

There are some amazing little bridges  
There is my heart that beats for you  
There is a sad woman on the road  
There is a beautiful little cottage in a garden  
There are six soldiers who have fun like crazy  
There are my eyes looking for your image  
There is a charming little wood on the hill  
And an old territorial piss when we pass  
There is a poet who dreams to the lil Lou  
There is a battery in a forest  
There is a shepherd who feeds his sheep  
There is my life that belongs to you  
There is my penholder tank running that runs  
There is a delicate delicate poplar curtain  
There is all my past life that went well  
There are narrow streets in Menton where we loved each other  
There is a little Sospel girl whipping her comrades  
There is my driver whip in my oat bag  
There are Belgian wagons on the way  
There is my love  
There is life  
I love you

Guillaume Apollinaire *Poèmes à Lou*, Il y a.

Translated by the *Cinquièmes & Quatrièmes*