



FEDERICO RESTREPO

WHAT CAN BE SAID OF A WORLD WITHOUT LOVE? WHAT CAN BE SAID OF A WORLD WITHOUT LOVE?

HOW TO ANSWER SUCH A QUESTION HOW TO ANSWER SUCH A QUESTION

WHEN THIS PUREST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF EMOTIONS WHEN THIS PUREST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL OF EMOTIONS

IS LIKE A SUN THAT ILLUMINATES WITH ITS RAYS IS LIKE A SUN THAT ILLUMINATES WITH ITS RAYS

THE WAY WE SEE THE WAY WE SEE

ALL THAT SURROUNDS US, ALL THAT SUMMONS UP ALL THAT SURROUNDS US, ALL THAT SUMMONS UP

THE TENDERNESS WE SHOWER ON CHILDHOOD THE TENDERNESS WE SHOWER ON CHILDHOOD

AND MAKES STARS SPARKLE AS NIGHT FALLS? AND MAKES STARS SPARKLE AS NIGHT FALLS?

HOW TO ANSWER SUCH A QUESTION HOW TO ANSWER SUCH A QUESTION

WHEN ONE HAS UNDERSTOOD THAT LOVE WHEN ONE HAS UNDERSTOOD THAT LOVE

CAN BE REVEALED BY THE GRACE OF A POET'S WORDS, CAN BE REVEALED BY THE GRACE OF A POET'S WORDS,

BY THE MAGIC IN GESTURES WE BY THE MAGIC IN GESTURES WE

WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE ARE ETERNAL? WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE ARE ETERNAL?

HOW NOT TO WEEP HOW NOT TO WEEP

WHEN IT FADES - BECAUSE NOTHING ENDURES WHEN IT FADES - BECAUSE NOTHING ENDURES

IF WE DO NOT WORK TO TRANSMIT IT IF WE DO NOT WORK TO TRANSMIT IT

TO OTHERS, TO THOSE DEAR TO US? TO OTHERS, TO THOSE DEAR TO US?

ONCE UPON A TIME -
WHEN LIGHT WAS BARELY EVEN VISIBLE
ON EARTH, WHEN DAWN PLAYED WITH
DAYBREAK LIKE A TWIN, WHEN NATURE,
INTIMIDATED AT ITS FIRST AWAKENING, KNEW NOT YET
HOW TO GREET THE FIRST HUMAN COUPLE -
CAME WORDS MORE POWERFUL
AND SIMPLE THAN ANY THE WORLD WOULD EVER HEAR:
"I LOVE YOU."
A MAN AND A WOMAN, DISCOVERING EACH OTHER LIKE A MIRACLE
EXCHANGED THOSE FIRST FUMBLING WORDS WHICH,
FOR ALL TIME, WERE RICH WITH
EXPECTATION AND THE DESIRE TO SHARE.

IT WOULD BE SIMPLISTIC AND SINGLE-MINDED
TO BE UNABLE TO BELIEVE -
AND YET SO IT HAPPENED.

WHAT CAN BE SAID OF A WORLD
WITHOUT LOVE; WITHOUT THAT WHICH
GIVES THE POET WINGS,
SPEEDS US THROUGH ANTICIPATION,
MAKES HUMANKIND TREMBLE
AT THE CRY OF A CHILD?

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WITHOUT LOVE; WITHOUT THAT WHICH
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AT THE CRY OF A CHILD?

WHAT GOOD IS LIFE
WITHOUT THAT WHICH WILL
ULTIMATELY GIVE THE TASTE OF THE ETERNAL
TO OUR EXISTENCE?

WHAT GOOD IS LIFE
WITHOUT THAT WHICH WILL
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TO OUR EXISTENCE?

EYES ENLACED,
LIPS SCENTED BY
THE TENDER FRAGRANCE
OF YOUR BREATH...

I KISSED YOU

ONLY THE TWILIGHT
WAS WITNESS TO
THE TENDER KISS THAT WHISPERED

I AM YOUR NIGHT
YOU ARE MY MOON

EYES ENLACED,
LIPS SCENTED BY
THE TENDER FRAGRANCE
OF YOUR BREATH...

I KISSED YOU

ONLY THE TWILIGHT
WAS WITNESS TO
THE TENDER KISS THAT WHISPERED

I AM YOUR NIGHT
YOU ARE MY MOON

MY HANDS TREMBLED
CARESSING YOUR NAKEDNESS
LIKE THE LEAVES OF THE WILLOW
BENDING TO THE WATER'S SURFACE

LIKE THE REFLECTION OF STARS
FLUNG ACROSS AN EXPANSE OF SEAS
MY EYES BARELY TOUCHED
YOUR FORMS
SOFTLY.

THAT NIGHT
VANISHES IN THE MEMORY
OF EVENING AS IT SINKS INTO SLEEP

THERE IS ONE WORD
 WHICH, MORE THAN ANY OTHER
 DESCRIBES THE TENUOUS HOPE
 THAT ONE CAN FLEE THE REALITY
 OF ONE'S ABSURD DESTINY.

ONE WORD WHICH
 TRANSCENDS MORTALITY
 AND VANQUISHES THE SADNESS
 OF THOSE WHO DO NOT BELIEVE

ONE WORD WHICH
 FOREVER
 WILL BE YOURS:

I LOVE YOU.

YOU ARE THE BIRD'S ENDLESS HORIZON,
THE FLOWER'S SUN,
ESSENTIAL AND PRECIOUS
ADORABLE PRESENCE
UNDER THE STAR-FILLED FIRMAMENT.

THERE IS NO LIFE
WITHOUT MY LOVE,
NOR IS THERE LOVE
WITHOUT YOU.

THERE IS NO LIFE
WITHOUT MY LOVE,
NOR IS THERE LOVE
WITHOUT YOU.

THERE ARE WORDS
SO TENDER, CARESSES,
AND THERE IS THE WIND...

THERE ARE WORDS
SO TENDER, CARESSES,
AND THERE IS THE WIND...

THERE ARE LOOKS
SO DEEP, THOUGHTS,
AND THERE IS THE MOMENT...

THERE ARE LOOKS
SO DEEP, THOUGHTS,
AND THERE IS THE MOMENT...

THERE IS ONLY
MY LOVE TO TELL YOU,
DREAMING...

THERE IS ONLY
MY LOVE TO TELL YOU,
DREAMING...

YOUR SILENCE IS
THE CRUELEST WORD.

FORGETFULNESS, ASSASSIN
OF MY LIVING LOVE.

THE EMPTINESS YOU
LEAVE WITH ME
IN YOUR ABSENCE
UPROOTS THESE WORDS
FROM OBSCURITY
AND DESTROYS ME.

NEVER
LET ME THINK
YOU ARE FORGETTING ME.

YOUR SILENCE IS
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MEMORIES CONSOLE
IN THE FACE OF DEATH
AND DESPAIR AWAKENS
LIKE A DRAGON
WHEN THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF FINITENESS
BECOMES INESCAPABLE.

THERE ARE COLORS
AS SOFT AS LAUGHTER,
JOYS THAT RESEMBLE
THE TENDERNESS OF A SMILE,
BEFORE LOVE TAKES ITS LEAVE.

THERE WERE PROMISES
WHICH NOW ARE KEPT
AS I WRITE TO YOU.

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WHICH NOW ARE KEPT
AS I WRITE TO YOU.

SOUND WAS GONE.
LIGHT WAS GONE.

NEITHER SKY NOR SPACE
NOR TIME FILLED WITH ANGUISH
HAVE MANAGED, SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,
TO CONTAIN THE TEARS OF MY SHATTERED HEART,
WHICH NOW COMMENDS
ITS FATE TO THE EARTH.

I HAVE HANGED MYSELF
ON THE SUN'S SHADOW.

2002 WAS SOUND.
LIGHT WAS GONE.

NEITHER SKY NOR SPACE
NOR TIME FILLED WITH ANGUISH
HAVE MANAGED, SINCE YOU WENT AWAY,
TO CONTAIN THE TEARS OF MY SHATTERED HEART,
WHICH NOW COMMENDS
ITS FATE TO THE EARTH.

I HAVE HANGED MYSELF
ON THE SUN'S SHADOW.

THERE ARE TEARS
WHICH ARE THE LOVERS
OF A DYING LOVE.

THERE ARE TEARS
WHICH ARE THE LOVERS
OF A DYING LOVE.

THERE ARE SIGHS
WHICH RESEMBLE THE VERSES
OF A SONG SINKING INTO DEATH

THERE ARE SIGHS
WHICH RESEMBLE THE VERSES
OF A SONG SINKING INTO DEATH

I PRAY THAT THESE TEARS
WILL BECOME DIAMONDS
TO ILLUMINATE YOUR SKY,
MY LOVE.

I PRAY THAT THESE TEARS
WILL BECOME DIAMONDS
TO ILLUMINATE YOUR SKY,
MY LOVE.

WHAT CAN BE SAID OF A WORLD WITHOUT MY LOVE?
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PARIS, LE 3 AOÛT 2003
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REMERCIEMENTS CRÉDITS

LOREM IPSUM ESCLAIUM DESCRIPTUS
EST COMME UN SOLEIL QUI IRRADIE
LE REGARD QUE L'ON PORTE À TOUT CE
QUI NOUS ENTOURE , FAIT FLEURIR LÀ
TENDRESSE QUE L'ON PORTE À L'ENFANCE
ET FAIT SCINTILLER LES ÉTOILES LA NUIT VENUE ?

COMMENT RÉPONDRE À UNE TELLE QUESTION
QUAND ON A COMPRIS QUE L'AMOUR PEUT
ÊTRE RÉVÉLÉ PAR LA GRÂCE DES VERS D'UN POÈTE
PAR LA MAGIE DES GESTES QUE L'ON SOUHAITE
RECEVOIR COMME ÉTERNELS ?

COMMENT NE PAS PLEURER QUAND CELUI-CI
S'ÉVANOUIT PAR CE QUE RIEN N'EST IMMUABLE
SI L'ON NE CHERCHE PAS À LE TRANSMETTRE

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