

This time again!

*It comes, moving corrosively
to the wailing heart of mine
searching for my poor doctress
and ruin the patient hoping hope
of quenching the thirst of ages,
with the redness of blood,
of infantivorous monsters.
It comes, this time,
to my waiting that is waiting,
this time comes, this time again.*

*The years that are passing by,
each to leave a drop of patience,
to my stubborn waiting patience
and keep my soul high,
till the day is granted to me,
to quench my burning thirst,
will keep getting by,
but this time comes,
galvanizing my vengeance,
a thousand pains to my wailing heart,
to remind me of my honour.
This time comes,
to the waiting that is waiting.
This time again.*

*This time again!
How many times is enough?
how many angers is needed?
to express the moaning hatred,
and desire to proceed,
from potential to active point,
to quench my hatred,
in the redness of blood,
of infantivorous monsters
to give my honour,
to my wailing vengeance.
This time comes — it comes again.*

*Again this time!
I realize my manhood
I remember the sufferings,
that await my presence,
and it hurts to remember,
that I'm the real capable man,
that this vengeance fills by the day.
Oh! will it not overflow?
if it does, what then?
do I have so many hearts
to contain the excess?
Is there justification,
for restrain to oneself?*

*This time again,
You won't get by now,
I will hold you tight,
till you tell me the truth.
Do you think I'm made of iron,
that has no feelings to feel,
that is burning and melting?
Time, tell me please!
Do you know how I feel,
and desire to return it,
to the doers of evil?
Time! will you take me,
to where I belong?
You see my quite smiles
and think I'm well and good,
while my urge is bleeding pains.
Tell me time!
for I won't let you go,
I restore honour to myself.
This time again, you won't get by.*

BILLY MATTALA