

I think of you my Lou. Your heart is my barracks,  
My senses are your horses your memory is my alfalfa

The sky is full of sword sabers tonight  
The gunners go into the heavy shadow and prompt.

But near you I see your image constantly  
Your mouth is the burning wound of courage,

Our fanfares burst into the night like your voice  
When I am riding, you are trotting close to me.

Our 75 are as graceful as your body,  
And your hair is fawn like the fire of a shrapnel that bursts to the north.

I love you, your hands and my memories  
Make a happy fanfare sound anytime.

Suns take turns to neigh,  
We are the flanks to which the stars rush.

Guillaume Apollinaire *Poèmes à Lou*, 17 décembre 1914.

Translated by the *Sixièmes*