

Nicole Brossard (translated by Marcella Durand and Michel Durand)

NAPES

all thirsts are hollows of light
in the sorrow a powerful moment of origins

in the great picture of pronouns
tell me if my death goes fast from one century
to the other if one must forget as time goes by
the orchid, postpone deliriousness
tell me if that appetite I have for the dawn
will go to the middle of cultures
trembling like an obsession, a horizon

that night it was said
centuries of metaphors would go
with the same momentum beaching
on the fragile material of landscapes
our muscles suddenly quivering
before the ardor of new images
our thoughts joyful in the body to body
of words of pleasure trotting
in the freshness sought so long
from the paragraphs of eternity

ardor question of ardor
the mood of the hand
the aerial mood of exhilaration
pastel tinctorial soul
let's go along the side of sobs
plunge our ardor
into questions and cherries

today I will not exhibit
the habits of narrative and the voracious present
I will not exhibit
upon the fragile matter of temples
the outside and the right side of thoughts
today *excusez-moi la* softness
there *la* sorrow