

Wellesley College Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive

French Faculty Scholarship

French

1994

Doomsday Prayer

René Galand
Wellesley College

Follow this and additional works at: <http://repository.wellesley.edu/frenchfaculty>

“Pedenn” [Doomsday Prayer], *Al Liamm*, niv. 284-285 (1994), pp. 193-194

Recommended Citation

Galand, René, "Doomsday Prayer" (1994). *French Faculty Scholarship*. Paper 16.
<http://repository.wellesley.edu/frenchfaculty/16>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the French at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in French Faculty Scholarship by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.

Uncollected poems by Reun ar C'halan [René Galand]

“Serr-noz er gouelec’h” [Twilight in the desert], *Al Liamm*, niv. 215 (1982), p. 33

“Ar Steredenn du” [Black Star]. *Al Liamm*, niv. 216 (1983), pp. 6-7

“Eneoù ‘zo...’ [There are souls....], *Al Liamm*, niv. 258 (1990), p. 3

“Pedenn” [Doomsday Prayer], *Al Liamm*, niv. 284-285 (1994), pp. 193-194

“Mojenn” [Legend], *Al Liamm*, niv. 295 (1996), p. 10

Doomsday Prayer

There are nights which never end
Nights when you believe day will never return
Nights when you have to measure time
No other clock than the blood beating at your temples
Under your fingers
Nights without end for the patient stretched on his hospital bed
For the prisoner lying on the concrete floor of this cell
For the defeated soldier in the dungeon of a fortress
Nights which progress slower
Than a caterpillar nibbling at the highest leaves of an oak tree
Nights as repugnant as a slug
Which leaves its drool on the prettiest flower in the garden
And perhaps he is responsible for his fate
The drunk stretched on his hospital bed
Arms and legs strapped to metal bars
Defenseless against the monsters of his nightmare
And perhaps he his responsible for his fate
The killer who found no better way
To prove his love to the woman he desired
Than plunging the blade of his knife
Below her left breast
And perhaps he was responsible for his fate
The defeated soldier who had chosen to put on
The uniform he never should have worn
In a merciless war where a fellow comes to
Raise his rifle against his best friend
A brother to throw a bomb
Into his brother’s house
And a father to send
His only son to the gallows
Do they know what they are responsible for?
And there they are like beasts weighed down
By burdens far too heavy for them
Their burden is mine
But you are not the ones who’ll be asked
To forgive them as we forgive
Those who have sinned against us

You, the good people, the honest people
With your virtuous wives and your obedient children
And your money safely stored in bank vaults
It is to you I turn, Mother of Mercy
Have pity on them as you had pity
On the martyred body of Your Son
And receive them in the eternal peace
Of Your Love

[Translation of "Pedenn", *Al Liamm*, niv. 284-285 (1994), pp. 193-194