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Joined up writing Unite! Edition 2025

Project leaders

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Fin Hall (Scottish poet)

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Original text

English translation

*crossing borders, changing words
i speak in foreign now, perhaps as you
exploring voices, blurring, drifting
this crazy mess, this yet to be⁽¹⁾*

*To be ourselves and accepted
is not crazy nor it is wise
Only much harder than expected
But when we do we will all rise⁽²⁾*

*We'll stumble and blink, but we'll rise
We, the shy and the fools, the beggars and the wise,
We'll wake the deaf with our silent cries⁽³⁾*

*Une tornade silencieuse surgit soudainement
Apr es le fracas vient l etonnement :
Comment peut-on encore rester vivant ?*

*Le manque est total, cruel, inhumain,
Les larmes ruissellent jusqu' a mes mains,
Heureusement il me reste demain !⁽⁴⁾*

*Tomorrow, yes, tomorrow,
The day when all is possible,
The time to regenerate and to think
Anew...⁽⁵⁾*

*A silent tornado suddenly arises
After the uproar comes the astonishment:
How can anyone still be alive?*

*The lack is total, cruel, inhuman,
Tears flow down to my hands,
Fortunately, I still have tomorrow!*



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*Anew, anew, whatever might it mean?
Starting afresh, reborn, something unseen.⁽⁶⁾*

*Y ese algo renacido, libre de experiencia
Traerá queridas y desconocidas nostalgias,
Con sentimientos viejos, reencarnados,
De amores no besados, y dolores aún no sufridos.⁽⁷⁾*

*All these loves, hidden in the depths of ancient Atlantis,
Through ocean waves of lost chances—inundated.
That all-encompassing desire for glorious bliss.
Let us not dream, but live! Let us live to the fullest!
Through all the pain, joys, sorrows, happiness!
Keep moving forward—each moment revealing,
That life's true end is the absence of feelings.⁽⁸⁾*

*Brak miłości jak noże
rzuca w serca dusz zbitakanych.
Zakończyły się marzenia,
bez szansy spełnienia
i choć pragną żyć,
chcą kresu istnienia.
Koniec tej nadziei,
żalem nasyconej.
Obrzydliwa miłość
pali zwoje swoje.
Ochlapy tragizmu
owinęły bluszcz.
Palną hańbą temu,
temu, co chce czuć⁽⁹⁾*

*To feel: city breathing
evening, rain, and traffic lights!
Red light, and inhale stillness,
your stillness within steamed windows
silent laughing people.
Greenness, step on gas and exhale
Speed, murmuring windscreen wiper,
You honk at the intruder to the melody of your movements.
Redness and inhale,
Inhale, exhale, inhale
Symphony of the wet evening⁽¹⁰⁾*

*And that something reborn, free from
experience,
Will bring dear and unknown nostalgia
With old feelings, reincarnated,
Of loves yet not kissed, and pains yet not
suffered.*

*Absence of love as knives
he throws into the hearts of lost souls.
The dreams have ended,
No chance of fulfillment
and though they want to live,
they want an end to existence.
The end of hope,
grief saturated.
Disgusting love
he burns his scrolls.
The Tragedy wrapped in ivy.
I am ashamed of it,
of what he wants to feel.*



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*Symphony of a blue tit's awakening
Hugs her wrinkled hands
A wise winter sculpture⁽¹¹⁾*

*Aucun de nous ne se serait révélé sage
J'aurais été oiseleur comblé devant sa cage
Vie entière de folie finirait en saccage
Car elle est et ne sera toujours que de passage*

*Je ne peux la changer et je n'oserais toucher
À ce qui la rend si rebelle et effrontée
Je ne saurais rompre son vœu de liberté
Corrompre l'essence même de sa plus grande beauté*

*Je vis dans ses yeux la beauté et la candeur
À ce moment une paix profonde m'envahit
Une paix qui m'aiderait à affronter toute peur
Je ne souhaite qu'une chose :*

Qu'elle sourie pour la vie⁽¹²⁾

*Her smile lights her face with every glance
A silent invitation to a sweet romance
Whispering in my ear, what a chance
Inviting me to her prom for a dance
Suddenly I saw a princess. Was I the prince?
Her laugh, like music, filled the air
Seeing her smile is like a glimpse of beauty rare
In her presence time seemed to slow
As the universe itself wanted to show
that I am the luckiest person, don't you think so?⁽¹³⁾*

*The luckiest person is the one who, Knows life means more than
"me" or "you". No wealth, no power marks our stay, But the
hearts we touch along the way. Those who live in the light of
memory, Linger forever, crafting an immortal story. ⁽¹⁴⁾*

*Of us, none would have been truly wise,
I'd have been a birdcatcher lost in her skies.
A lifetime of folly would end in demise,
For she is, and shall remain, a fleeting surprise.*

*I cannot change her, nor would I dare,
To alter what makes her so wild, so rare.
I'd never betray her vow to stay free,
Or tarnish the essence of her purest beauty.*

*In her eyes, I glimpsed both candor and grace,
In that moment, deep peace took its place,
A peace that could help me all fears outpace.
And I wish but one thing:*

That her lifelong smile lights her face.



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*Linger on the rope
Or maybe on a hope
Linger on a thread if you have to
But dont linger on another
Just linger on you.
Linger on the truth
Linger on your story
Linger on the upcoming glory.⁽¹⁵⁾*

*As bold compassion dies, extinguished for false glory,
Humanity is in jeopardy, knowing love lies maimed,
Now our poetic questing reawakens rebel stories,
The truth unseats vile words of those who deal in pain.
Will you who weep and wail as hope takes flight
Choose shield or sword when called at last to fight?⁽¹⁶⁾*

*One last fight they said, the war to end all wars.
But greed prevails and business needs more millions.
But us minions pay the price for the egos of the dealers of hate
and pain
And so, we go to battle again.⁽¹⁷⁾*