

Isadora Duncan

Glass ghosts dance around me,
hands stretched out in the dark
break night's veil.

Daughter of America
Greece in the heart
I look for a theater to be real life
Dionisus in my dreams has called me up.

Dancing, the joy, feet stamping on the pavement
dancing, the choir's voice steals my breath
dancing, the rhapsody of Bacchantes
takes me away in deep ecstasy.

Lost children, mother keeps calling you,
a loud cry to the sky from your loving ones,
but God doesn't answer in the far night.
Today I burned my dancing shoes and dress
I don't feel the fathers' chains no more,
in my dreams now I see a scarf.

Dancing, the joy, feet stamping on the pavement
dancing, the choir's voice steals my breath
dancing, the rhapsody of Bacchantes
takes me away in deep ecstasy.

Lyrics and Music: Emanuele Scataglini.
Translated by: Giovanna Olmi.