-tri annus, in queles mi matre, li nutressa e li prestro omnes ha morit (mey Deo protector lor animes), ma li sortiero ancor vive.	And after thirty-three years, during which my mother, the nurse, and the priest all have died (may God protect their souls), but the soothsayer still lives.
E yer yo incontrat le proxim del portas del temple; e durant que noi conversat il dit: Yo sempre savet que tu vell devenir un grand musico.	Yesterday I met him near the gates of the temple, and while we conversed, he said: I always knew that you would become a great musician.
Mem durant tui infantie yo profetisat e predict tui futur.	Even in your infancy, I prophesied and predicted your future.
E yo credet le, nam nu yo ha anc obliviat li lingue del altri munde.	And I believed him, for now I have not forgotten the languages of the other world.

Page 18

Li granate	The Pomegranate.
Unquande yo habitat in li cordie de un granate, e yo audit un gran de seme quel dit: Un die yo va esser un árbol, e li vente va cantar in mi branches, e li sole va dansar sur mi folies, e yo va esser fort e bell durant omni sesones.	Once, I lived in the heart of a pomegranate, and I heard a seed say: One day I will be a tree, and the wind will sing in my branches, and the sun will dance on my leaves, and I will be strong and beautiful throughout all seasons.
Tande un altri gran de seme parlat e dit: Quande yo esset tam yun quam tu, nac yo pensat talmen; ma nu quande yo posse ponderar e evaluar tal coses, yo vide que mi esperanties esset in van.	Then another seed spoke and said: When I was as young as you, I thought the same; but now that I can ponder and evaluate such things, I see that my expectations were in vain.
E un triesim gran de seme anc parlat: Yo vide nequó, quel promesse un tant grand futur!	And a third seed also spoke: I see nothing that promises such a grand future!
E un quaresim dit: Ma qual mocage vell esser nor vive sin perspective por un grand futur!	A fortieth one said: But what significance will our existence have without the prospect of a great future?
E un quinesim dit: Pro quo disputar pri to, quo noi va esser, si noi mem ne save quo noi esse intot.	A fifteenth one said: Why argue about what we will become if we ourselves don't know what we are in the first place.

Ma un sixesim gran de seme respondet: Quocunc noi es, it es to quo noi va continuar esser.	But a sixteenth seed responded: Regardless of what we are, it is what we will continue to be.
E un settesim dit: Yo have un tal clar idé qualmen omnicos va esser, ma yo ne posse expresser it per paroles.	And a seventeenth one said: I have a clear idea of how everything will be, but I cannot express it in words.
Poy un ottesim e un ninesim e un decesim e tande pos multes parlat e yo ne posset plu comprender alquó, pro que li omnes parlat in li sam témpore.	Then an eighteenth, a nineteenth, and a twentieth, and so on, spoke, and after much talking, I could no longer comprehend anything because everyone was speaking at the same time.
E do yo translocat ye ti die al cordie de un cidonio.	So, on that day, I relocated to the heart of a quince.
Ta esset solmen poc semes e it esset presc silent.	There, only a few weeks had passed, and it was almost silent.

Page 19

Li du cages.	The Two Cages
In li jardin de mi parte es du cages.	In the garden of my estate, there are two cages.
In un es un leon, quel li slaves de mi patre aportat del desert Ninavah; in li altri es un sparro, quel ne canta.	In one is a lion brought by the slaves from the desert of Nineveh; in the other is a sparrow that does not sing.
Chascun matine in li aurora li sparro cria al leon: Bon matin, fratre prisonario!	Every morning at dawn, the sparrow cries to the lion: Good morning, brother prisoner!

Page 20

Li tri formicas.	The Three Ants.
Tri formicas incontrat se sur li nase de un mann, qui dormit in li sole.	Three ants met on the nose of a man who was sleeping in the sun.
E pos que ili hat salutet unaltru, chascun secun li custom de su tribe, ili stat ta conversante.	After greeting each other according to the customs of their respective tribes, they began to converse.

Li unesim formica dit: Ti colines e planuras es li max ínfertil queles yo ha conosset.	The first ant said: These hills and plains are the most infertile I have ever encountered.
Yo ha serchat li tot die por un alqual gran sin hante decovrit un.	I have searched the whole day for some great treasure but found none.
Tande li duesim formica dit: Anc yo ne ha trovat alquó, benque yo ha visitat chascun angul e clariera.	Then the second ant said: Neither have I found anything, although I have visited every nook and cranny.
Ci es, secun mi opinion, to quo mi tribe nomina li moll migrant land, sur quel nequó cresce.	This, according to my opinion, is what my tribe calls the 'soft migrating land,' where nothing grows.
Tande li triesim formica levat su cap e dit: Mi amicos, noi sta nu sur li nase del Suprem Formica, li max potent e infinit Formica, de qui li córpor es tant grand que noi ne posse vider it, de qui ombre es tant vast que noi ne posse traciá it, de qui voce es tant sonori que noi ne posse audir it; e Il es omnipresent.	Finally, the third ant raised its head and said: My friends, we are now on the nose of the Supreme Ant, the most powerful and infinite Ant, whose body is so large that we cannot see it, whose shadow is so vast that we cannot trace it, whose voice is so loud that we cannot hear it; and He is omnipresent.
Quande li triesim formica talmen parlat, li altri formicas regardat unaltru e ridet.	As the third ant spoke in this manner, the other ants looked at each other and laughed.
In ti moment li mann movet se e in su dorme il levat su manu e grattat su nase e li tri formicas esset aplastat.	At that moment, the man moved, and in his sleep, he raised his hand and scratched his nose, crushing the three ants.

Page 21

Li interrator.	The Inquirer.
Unquande quande yo interrát un de miselfes, li interrator venit a me e dit a me: De ommes qui veni a ci, solmen tu plese me.	Once, when I was questioning one of myself, the inquirer came to me and said: Of all those who come here, only you please me.
Yo dit: Tu mult plese a me, ma proquo yo plese a te?	I said: You greatly please me, but why do I please you?
Proque , il dit, li altris veni plorante e solmen tu veni ridiente e surti ridiente.	Because, he said, the others come crying, and only you come laughing and leave laughing.

Page 22

Sur li scalunes del temple.	On the Temple Stairs.
Durante li passat vésperre, yo videt sur li marmorin scalunes del temple un fémina, qui sedet inter du mannes.	During the past evening, I saw a woman sitting on the marble stairs of the temple, nestled between two men.
Li un látere de su facie esset pallid, li altri látere esset rubijat.	One side of her face was pale, while the other side was flushed.

Page 23

Li beat cité.	The Blessed City
In mi yunesse on dit a me que in un cert cité omnes vive secun li Sant Scrite.	In my youth, I was told that in a certain city, everyone lived according to the Holy Scriptures.
E yo dit: Yo va sechar ti cité e su beatitá.	I said, I will seek this city and its blessedness.
E it esset lontan e yo fat mult provisiones por mi viage.	It was far, and I made many provisions for my journey.
E pos quarant dies yo videt li cité e durant li quarant-unesim die yo intrat it.	After forty days, I saw the city, and on the forty-first day, I entered it.
E vi!	Behold!
Li tot habitantes de ti cité havet solmen un ocul e solmen un manu.	All the inhabitants of this city had only one eye and only one hand.
E yo esset astonat e dit a miself: Esque omni habitantes de ti tant sant cité solmen have un ocule e un manu?	I was astonished and thought to myself: Could it be that all the residents of this supposedly holy city only have one eye and one hand?
Tande yo videt que anc ili esset surprisat, nam ili astonat se mult pri mi du manus e du oculos.	Then I noticed that they, too, were surprised, for they were amazed at my two hands and two eyes.
E quande ili conversat unaltru yo questionat les: Esque to es vermen li Benedit Cité in quel chascun person vive secun li Sant Scrite?	When they conversed among themselves, I asked them: Is this truly the Blessed City where everyone lives according to the Holy Scriptures?
I ili dit: Yes, to es ti cité.	And they replied: Yes, this is the city.
E quo , yo dit, ha evenit a vu e à es vor dextri	I said, But what has happened to you, and why

ocules e vor dextri manus?	do you only have one eye and one hand?
E li tot homes esset emoet.	And the entire populace was troubled.
E ili dit: Veni e vide.	They said, Come and see.
E ili ductet me al temple in li centre del cité.	They led me to the temple in the center of the city.
E in li temple yo videt un amasse de manus e ocules.	In the temple, I saw a heap of hands and eyes.
Omnes esset marcit.	All were withered.
Tande yo dit: O ve!	Then I exclaimed, What conqueror has brought such cruelty upon you?
Quel conquestator ha fat ti crueltá a vu?	A murmur arose among them.
E murmurada venit de ili.	One of their elders stood up and said, We did it to ourselves.
E un del lor oldones levat se e dit: Noi ha fat it self.	God made us conquerors, and we conquered the evil that was within us.
Deo ha fat nos conquestatores e noi ha victet li malum, quel esset intra noi.	He led me to a high altar, and all the people followed.
E il ductet a me a un alt altare, e omni homes sequet.	He pointed to an inscription engraved above the altar, and I read: If your right eye offends you, pluck it out and cast it from you.
E il monstrat a me un inscryption, quel esset gravet süper li altare e yo leet: Si li dextri ocule ofende te, extira it e jetta it de te.	For it is more profitable for you that one of your members should perish, and not your whole body be cast into hell.
Nam it es plu profitabil por te, que un de tui membres deve perir e ne tui tot córpor es jettat ad-in li inferne.	And if your right hand offends you, cut it off and cast it from you.
E si tui dextri manu ofende te, decupa it e jetta it de te.	For it is more profitable for you that one of your members should perish, and not your whole body be cast into hell.
Nam it es plu profitabil por te, que un de tui membres deve perir, e ne tui tot córpor es	Then I understood.

jettat ad-in li inferne.	
Tande yo comprehendet.	I turned to all those people and cried out: Does anyone among you truly have two eyes or two hands?
E yo tornat me a omni ti homes e criat: Esque vermen null mann o fémina inter vu have du oculus o du manus?	They answered me and said: No, none.
E ili respondet a me e dit: No, nequí.	None of us is complete except those who are still too young to read the Holy Scriptures and understand its commandments.
Nequí de noi es complet except tis, qui es ancor tro yun por leer li Sant Scrite e por comprender su comandament.	When we came out of the temple, I left the Blessed City immediately.
E quande noi venit ex li temple, yo forlassat ínmediatmen li Beat Cité.	For I was not too young, and I could read the Holy Scriptures.
Nam yo ne esset tro yun e yo posset leer li Sant Scrite.	Nam yo ne esset tro yun e yo posset leer li Sant Scrite.

Page 24

Li Bon Deo e li Maliciosi Deo.	The Good God and the Malicious God.
Li Bon Deo e li Maliciosi Deo incontrat se sur li sómmite de un monte.	The Good God and the Malicious God met on the summit of a mountain.
Li Bon Deo dit Bon die, fratre.	The Good God said, Good day, brother.
Li Maliciosi Deo ne respondet.	The Malicious God did not respond.
E li Bon Deo dit: Tu es in un mal humor hodie.	The Good God then remarked, You're in a bad mood today.
Yes , dit li Maliciosi Deo, nam recentmen yo esset sovente confuset con te, on vocat me per tui nómine e on tractet me quam yo vell esser tu, e to desplese me .	Yes, said the Malicious God, because recently I've often been confused with you, they call me by your name and treat me as if I want to be you, and that displeases me.
E li Bon Deo dit: Ma yo anc esset confuset con	The Good God replied, But I have also been

te, on vocat me per tui nómine.	confused with you; they call me by your name.
E li Maliciosi Deo formarchat malediente pri li stupiditá del homes.	The Malicious God scoffed and cursed at the stupidity of humans.

Page 25

Defete.	Defeat.
Defete, mi defete, mi solitá e mi reserve, Tu es plu car por me quam mill triumfes, E plu dulci a mi cordie quam li tot glorie del munde.	Defeat, my defeat, my solitude and my reserve, You are dearer to me than a thousand triumphs, And sweeter to my heart than all the world's glories.
Defete, mi defete, mi self-saventie e mi bravade, Per te yo save que yo es ancor yun e agil E ne va esser captet per marcient laures.	Defeat, my defeat, my self-awareness and my bravado, Through you, I know that I am still young and agile, And will not be captured by withering laures.
E in te yo ha trovat solitá E li joya de esser evitat e desestimat Defete, mi defete, mi brilliant gladié e scude, In tui oculos yo lee Que esser detronat es esser insclavat E esser comprehendet es esser abassat E esser comprehendet es atinger su plenitá.	In you, I have found solitude And the joy of being avoided and underestimated Defeat, my defeat, my brilliant sword and shield, In your eyes, I read That to be dethroned is to be free And to be understood is to be humble And to be understood is to reach one's fullness.
E quam un matur fructe cader e esser consumptet.	And like a ripe fruit falling and being consumed.
Defete, mi defete, mi audaci compagne, Tu deve audir mi canzones e mi cries e mi silentie, E nequí éxter tu deve parlar a me pri li battient ales, E pri li urgentie del mares, E pri montes queles brula in li nocte, E solmen tu deve climbar a mi scarp e roccosi anim.	Defeat, my defeat, my audacious companion, You must listen to my songs and my cries and my silences, And beyond you, speak to me about the beating wings, And about the urgency of the seas, And about mountains burning in the night, And only you must climb to my rugged soul and rocks.
Defete, mi defete, mi immortal corage, Tu e yo deve rider juntmen con li storm, E juntmen noi deve spadar li tombes por omnicos quel mori in noi, E noi deve star in li sole con un volentie, E noi deve esser dangerousi.	Defeat, my defeat, my immortal courage, You and I must laugh together with the storm, And together, we must sword the graves for all who die in us, And we must stand in the sun with a will, And we must be dangerous.

Page 26

Li nocte e li lunatico.	The Night and the Lunatic.
Yo es quam tu.	I am like you.
O, nocte, obscur e nud.	Oh, night, dark and bare.
Yo ea sur li flammant via, quel es süper mi reves e quandecunc mi pedes tucha li terre e un gigantesc querco cresce.	I walk on the flaming road, which is above my dreams, and whenever my feet touch the ground, a gigantic oak grows.
No, tu ne es quam yo.	No, you are not like me.
O, lunatico, nam tu ancor retro-regarda por vider, quant grand un ped-tracie es, quel tu poslassa in li sand.	Oh, lunatic, for you still look back to see how large a footprint is, which you left in the sand.
Yo es quam tu.	I am like you.
O nocte, silent e profund; e in li cordie del solitá jace un parturient deessa; e in il qui nasce li Ciel tucha li Inferne.	Oh, night, silent and profound; and in the heart of solitude lies a laboring goddess; and in her who is born, Heaven touches Hell.
No, tu ne es quam yo, o Lunatico, nam tu frissona ancor ante li dolore e li canzon del abisse terre te.	No, you are not like me, Oh Lunatic, for you still shudder at the pain and the songs of the abyss terrify you.
Yo es quam tu, o Nocte, savagi e terribil, nam mi oreles es plenat del cries de conquestat nationes e sospires de obliat landes.	I am like you, Oh Night, savage and terrible, for my ears are filled with the cries of conquered nations and the sighs of forgotten lands.
No, tu ne es quam yo, o Lunatico, nam tu ancor suposi que tui micri ego es un compagne e con tui gigantesc ego yo ne posse esser un amico.	No, you are not like me, Oh Lunatic, for you still suppose that your tiny ego is a companion, and with your gigantic ego, I cannot be a friend.
Yo es quam tu, o Nocte, cruel e terribil.	I am like you, Oh Night, cruel and terrible.
Nam mi péctor es iluminat per brulant naves sur li mare, e mi labies es humid per li sangue de buchat guerreros .	For my chest is illuminated by burning ships on the sea, and my lips are moist with the blood of fallen warriors.
No, tu ne es quam yo, o Lunatico, nam ancor brulat in te li desire por un fratin spiritu, e tu ne es un lege a se self.	No, you are not like me, Oh Lunatic, for still burning within you is the desire for a fraternal spirit, and you are not a law unto yourself.
Yo es quam tu, o Nocte, joyosi e gay, pro que il qui habita in mi ombre es nu ebriat per yun vin,	I am like you, Oh Night, joyous and gay, for he who dwells in my shadow is now intoxicated

e ella qui seque me, pecca serenmen.	with a wine, and she who follows me sins serenely.
No, tu ne es quam yo, o Lunatico, nam tui anim es envelopat in li vele, quel es plicat settvez e tu ne tene tul cordie in li manu.	No, you are not like me, Oh Lunatic, for your soul is enveloped in veils, folded seven times, and you do not hold your heart in your hands.
Yo es quam tu, o Nocte, patient e passionat.	I am like you, Oh Night, patient and passionate.
Nam in mi péctor es interratt mill mort amantes in mort-linages ex marcit besas.	For in my chest, there are buried a thousand dead lovers in deathly embraces from withered kisses.
33 Yes, Lunatico esque tu es quam yo?	Yes, Lunatic, are you like me?
Esque tu es quam yo?	Are you like me?
E esque tu cavalca li tempeste quam un cavalle e capte li fülmine quam un gladié?	And do you ride the storms like a horse and capture the lightning like a sword?
Quam tu, o Nocte, quam tu, potent e majestic, e mi tron es constructet sur li amasse de cadet deos; e avan me anc passa li dies por besar li orle de mi vestiment, ma nequande regarda mi facie.	Like you, Oh Night, like you, powerful and majestic, and my throne is constructed on the heaps of fallen gods; and before me still pass the days to kiss the hem of my garment, but never to look at my face.
Esque tu es quam yo, infante de mi max obscur cordie?	Are you like me, infant of my darkest heart?
Esque tu pensa mi savagi penses e esque tu parla mi vast lingue?	Do you think my savage thoughts and speak my vast language?
Yes, noi es gemelles, o Nocte; nam tu revela spacie e yo revela mi anim.	Yes, we are twins, Oh Night; for you reveal space, and I reveal my soul.

Page 27

Facies.	Faces.
Yo ha videt un facie con mill visages e un facie quel esset solmen un singul visage quam it vell esser tenet in un forme.	I have seen a face with a thousand expressions and a face that was just a single expression as it would be held in a mold.
Yo ha videt un facie e yo posset vider tra su splendore li desbellitá sub it e un facie de quel	I have seen a face, and through its splendor, I could see the beauty beneath it, and a face of

splendore yo devet levar por vider quant bell it esset.	which I had to lift its brilliance to see how beautiful it was.
Yo ha videt un old facie, mult rugosi de necos e un glatt facie in quel omnicos esset gravet.	I have seen an old face, heavily wrinkled with experiences, and a smooth face on which everything was etched.
Yo comprende facies, pro que yo vide tra li stoffe, quel mi propri oculos texte, e yo vide li realitá sub it.	I understand faces because I see through the fabrics that my own eyes weave, and I see the reality beneath it.

Page 28

Li plu grand mare.	The Greatest Sea.
Mi anim e yo eat al grand mare por balnear.	My soul and I went to the great sea for a bath.
E quande yo atinget li litore, noi serchat un celat e solitari loc.	And when we reached the shore, we searched for a secluded and solitary place.
Ma marchante noi videt un mann sediente sur un grisi rocca e il prendet prene de sale ex un sac e jettat it adin li mare.	But as we walked, we saw a man sitting on a gray rock, taking salt from a bag and throwing it into the sea.
To es un pessimist , mi anim dit, Lass nos forlassar ti loc.	He's a pessimist, my soul said, Let's leave this place.
Noi ne posse balnear ci.	We cannot bathe here.
Noi continuat marchar til que noi atinget un litt bay.	We continued walking until we reached a small bay.
Ta noi videt un mann stante sur un blanc rocca tenente un buxe quel esset ornat con juvels, ex quel il prendet sucre e jettat it adin li mare.	There we saw a man standing on a white rock holding a box adorned with jewels, from which he took sugar and threw it into the sea.
E to es un optimist , mi anim dit, E anc il ne deve vider nor nud córpores.	This is an optimist, my soul said, And he shouldn't see our naked bodies.
Noi denov continuat marchar.	We continued walking.
E sur un bay noi videt un mann qui elevat mort pisces e il tendrimen retroposit les adin li aqua.	In another bay, we saw a man lifting dead fish and placing them back into the water.
Noi anc ne posset balnear avan su oculos , mi	We still cannot bathe in front of his eyes, my

anim dit, Il es un human filantrop.	soul remarked.
E noi continuat marchar.	He's a human philanthropist.
Tande noi venit a un loc à noi videt un mann, qui dessinat su ombre in li sable.	Then, we came to a place where we saw a man drawing his shadow in the sand.
Grand undes venit e efaciat it.	Big waves came and erased it.
Ma il continuat dessiner it, denov e denov.	But he continued to draw it again and again.
Il es un mistico , mi anim dit, Lass nos forlassar le.	He is a mystic, my soul said, Let's leave him.
E noi continuat marchar, til que noi videt un mann in un micri bay, qui haustet li scum del aqua e mettet it adin un scudelle ex alabastre.	And we continued walking until we saw a man in a small bay, scooping the foam from the water and putting it into an alabaster bowl.
Il es un idealist , mi anim dit, Certmen il ne devet vider nor nudità.	He's an idealist, my soul commented, Surely, he shouldn't see our nakedness.
E noi continuat marchar.	And we continued walking.
Subitmen noi audit un voce criante: To es li mare.	Suddenly, we heard a voice shouting, This is the sea.
To es li profund mare.	This is the profound sea.
To es li vast e potent mare.	This is the vast and mighty sea.
E quande noi atinget li voce, it esset un mann, de qui dors esset tornat al mare, e il presset su orel a un conche e escutante su murmurada.	When we reached the source of the voice, it was a man who had returned to the sea, pressing his ear to a shell and listening to its murmur.
E mi anim dit: Lass nos continuar marchar.	And my soul said: Let's continue walking.
Il es un realist, qui tornat su dors a omnicos, quel il ne posse comprender e il ocupa se solmen con un fragment.	He's a realist who turns his back to everything he cannot understand and only occupies himself with a fragment.
Do noi continuat marchar.	So, we continued walking.
E in un loc plen de malherbes inter li roccas esset un mann, qui hat interrato su cap in li sable.	In a place full of weeds between the rocks, there was a man who had buried his head in the sand.

E yo dit a mi anim: Noi posse balnear ci, pro que il ne posse vider nos.	I said to my soul, We can bathe here because he cannot see us.
No, mi anim dit, Nam il es li maxim mortal de omnes.	No, my soul said, Because he is the greatest mortal of all.
Il es un puritano.	He is a puritan.
Tande un grand tristesse covrit li visage de mi anim e su voce sonat afflictet.	Then, a great sadness covered the face of my soul, and her voice sounded afflicted.
Lass nos forear , ella dit, Nam ne hay un solitari, celat loc à noi posse balnear.	Let's leave, she said, For there is no solitary, hidden place where we can bathe.
Yo ne vole que ti vente eleva mi aurin capillatura, yo ne vole denudar mi blanc sinu in ti aere e yo ne vole que ti luce decovri mi sant nudità.	I do not want that wind to lift my golden hair; I do not want to expose my white bosom to that air, and I do not want that light to uncover my sacred nudity.
Tande noi forlassat ti-ta mare por serchar li Plu Grand Mare.	So, we left that sea to search for the Greatest Sea.

Page 29

Crucificat.	Crucified.
Yo criat al homes: Yo vole esser crucificat!	I created humans: I want to be crucified!
E ili dit: Pro quo tui sangue deve esser sur nor capes?	And they said: Why should your blood be on our capes?
E yo respondet: Qualmen altrimen vu vole esser exaltat except per crucificar lunaticos?	And I replied: How else do you want to be exalted except by crucifying lunatics?
E ili atentet me e yo esset crucificat.	And they attempted me, and I was crucified.
E li crucifixion mitigat me.	And the crucifixion eased me.
E quande yo esset pendent inter terra e ciel, ili levat lor capes por vider a me.	And when I was hanging between earth and sky, they lifted their capes to see me.
E ili esset exaltat, pro que lor capes hat nequande antey esset levat.	And they were exalted because their capes had never before been lifted.

Ma ili stat regardante me e un de ili criat: Pro quo tu desira expiar?	But they stood gazing at me, and one of them cried: Why do you desire to atone?
E un alti criat: Pro quel cause tu sacrifica te self?	Another one said: For what reason do you sacrifice yourself?
E un triesim dit: Esque tu crede que tu compra por ti precie li glorie del munde?	And a third one said: Do you believe that you buy the glory of the world for yourself?
Tande un quaresim dit: Vide, qualmen il subride!	Then a fourth one said: See, how he smiles!
Esque un tal dolor posse esser pardonat?	Can such pain be forgiven?
E yo respondet a omnes e dit: Memora solmen que yo subridet.	And I answered to all and said: Just remember that I smiled.
Yo ni expia ni sacrifica ni have un desire por glorie; e yo have nequó por pardonar.	I neither atone nor sacrifice nor have a desire for glory; and I have nothing to forgive.
Yo havet sete e yo suplicat vos dar me mi propri sangue por trincar.	I had thirst, and I begged you to give me my own blood to drink.
Nam quo posse extinter li sete de un lunatico, si ne su propri sangue?	For how can the thirst of a lunatic be quenched if not with his own blood?
Yo esset mut — e yo petit vülneres de vu quam boccas.	I was mute — and I asked for wounds from you as mouths.
Yo esset incarcerat in vor jornes e noctes — e yo serchat un porta a plu grand jornes e noctes.	I was imprisoned for days and nights — and I searched for a door for more days and nights.
E nu yo ea quam altres, qui ja esset crucificat, ha eat.	And now I eat like others who have already been crucified, have eaten.
E yo ne pensa que noi es fatigat del crucifixion.	And I don't think that we are tired of crucifixion.
Nam noi deve esser crucificat de plu grand homes e mem plu grand homes, inter plu grand terras e plu grand cieles.	For we must be crucified by greater men and even greater men, among greater lands and greater heavens.

Li astronom.	The Astronomer
In li ombre del temple mi amico e yo videt un ciec mann sediente solitari.	In the shadow of the temple, my friend and I saw a blind man sitting alone, thirsty.
E mi amico dit: Vide, to es li max sagi mann de nor land.	And my friend said: See, that is the wisest man of our land.
Tande yo forlassat mi amico aproximante me al ciec mann e salutat le.	So I left my friend, approached the blind man, and greeted him.
E noi conversat.	And we conversed.
E pos quelc témpor yo dit: Pardona me li question, ma desde quande tu es ciec?	After some time, I asked: Excuse my question, but since when have you been blind?
Desde mi nascentie, il respondet.	Since my birth, he replied.
Yo dit: E quel via del sagiesse tu seque?	I said: And what path of wisdom do you follow?
Il dit: Yo es un astronom.	He said: I am an astronomer.
Tande il posit su manu sur su péctor e dit: Yo regarda omni ti soles e lunes e stelles.	Then he placed his hand on his chest and said: I observe all those suns, moons, and stars.

Page 31

Li grand desire.	The Grand Desire.
Yo sede ci inter mi fratre li monte e mi sestra li mare.	I sit here between my brother, the mountain, and my sister, the sea.
Noi tri es unit in solitá, e li amore quel liga nos, es profund, fort e strangi.	The three of us are united in solitude, and the love that binds us is deep, strong, and strange.
No, it es plu profund quam li profundesse de mi sestra e plu fort quam li fortie de mi fratre e plu strangi quam li strangitá de mi follie.	No, it is deeper than the depth of my sister, stronger than the strength of my brother, and stranger than the strangeness of my folly.
Epocas e epocas ha passat desde que li unesim grisi aurora fat nos visibil unaltru e benque noi ha videt li nascentie, li abundantie e li morte de mult mundes, noi ancor es avid e yun.	Ages and ages have passed since the first gray dawn made us visible to each other, and although we have seen the birth, the abundance, and the death of many worlds, we are still hungry and young.

Noi es yun e avid e támen noi es sin amante e nequí ha visitat nos.	We are young and hungry, yet we are without lovers, and no one has visited us.
E benque noi jace in neruptet demí-inbrassade, noi es ínconsolat.	And though we lie in uninterrupted semi-embrace, we are inconsolable.
E quel consolation hay por un controlat desire e un nerealizat passion?	What consolation is there for a restrained desire and an unrealized passion?
De ü veni li flammant deo por calentar li lette de mi sestra?	From where comes the flaming god to warm the bed of my sister?
E quel torrent extinte li foy de mi fratre?	And what torrent extinguishes the fire of my brother?
E qui es li fémina, qui comanda mi cordie?	And who is the female that commands my heart?
In li tranqulitá del nocte mi sestra murmura in li dorme li nómine inconosset del foy-deo, e mi fratre advoca in li lontanie li frigid e distant deessa.	In the tranquility of the night, my sister murmurs in her sleep the unknown name of the fire-god, and my brother calls in the distance the frigid and distant goddess.
Ma quem yo advoca in mi dorme?	But whom do I call in my sleep?
Yo ne save.	I do not know.
Yo sede ci inter mi fratre li monte e mi sestra li mare.	I sit here between my brother, the mountain, and my sister, the sea.
Noi tri es unit in solitá, e li amore quel liga nos, es profund, fort e strangi.	The three of us are united in solitude, and the love that binds us is deep, strong, and strange.

Page 32

Un halm de herbe dit.	A Blade of Grass Speaks.
Un halm de herbe dit a un folie de autun: Tu fa cadent tant mult brue!	A blade of grass said to an autumn leaf: You fall so noisily!
Tu disperse mi reves hivernal!	You scatter my winter dreams!
Li folie dit indignat: Bassmen nascet e bassmen habitant!	The leaf said indignantly: We are born low and dwell low!

Ne cantante tu solmen plendi coses!	Do not only complain about things!
Tu ne habita in li alt aere e tu ne posse comprender li son del cantada.	You do not inhabit the high air, and you cannot comprehend the sound of the song.
Tande li folie de autun jacentat se sur li terre e dormit.	So, the autumn leaf lay on the ground and slept.
E quande it devenit verne, it avigilat se denov — e nu it esset un halm de herbe.	And when it became spring, it woke up again — now it was a blade of grass.
E quande it devenit autun e su hibernation esset proxim e süper it tra li aere folies cadet, it murmurat a se self: O ti folies de autun!	And when it became autumn, and its hibernation was nearing its end, above it through the air, leaves fell noisily, it murmured to itself: Oh, you autumn leaves!
Ili fa un tal brue.	They make such noise.
Ili disperse mi reves hivernal.	They scatter my winter dreams.

Page 33

Li ocul.	The Eye.
Un die li Ocul dit: Yo vide ultra ti valleys un monte velat per blu nebul.	One day the Eye said: I see beyond those valleys a mountain veiled by blue mist.
Esque it ne es bell?	Isn't it beautiful?
Li Orel escutat e pos escutada intensivmen durant quelc témpor, it dit: Ma ü es aquel monte?	The Ear listened, and after intense listening for some time, it said: But where is that mountain?
Yo ne audi it.	I cannot hear it.
Tande li Manu parlat e dit: Yo proba in van sentir o tuchar it, e yo ne posse trovar it.	Then the Hand spoke and said: I have vainly tried to feel or touch it, and I cannot find it.
E li Nase dit: Ta ne es un monte, yo ne posse odorar it.	And the Nose said: I cannot smell it; that is not a mountain.
Tande li Ocul tornat se e omni altres juntmen comensat parlar pri li strangi halucination del Ocul.	Then the Eye turned, and all others together began to speak about the strange hallucination of the Eye.

E ili dit: Alquó ne es in órdine con li Ocul.	And they said: Something is not in order with the Eye.
Page 34	
Li du erudites.	The Two Erudites.
Unquande habitat in li antiquí cité Afkar du erudit mannes, qui odiat e deprecia li saventie del altri.	Once in the ancient city of Afkar lived two learned men who hated and disparaged each other's knowledge.
Nam un de ili negat li existentie del deos e li altri esset religiosi.	One of them denied the existence of gods, while the other was religious.
Un die ambis incontrat se in li piazza de mercate e ili comensat disputar e arguer se inter su disciples pro li existentie o ne-existentie del deos.	One day, both happened to encounter each other in the marketplace, and they began to argue and debate among their disciples about the existence or non-existence of gods.
E ili departet pos har disputat por quelc hores.	After hours of heated discussion, they parted ways.
In ti véspre li íncredent mann eat in li temple e prosternat se avan li altare e pregat al deos que ili pardona le su peccosi vive.	That evening, the unbelieving man went into the temple, prostrated himself before the altar, and prayed to the gods to forgive him his sinful life.
Durant li sam hor li altri erudit mann, qui sempre hat defendet li deos, brulat su sant libres.	At the same time, the other erudite man, who had always defended the gods, burned his sacred books because he had become an unbeliever.
Nam il devenit incredent.	Nam il devenit incredent.

Page 35

Quande mi Grive nascet.	When My Thrush Was Born.
Quande mi Grive nascet yo cuidat pri it con affection e gardat it con amant tendresse.	When my thrush was born, I cared for it with affection and guarded it with loving tenderness.
E mi Grive crescet quam omni vivant entes, fortmen e bellmen e plen de marvelosi joya.	And as my thrush grew, it became strong, beautiful, and filled with marvelous joy.

E noi amat unaltru, mi Grive e yo, e noi amat li munde circum noi.	We loved each other, my thrush and I, and we loved the world around us.
Nam mi Grive havet un benevolent cordie e mi cordie esset benigni con it.	For my thrush had a benevolent heart, and my heart was kind to it.
E quande noi conversat, mi Grive e yo, nor dies havet ales e nor noctes esset circumdat de somnies.	When we conversed, my thrush and I, our days had wings, and our nights were surrounded by dreams.
Nam mi Grive have un eloquent lingue e mi lingue esset eloquent con it.	For my thrush had an eloquent tongue, and my tongue was eloquent with it.
E quande noi cantat juntmen, mi Grive e yo, nor vicinos sedet ye lor fenestres e escutat, nam nor canzones esset tam profund quam li mare e nor melodies esset plen de strangi memories.	When we sang together, my thrush and I, our neighbors sat by their windows and listened, for our songs were as deep as the sea, and our melodies were full of strange memories.
E quande noi marchat juntmen, mi Grive e yo, li homes regardat nos con afabil oculos chuchotante extrem dolci paroles.	And when we walked together, my thrush and I, people looked at us with friendly eyes, whispering extremely sweet words.
E anc esset ti-ta homes qui regardat a noi invidiosimen, nam mi Grive esset un nobli cose e yo esset fier pro mi Grive.	And there were even those who looked at us enviously, for my thrush was a noble thing, and I was proud of my thrush.
Ma mi Grive morit quam omni vivant coses e yo restat solitari por meditar e ponderar.	But my thrush died, like all living things, and I remained alone to meditate and ponder.
E nu quande yo parla, mi paroles frappa pesantmen a mi oreles.	Now when I speak, my words fall heavily on my ears.
E quande yo canta mi canzones, mi vicinos ne veni por escutar.	And when I sing my songs, my neighbors do not come to listen.
E quande yo marcha in li stradas, nequí regarda vers me.	And when I walk in the streets, no one looks towards me.
Solmen in mi dorme yo audi voces diente compatientmen: Vide, ta jace li mann de qui Grive morit.	Only in my sleep do I hear voices saying compassionately: See, there lies the one whose thrush has died.

E quande mi joya nascet, yo tenet it in mi brasses e stat sur li tegment de mi dom criante: Veni, mi vicini, veni e vide, nam hodie mi Joya nascet.	And when my jewel was born, I held it in my arms and stood on the roof of my house crying: Come, my neighbors, come and see, for today my Jewel is born.
Veni e vide ti joyosi ente, quel ride in li sole.	Come and see this joyful being, which laughs in the sun.
Ma nequí de mi vicini venit por regadar mi Joya, e mi astonament esset grand.	But none of my neighbors came to see my Jewel, and my amazement was great.
E chascun die durant sett mensus yo proclamet mi Joya del tegment de mi dom, ma nequí escutat me.	And every day for seven months, I proclaimed my Jewel from the roof of my house, but no one listened to me.
E mi Joya e yo esset solitari, indesirat e invisitat.	And my Jewel and I were lonely, unwanted, and unseen.
Tande my Joya devenit pallid e fatigat, pro que null altri cordie except li mi videt su bellitá e null altri labies besat su labies.	Then my Jewel became pale and weary, for no other heart saw its beauty, and no other lips kissed its lips.
Tande mi joya morit pro isolation.	Then my jewel died of isolation.
E nu yo solmen memora mi mort Joya per memorar mi mort Grive.	Now, I only remember my dead Jewel to remember my dead Thrush.
Ma li memorie es solmen un folie autunal quel murmura un poc in li vente e poy it ne es audit plu.	But the memory is only an autumnal madness that murmurs a little in the wind, and then it is no longer heard.

Page 37

Li perfect munde.	The Perfect World.
Deo del perdit animes, qui es self perdit inter li deos, audi me: Dulci Destine quel cuida pri noi, dement e vagant spiritus, audi me: Yo habita in medie del perfect popul, yo li max imperfect.	God of lost souls, who are lost within the gods, hear me: Sweet Destiny, who cares for us, erratic and wandering spirits, hear me: I dwell in the midst of the perfect people, I, the most imperfect.
Yo, un homan cáos, un nebul de confuset elementes, yo move me inter complet mundes — homes con complet leges e pur órdines, de	I, a chaotic human, a nebula of confused elements, move among complete worlds — people with complete laws and pure orders,

qui penses es assortit, de qui somnies es arangeat, e de qui visiones es registrat.	whose thoughts are harmonized, dreams arranged, and visions recorded.
Lor vertùs, o Deo, es mesurat, lor peccas es pesat, e mem li innumerabil coses, queles passa in li pallid crepuscul inter pecca e vertü, es registrat e catalogisat.	Their virtues, oh God, are measured, their sins weighed, and even the countless things that pass in the pale twilight between sin and virtue are recorded and cataloged.
Ci dies e noctes es dividet inter sesones de conduida e guvernat per regules de ínreprochabil acuratesse.	These days and nights are divided into seasons of conduct and governed by rules of impeccable precision.
Manjar, trincar, dormir, covrir li nudità e poy esser fatigat in just témpor.	Eating, drinking, sleeping, covering nudity, and then getting tired at just the right time.
Laborar, luder, cantar, dansar e poy jacer sin mover quande li horloge clochea li hor.	Working, playing, singing, dancing, and then lying still without moving when the clock strikes the hour.
Pensar talmen, sentir tant e tande cessar pensar e sentir quande un cert stelle ascendet ta süper li horizonte.	Thinking so much, feeling so much, and then ceasing to think and feel when a certain star ascends above the horizon.
Furter un vicino subridente, disdonar donationes con un gracil movement del manu, laudar prudentmen, blamar cautmen, por destructer un son per un parol, brular un córpor per un hala e tande lavar li manus quande li labore del jorne es finit.	Stealing a neighbor's smile, forgiving donations with a graceful hand movement, praising prudently, blaming cautiously, destroying a dream with a word, burning a body with a breath, and then washing hands when the day's work is done.
Amar secun un etablisset órdine, divertir su max bon ego in un prejudiciat maniere, adorar li deos convenientmen, intrigar li diáboles astutmen — e tande obliviar omnicos quam li memories esset mort.	Loving according to an established order, amusing oneself in the best possible way, worshiping the gods appropriately, intriguing with the devils cleverly — and then forgetting everything as if memories were dead.
Imaginar per un motive, contemplar con consideration, esser felici dulcimen, sufferer noblimen — e tande vacuar li tasse por que deman it va esser denov riplenat.	Imagining for a reason, contemplating with consideration, being happy sweetly, suffering nobly — and then emptying the cup so that tomorrow it will be filled again.
Omni ti coses, O Deo, es conceptet con prevision, nascet con determination, cuidat con exactitá, guvernat per regules, directet per rason, e tande mortat e interrnat secun un perscrit metode.	All these things, O God, are conceived with foresight, born with determination, cared for with exactitude, governed by rules, directed by reason, and then mortally interred according to a prescribed method.

E mem lor silent tombes, queles jace intra li homan anim es marcat e nümerat.	Even their silent tombs, lying within the human soul, are marked and numbered.
It es un perfect munde, un munde del perfect excellentie, un munde del suprem marveles, li max matur fructe in li jardin de Deo, li mastrepense del universe.	It is a perfect world, a world of perfect excellence, a world of supreme marvels, the ripest fruit in the garden of God, the masterpiece of the universe.
Ma pro quo yo deve esser ci, O Deo, yo un verdi seme del ínrealisat passion, un furiosi tempeste, quel sercha ni ost ni west, un confuset fragment de un brulat planete?	But why must I be here, O God, a green seed of unrealized passion, a furious storm seeking neither east nor west, a confused fragment of a burnt planet?
Pro quo yo es ci, O Deo del perdit animes, qui es self perdit inter li deos?	Why am I here, O God of lost souls, who are lost within the gods?

Page 38

Pri Khalil Gibran.	About Khalil Gibran
Khalil Gibran (1883-1931) esset un poet, pictor e filosof de Libano e USA.	Khalil Gibran (1883-1931) was a poet, painter, and philosopher from Lebanon and the USA.
Il nascet li 6-im de januar 1883 in Bsharri in li nord de Libano e morit ye li 10-1m de april 1931 in New York.	He was born on January 6, 1883, in Bsharri in northern Lebanon, and he passed away on April 10, 1931, in New York.
Khalil Gibran emigrat con su matre, sestras e mi-fratres de Libano a USA.	Khalil Gibran emigrated with his mother, sisters, and half-brothers from Lebanon to the USA.
Pos su retorn in li annu 1897 il studiat in Libano arte, francesi, arab e arab litteratura.	After his return in 1897, he studied art, French, Arabic, and Arabic literature in Lebanon.
Khalil Gibran retornat via Paris a Boston in li annu 1899.	Khalil Gibran returned via Paris to Boston in 1899.
In li annu 1904 il havet su unesim successes quam pictor.	In 1904, he achieved his first success as a painter.
In li annu 1908 Khalil Gibran comensat studiar in Paris arte e europian litteratura.	In 1908, he began studying art and European literature in Paris.
In li annu 1912 il translocat se a USA e comensat publicar romanes.	In 1912, Khalil Gibran relocated to the USA and started publishing novels.

Khalil Gibran apartenet al cristan Ecclesia de Maronites.	He belonged to the Maronite Christian Church.
Il morit li 10-im de april 1931 pro cancere de hépate.	He passed away on April 10, 1931, due to liver cancer.
Til li annu 1918 Khalil Gibran scrit su romanes in arabic, ma desde li annu 1918 il scrit su libres in anglesi.	Until 1918, Khalil Gibran wrote his works in Arabic, but from 1918 onward, he wrote in English.
Li ovre de Khalil Gibran es egardat quam ligament inter li filosofie del oriente quam li sufisme e li cristan filosofie.	His works are considered a link between Eastern philosophies like Sufism and Christian philosophy.

Page 39

Quelc ligamentes in li internet pri Interlingue:	Some Links on the Internet About Interlingue:
Li internet-pâgine The Occidental Lang con mult materiale e ligamentes: https://occidental-lang.com/	The website "The Occidental Lang" with a lot of material and links: https://occidental-lang.com/
Li Interlingue blog Puellesses de Dorlota Burdon https://puellesses.wordpress.com/	The Interlingue blog "Puellesses de Dorlota Burdon": https://puellesses.wordpress.com/
Li Wikipedie de Interlingue http://ie.wikipedia.org	The Interlingue Wikipedia: http://ie.wikipedia.org
Li gruppe de Interlingue-Occidental che Facebook https://www.facebook.com/groups/403123056383240	The group "Interlingue-Occidental" on Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/groups/403123056383240 (https://www.facebook.com/groups/403123056383240)
Li canal "Dorlota parla Interlingue" che YouTube: https://www.voutube.com/@dorlotaparlaoccidentaint4320	The YouTube channel "Dorlota parla Interlingue": https://www.voutube.com/@dorlotaparlaoccidentaint4320
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