

**FITOFASCIAS** has been inspired by the original poem *Chanson dans le sang* (France, 1943) by Jacques Prévert (This is not an official translation)

There are big puddles of blood in the world,  
Where does all this blood go to?  
Does the earth drink it and gets drunk?  
Funny the drunkenness  
so wise.... so monotonous.  
no the land isn't drunk  
The land isn't turning around,  
She pushes regularly her vehicle, her four seasons  
the rain...the snow...  
the hail..... the weather...  
She is never drunk  
She hardly is from time to time  
a sad little volcano  
She turns, the earth  
She turns with her trees...her gardens...her houses...  
She turns with the big puddles of blood  
And all living things turn with her and bleed  
she doesn't care  
she turns and all the living things begin to scream  
she doesn't care  
she turns  
she doesn't stop turning  
and the blood doesn't stop flowing  
where from comes all this strewn blood?  
the blood of the dead...the blood of the wars....  
the blood of misery....  
and the blood of the men tortured in prisons  
and the blood of the children tortured quietly by their father and mother...  
and the blood of the men who bled from their head  
in the sheds  
and the blood of the slater  
when the slater slips and falls from the roof

The war declared  
I take my courage  
in my hands  
and I strangle it.

The minister of war:  
I pursue  
A hospital destroyed: ten, hundred-  
and I am modest-  
can be reconstructed  
and, the project adopted unanimously

is fallen by night  
The hospital jumps with the surroundings and scrap from the neighbourhood  
The day wakes up at the city  
where laughters shrink, dissipate and disappear  
everyone has become serious once again  
Life, like change, takes its course  
Mobilisation takes its normal course

And the blood that comes and flows in big waves  
with the new born and new children  
the mother who shouts...the child cries...  
the blood flows...the earth turns...  
The earth doesn't stop turning  
the blood doesn't stop flowing  
where from comes all this strewn blood?  
the blood of the bludgeoned, the blood of the humiliated,  
the suicides, the ones shot, the condemned  
and the blood of the people who dies just like that...by accident  
on the road walks a living being  
with all his blood within  
suddenly he is dead  
and all his blood is without  
and the other living beings are vanishing the blood  
and taking the body  
but the blood is obdurate  
and there where death is  
very late very dark  
and a little blood is spread still  
clotted blood  
blighted of life, blighted of the body  
blood curdled like milk  
like milk when it turns  
like the earth that turns  
with its milk...with its cows...  
with its living beings...with its dead...  
the earth that turns with its trees...its living beings...its houses  
the earth with its marriages  
with its burials...its sea shells...its regiments...  
the earth which turns and turns and turns  
with its great streams of blood.