

ONE OF US ONE OF US

*Original lyrics in Frisian by Nynke Laverman
and in Catalan by Eduard Escoffet*

English translations by Judith Wilkinson

BETONBLOM

Ik bin in frou, sizze se
Ik hear by de minsken
Ik hear by de minsken
Sizze se, do bist ien fan ús

Ik haw in thús, sizze se
Ik hear by de minsken
Ik hear by de minsken
Sizze se, do bist hjir thús

Ik bin teplak, sizze se
Ik bin in bewenner
In bewenner fan de stêd dêr't elk wêze wol
Dêr't elk i rêde wol mar fol is fol
Net elk dy wurdt hjir âld

Ik bin teplak, sizze se
Ik bin in bewenner
In erkende bewenner
Fan de minskewrâld

Der stean muorren om my hinne
Ik kin rinne fan de keuken nei de kast
En wer werom der is in flier en in plafond
Ik wurd omearme troch beton
Dat my beskermet tsjin wat komt
Tsjin alles wat fan bûten komt

Ik bin in frou, sizze se
Ik hear by de minsken
Ik hear by de minsken
Sizze se, dit is wa'sto bist

Ik bin teplak, sizze se
Ik haw neat mear te winskjen
Ik haw neat mear te winskjen
Sizze se, dit is wat it is

Der stean minsken om my hinne
Ik hoech nea wer allinne te begjinnen
Oan 'e dei ik bin binnen ik doch mei
Ik wurd omringe troch dejingen
Dy't myn taal ferstean dy't itselde paad
Gean al ieuwenlang itselde paad
In libben foarsisber útlisber en folslein útwisber
Nimmen is ûnmisber

Ik bin teplak, sizze se
Tusken muorren en minsken
Tusken muorren en minsken
Sizze se, dêr is myn plak

Ik haw it fûn, sizze se
Ik haw neat mear te winskjen
Ik haw neat mear te winskjen
Sizze se, ik bin ûnderdak

Lûdsticht luchticht potticht
Gesticht gesticht ik stik ik stik

FLOWER OF CONCRETE

I am a woman, they say
I belong with people
I belong with people
They say, you are one of us

I have a home, they say
I belong with people
I belong with people
They say, you're at home here

I'm settled here, they say
I am a citizen
An inhabitant of a city where everyone wants to be
Where everyone wants to make it but full is full
Not everyone grows old here

I'm settled here, they say
I am a citizen
A recognised citizen
Of the human world

There are walls around me
I can walk from kitchen to cupboard
And back again there's a floor and a ceiling
I'm enveloped in concrete
That protects me against what's coming
Against everything coming from outside

I am a woman, they say
I belong with people
I belong with people
They say, this is who you are

I'm settled here, they say
I've got everything I need
I've got everything I need
They say, this is it

There are people around me
I'll never have to start my day alone again
I've arrived I count for something
I'm surrounded by those
Who speak my language tread my path
And have trodden the same path for centuries
A predictable life, transparent and utterly forgettable
No one is indispensable

I'm settled here, they say
Between walls and people
Between walls and people
They say, that's where I belong

I've found the answers, they say
I've got everything I need
I've got everything I need
They say, I have arrived

Sound-proof air-proof life-proof
Madhouse madhouse I'm suffocating

Do bist hjir feilich, sizze se You're safe here, they say
Hjir is alles eigen, sizze se Everything's genuine here, they say
Do bist hjir thús, sizze se You're at home here, they say
Do bist ien fan ús, sizze se You're one of us, they say
Ik bin teplak, sizze se I've arrived, they say
Ik haw it fûn, sizze se I've found the answers, they say
Ik haw in hûs fan beton yn 'e stêd I've got a concrete house in the city
En in man dy't thúskomt elke jûn And a husband who comes home every night

Ik bin gelokkich, sizze se I'm happy, they say
Ik haw it troffen, sizze se I'm fortunate, they say
Ik bin frij, sizze se I'm free, they say
De wrâld leit oan myn fuotten The world's at my feet

Ik bin in frou, sizze se I am a woman, they say
In jonge blom, sizze se A young flower, they say
Ik bin in frou yn 'e fleur fan har libben I am a woman in the prime of her life
Mar hoe sjit ik woartel yn beton But how do I take root in concrete?

CADA HOME ÉS ESCRIPTURA

cada home és una frontera
cada home és una ombra
cada home és una porta
cada home és un fracàs
cada home es un taulell
cada home és un esclat
cada home és un rumor
cada home és un mur
cada home és una escriptura
cada home és un silenci

cada home és ombra
cada home és esclat
cada home és fressa
cada home és mur
cada home és escriptura
cada home és silenci

un text és el cos. un llibre –és a dir:
la realitat que veiem– és un altre cos.

i et dic que els morts maten els vius. i que el
moviment subtil de la paraula, potser el salvatge,
potser el del parloiteig, és també un cadàver.
diran els fills, els savis folls i els caps d'administració
–tot sempre per estrenar– i damunt dels parpres
contemplaràs sempre l'empremta del gest.
el teu gest m'ha confós: veuràs al retaule
la pintura amb imatges amb el teu cor per
escombrar i del teu cos, qui sap,
no se'n partrà mai. mentrestant tot em resulta
difícil d'entendre i m'ofega de pensar-hi.
sobre l'herba humida, ajaçat, a la terra trepitjada.
inert, estès, desert.

cada home és ombra
cada home és esclat
cada home és fressa
cada home és mur
cada home és escriptura
cada home és silenci
cada home és silenci
cada home és silenci

EACH MAN IS WRITING

each man is a frontier
each man is a shadow
each man is a door
each man is a failure
each man is a counter
each man is an outburst
each man is a rumour
each man is a wall
each man is a writing
each man is a silence

each man is shadow
each man is outburst
each man is din
each man is wall
each man is writing
each man is silence

a text is the body. a book –that is to say:
the reality that we see– is another body

and i tell you that the dead kill the living. and that the
subtle movement of the word, perhaps wild, perhaps
that of chatting, is also a cadaver.
they will tell the children, the crazy sages and the
heads of department –everything brand new– and
over your eyelids you will always contemplate the
imprint of the gesture. your gesture has confused me:
you will see on the altarpiece the painting with images
with your heart to be swept and, who knows, it will
never leave your body. meanwhile i find everything
difficult to understand and it chokes me to think of it.
on the wet grass, lying, on the trodden earth.
inert, stretched out, deserted.

each man is shadow
each man is outburst
each man is din
each man is wall
each man is writing
each man is silence
each man is silence
each man is silence

DE WYN THE WIND

In waarmte skoot troch de doar asto deryn komst
De skuon mei krektens yn it rek as altyd de tas teplak
Mei deselde wurgens as juster op 'e skouders
Sikest yn myn eagen nei de frou dy'st troudest

Is sy der noch?

It ûngemak dat om dyn lippen spant
As ik fertel hoe't de wyn hjoed troch de beammen song
Hoe't de wyn mearstemmich troch de beammen song hjoed
En dat ik miende har liet te ferstean

Dat ik lang op it balkon stie te lústerjen te núnderjen
En lang om let sels stie te sjongen
Ik stie te sjongen mei de wyn! Tink dy ris yn!

Dat ik my optild fielde opnaam yn in famylje
Dat it fielde as famylje ja ferwanten fan lang lyn
Fan foar ús libben hjir begrypst in echter hechter thúsgemoel
As dat ik hjir oait hawwe sil sa'n grut ferskil begrypst?

Dyn lippen bliuwe stil
Dat ik ferklomme skrok
Fan de brânluft út 'e keuken
Dat de rys as in swarte koek droechsean wie
En dat ik sjen sil nei in klykje út 'e friezer -

Dyn beferzen gesicht

A warmth slides through the door when you come in
Your shoes neatly tidied away your bag in the right place.
With yesterday's weariness still on your shoulders
You search in my eyes for the woman you married

Is she still there?

Uneasy, your face tenses up round your lips
As I tell you how the wind sang through the trees today
How the polyphonic wind sang through the trees
And how I was convinced I understood her song

How I lingered on the balcony listening humming
And finally stood singing there myself
I was singing with the wind! Imagine!

How I felt buoyed up included in a family
That truly felt like family like kin from long ago
Before our life here you know a closer truer belonging
Than I'll ever feel here such a difference you know?

Your lips remain silent
How I started to feel cold
And suddenly smelt burning in the kitchen
The rice had cooked down to a dry black cake
So I'll look for some leftovers in the freezer -

Your frozen face

ASTRES CELESTIAL BODIES

és un rastre de vida. it's a trace of life.
és un rastre de vent. it's a trace of wind.
és un rastre de terra. it's a trace of land.
és un rastre de tu. it's a trace of you.
és un rastre de molsa. it's a trace of moss.
és un rastre de pols. it's a trace of dust.
és un rastre de foc. it's a trace of fire.
és un rastre de mort. it's a trace of death.

temps i paisatge: és temps l'herència que tots tenim
per igual en néixer, i és el paisatge qui ens dóna
la benvinguda i qui ens sobreviu.
transcorre el temps dels homes badant davant del
llibre que és el paisatge; hi deixen rastres,
els lectors, abans de morir.

time and landscape: time is the inheritance we're all
born with, and landscape is the one who welcomes us
and the one who survives us.
onwards flows the time of men engrossed in the
book that is the landscape; its readers leave traces
before dying.

tots fan u
—ets dels nostres!—
i en fan ús,
en deixen rastre.

and all become just one
—you are one of us!—
and they use you,
leaving traces.

digues aire. say air.
digues déu. say god.
digues aire. say air.
digues deute. say debt.

DE SINNE THE SUN

Do komst deryn You come in
 De swiere wjukslach fan in swan yn 'e fierte The heavy wingbeat of a swan in the distance
 Faaist de dei ôf oan 'e matte You wipe your day off on the mat
 Setst de soargen mei de skuon del yn it rek You put your worries and your shoes in the rack
 Besikest thús te kommen You are trying to come home

En ik fertel dy net And I don't tell you
 Dat ik derút gie hjoed How I went out today
 Doe't de sinne op syn heechst When the sun at its peak
 En it yn 'e hûs sa dreech And the house so stifling
 Dat ik gjin lucht mear krig' I couldn't breathe
 By de fonteynen yn it park How I took off all my clothes
 Al myn klean útlutsen ha At the fountains in the park
 Dat ik my kearde nei de sinne How I turned to the sun
 Dat ik my lave oan it ljocht To drink in the light
 Dat ik sa bliuwe woe How I wanted to stay like that
 Dat ik sa bliuwe woe How I wanted to stay like that
 Dat ik roppen ha om mem How I called out for mum
 Lûd roppen ha om mem Called loudly for mum
 Om't ik sa lokkich wie Because I was so happy
 Om't ik sá lokkich wie Because I was so happy

En ik fertel dy net And I don't tell you
 Dat se my thúsbrocht ha How they brought me home
 Mei fjouwer man om't ik net woe It took four men because I refused
 Om't it net hoegde om't it goed wie For there was no need for it was all right
 Dat der doe ynienen bloed wie And suddenly there was blood
 Dat ik biten hie For I had bitten
 Dat ik ien biet dy't foar de sinne stie I'd bitten a man who was blocking out the sun
 Syn jas stiif om my hinne die Who wrapped his coat tightly round me
 My sûnder oerlis yn in buske smiet And pushed me into a van

En ik fertel dy net And I don't tell you
 Dat ik kâld twa minuten sit I've only just got back here
 En earlik net mear wit hoe't ik And honestly don't remember
 Mei earms fan lead How I got dressed
 De klean oankrigen ha With arms of lead
 Dat ik út alle macht besykje How I'm trying with all my might
 It fertriet net oer de râne Not to let the sadness overflow
 It fertriet deryn te hâlden To hold in the grief
 Yn te hâlden yn en yn Hold it in and in and in

En ik fertel dy net And I don't tell you
 Dat der gjin iten is There's nothing to eat
 Dat ik hoopje op in wûnder út 'e friezer How I'm hoping for a miracle from the freezer
 Dat ik aanst foar dy ûntteie kin To defrost for you
 Tegearre mei dyn hert Together with your heart

I TU AND NOW

i tu ets ara més estrany que l'amor mateix and now you're stranger than love itself

DE DREAM THE DREAM

Ik soe dy sizze wolle
 Dat ik hieltyd faker dream
 Fan hoe't it libben wêze soe as beam
 As plant as strúk as bûterblom
 En dat ik net wit hoe't it komt
 Dat ik sa'n langstme fiel nei bleate fuotten
 Yn 'e drek dy't dolle dolle nei de djipte
 Dêr't de wjirmen sitte dolle nei it libben
 Koel en ieuwenâld
 Dêr't tiennen woartelsjitte my it opperflak
 Ferjitte litte my foar iens en altyd
 Ferbine mei de wrâld

I would like to tell you
 How I keep dreaming
 Of how life would be as a tree
 As a plant a shrub a buttercup
 And that I don't know why
 I have this longing for bare feet
 Digging in the mud digging for the depths
 Where the worms are digging for life
 Cool and ancient
 Where toes take root letting me forget
 The surface connecting me forever
 With the world

Dat ik naam wat ik nedich wie
 En mei it libben frede hie
 Dy nederichheid
 Dy tederheid
 Begrypst?

How I took what I needed
 And was at peace with life
 That humility
 That tenderness
 You know?

Ik soe dy sizze wolle
 Dat ik hieltyd faker dream
 Fan hoe't it libben wêze soe as beam
 As plant as strúk as bûterblom
 En dat ik net wit hoe't it komt
 Dat ik sa'n wjerstân fiel tsjin muorren minsken
 Muorren minsken grinzen tichter hieltyd tichter
 In gesticht fan ûnferskillichheid
 Ik stik - ik moat derút

I would like to tell you
 How I keep dreaming
 Of how life would be as a tree
 As a plant a shrub a buttercup
 And that I don't know why
 I feel such resistance to walls to people
 Walls people boundaries closer and closer
 A madhouse of indifference - suffocating me
 I have to get out

Soartgenoat op soartgenoat kloatgenoaten
 Stapele yn doazen fan beton en dûbel glês
 'Hjir fynst dyn rêst fan nêst oant grêf'
 De finzenis dy't minsdóm is
 Derút ik moat derút

Humans aping each other huddled together
 In concrete double-glazed boxes
 'You'll find peace here from cradle to grave'
 The prison that is humanity
 Out I have to get out

Untsnappe oan
 De wreedheid
 De gretichheid
 De leechte
 Begrypst?

Escape
 The cruelty
 The greed
 The emptiness
 You know?

Ik soe dy sizze wolle
 Dat ik hast net doar te dreamen
 Datst dan by my bliuwst
 Datst neist my sitten giest
 De wangen lâns myn blêden wriuwst
 My sûnder taal ferstiest
 En steefêst yn ús leafde liuwst

I would like to tell you
 How I hardly dare dream
 That you'll stay with me then
 That you'll sit down beside me
 Rub your cheeks along my leaves
 Understand me without language
 And still believe in our love

Soest my noch sjen
 Of wie ik opgien yn de dingen
 Yn de dingen sûnder wearde
 Dêr't de minsken noait fan leard ha
 Se te sjen

Would you still see me?
 Or would I merge with the things
 The things of no value
 That people haven't learnt
 To really see

Hiest my ferlern?

Would you have lost me?

Ik soe dy sizze wolle dat ik hieltyd faker dream
 Mar ik sis it net
 Ik dream

I would like to tell you how I keep dreaming
 But I don't tell you
 I simply dream

BLOEI BLOOM

Frij fan taal	Free of language
Ik kin dy	I have no words
Gjin wurden	To give you
Mear jaan	Any more
Gjin wurd	No word
Gjin taal	No language
Lês de leafde	Read the love
Lês de leafde	Read the love
Ik drink wetter	I drink water
Ik jou lucht	I bring air
Ik nim tiid	I take time
Ik draach frucht	I bear fruit
Lês de leafde	Read the love
Lês de leafde	Read the love
Bliuw by my	Stay with me
Bloei mei my	Bloom with me
Bliuw by my	Stay with me
Bloei mei my	Bloom with me