



Je suis le Ténébreux-le Veuf,-l'Inconsolé,  
Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la Tour abolie:  
Ma seule Étoile est morte,-et mon luth constellé  
Porte le Soleil noir de la Mélancolie.

Dans la nuit du Tombeau, Toi qui m'as consolé,  
Rends-moi le Pausilippe et la mer d'Italie  
La fleur qui plaisait tant à mon cœur désolé,  
Et la treille où le Pampre à la Rose s'allie.

In July 2015, my wife asked me to leave our apartment. Before I took all my things and moved out, I wrote the first two stanzas of *El Deschichado*, a poem by Gérard de Nerval, on the wall of our bedroom.

I am the Dark One, – the Widower, – the Unconsoled,  
The Prince of Aquitaine, his Tower in ruin:  
My sole Star is dead,– and my constellated lute  
Bears the black Sun of Melancholia.

In the night of the Tomb, You my consolation,  
Give me back Posillipo and the Italian sea,  
The flower that so eased my heart's desolation,  
And the Rose that twines into the Vine on the treillis.

