

Hearts, Like Books of Love

(excerpt)

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translated by Hugh Hazelton

Soon we will leave the dazzling garden,
the dense trees, fragile shower, soon
we will shut the door again to the perfect blue,
our eyelids scorched by the air that exhausts
the bone, the thorn, the stone, soon we will close
the solid season where you see nothing but foliage
when dawn falls without the light failing,
the muggy season, the vast wind
that has burned your footsteps, and your words
will unfailingly touch the cold, soon your arms,
your mouth laden with promises will open,
you will leave the garden
to enter the winds which will overwhelm everything:

dragons of seas and spiders, vast forests that you can see
with your eyes closed, as if thousands of layers of seasons
were buried in our veins — while clouds pass over
the Great Bear and Little Dipper,
as the bones of Prague
clack on in the crannies of memory;
while the shadow of other falls
glides along the walls of the present,
as we search between Saturn and Venus, between

And the spring says to the fall says to the summer says to the winter:

*we are the tree and the house, love and the link, we are the tireless wheel,
the windowless horizon, the threshold and the boat, we are the shadowless
well, the leaf and the bud, a sort of eternity, we are memory that will be
reborn, lesson of patience, reading of skies, intimate lives that preserve the
most simple, we are the candle of morning, light earth, not even dust, not
even shower*

And the summer says to the winter says to the spring says to the fall:

*we know the beginning of things through that which dies, the whitewater
passage that tears us apart, revives our patient fervours, we know all this
time above, all this time below, we know the offering and abandonment,
stand tall as an oak, dance like the cedars, bend like the poplar*

And the winter tells the summer tells the fall tells the spring:

*we are neither the poor who erode and bleed the tree, nor the hardened
who dig up the heart, right through to the bark, we are neither the storm
that lays bare and wounds, nor the cold that stifles, we are the blocks of ice
that wander till they're reborn, the forest that is nothing more than a rain
of long stems, we are the mountain that has shaken its shadows, the patient
geometry of the soul, and just as the atom turns, the needle, the propeller,
the age of iron and lead turn, the wise man turns around himself, and the
century, the blood and the tree turn, and the earth till gold, all things turn
along with us*

Again the autumn, to listen to the passage,
to feel even the disorder that the earth swallows up.

Again, within me, the branch that my soul has stripped clean.

I return to the point of time
that scrapes and sows my life.

