

Poems by Beatrice Noir (Beatrice Nori)
Transl. by Luca Sartori

1

Like swollen blood vessels
I swell,
In a world of sleepwalking senses.
And I lose life's battle
Against the labyrinth's god,
And my blood
Is Ariadne's thread.
Still I wander
In search of my circle,
Wondering again
If there is a place in hell
Foul enough
For me to hide
Coiled up
Like a spineless worm.

2

Feverish
In your rapture
You dance silvery steps,
Licked by seven veils.
On your wanton face
Lies the moon,
In all her coldness.
No one dare
Look at you.
Wounded
By that ivory beauty
Bleeding with love,
You ask for the head
Of he who has rejected you.
And the promise is kept.
Holding up your trophy
You kiss the lifeless lips at last,
Quenching the scarlet thirst
Of your deranged passion.
Salomè

3

My endless love
For gloomy things
Led me to you
Like the nose of a bloodhound.
Corpse-like ghost
Hiding and disappearing into the shadows,
You wander among the buried passageways
Of my mind.
Only a monster could love you and in fact,
It is now clear to me who I am.
I continue to want you,
To celebrate you, as if you were a relic,
Preserved in this purple urn
That beats in my chest.

4

Ghosts have taken over
My mind, ravaging it
Crushing it.
Sorceresses and secret boxes,
My mind is a desecration
A miscarriage
A misrepresentation.
Whispers and ways,
Depraved and doomed strays.

I am crazy I am
Crazy
I have lost
My mortal remains.
Nurtured in the grave
I await you,
My bloodthirsty sweet.
Your sickle on my heart.

5

And the metamorphosis
Is taking place.
Secretly I slip into the dark,
Digging my nails into your body.
By breaking the Law,
This folly of mine
Has simply taken just revenge
On my mind.
Therefore, guilty of such a dreadfully sweet sin,
I serve my sentence.
For, lying secretly upon you,
I dared love you every night,
My unknowing Queen.
Having become your sleep itself,
I am in you only when you sleep.
Having become your sleep itself,
You kill me each time you wake up.