**Little Song of the Maimed Benjamin Peret**

Lend me your arm

To relace my leg

The rats ate it for me

At Verdun

At Verdun

I ate lots of rats

But they didn’t give me back my leg

And that’s why I was give the *Croix de Guerre*

And a wooden leg

And a wooden leg

 *Trans. David Gascoyne*

**Agony Giuseppe Ungaretti**

To die like thirsting larks

gainst the mirage

Or like the quail

the sea once passed

in the first bushes

because it has lost

the will to fly

But not to live on lament

a blinded finch

 *Trans. Charles Tomlinson*