

# SUMMER DEAD TONGUE

## canto two

the mouth turns fierce  
insulting the head  
that emprisons it  
tight tight and yet  
open  
space folds its vapour  
back inside  
softening my teeth  
binding my path to the upright stone  
which will give my name to the wind  
but death at least  
has no tomorrow  
something tries to find  
my lips  
a poem  
a litteral  
statement  
then  
    poor skin  
an impact  
along a side-road  
of white paper  
the world is not  
the reference  
but the ground thrusting up  
o how true  
that which never will be true  
writing does not express  
it breaks apart  
now here il the hole of becoming

a long fall through smoke  
then

    you are naked  
on the bed of stones  
my eyes raw  
piercing your tuft  
sun shining  
our reality  
and the real world's  
come together in the air  
then

    you changes  
and i too  
our history  
wraps around us  
and you and i  
are no longer  
the bread of time  
every encounter is enigma  
a series of accidents  
their sum explains nothing  
it is for me that you came  
me alone  
and

    love you say  
is the ancient thinking  
when every gesture  
was a thought  
and each gesture  
wento into things  
touching others  
meant thinking them  
then

    your smile  
in my eyes  
thinks your face  
and thinking that i put off  
here

the invisible mask  
of what i see  
no longer seeing it  
between your lips  
my tongue licks the line  
then

when i am dead  
and we've celebrated that  
in advance  
as if my age  
join our loins  
form comes from forgetting  
a little earth and saliva  
the poems rebels  
against the distance it creates  
a catalogue you say  
showing your breasts  
your collarbone  
your mouth  
my nose  
and my tears  
in your left shouder-hollow  
then

you me  
and i you  
and no no no  
this day is not just one more day  
anyhow blood  
head heart  
love is kilos  
of flesh  
square centimeters  
suddenly alive the nail  
feet intertwined  
give me more you say  
and open-mouthed  
you eat the air from my lips  
and

it's you  
i tell myself you  
and pressed against you i am  
the other  
that you make me into  
then

along our vertebrae  
the moment grows  
erecting along our backs  
the crest of the old dragon  
guardian of extended touch  
colours

colours  
nape of neck singing  
face plunges  
into eye  
and

around the stone  
where we makes one  
the sun draws a C  
to which the sparkle of  
our watches lain aside  
adds a cedilla  
the small black hole of your eye  
is not a letter O  
i will not fil lit  
and my image already  
seeks ther what echO  
never will come back  
O you

you'd say when  
you were not yet you  
what if our knowledge is known  
by other heads  
just pour out your head again  
on the ground and take me  
for you can see me  
whereas from the obscurity

inside you can come  
only disaster

you O

now you are you  
your mouth is your mouth  
and behind your teeth i can touch  
no doubt at all  
a tongue

truth O

who would not wish to fall  
into it but i shall keep  
only your eyes  
of nudity in my eyes  
and the frisson of what  
to say

i no longer know the words  
they are over ther  
like our watches  
knees knees your hand touching  
and off we go

the sky

we'd still like to believe  
it could fall  
but our heads have become  
solid and you see  
i touch the earth  
more fearfully  
than i raise my eyes  
for

as everyone knows  
the earth is the dust of the dead  
the nourishing dust  
without which O paradox  
life could not exist  
and man

with his feet on the earth  
is forced by usage and utility  
to keep his distance from signs

there are meadows for the grass  
woods for trees  
graceyards for the dead  
then

love flees the head  
and the head sees reason  
who remembers the well-spring  
and all the little things  
but we

on our stone  
and parallel to what lies beneath  
we feel our bones  
and round them the emotion  
which is the earth of the gods  
the invisible earth  
where presence  
steams

they too  
are dead and now  
thought rises and keeps  
as it rises  
its imminence  
our eyes love the abyss  
where it flies the new  
sky with a void  
around which the head  
expands it can be seen  
in the little black hole  
then

day by day  
things become our main  
ideas and i lie down  
facing the wind  
so that your scent will  
precede you and you  
permeate me  
as in my childhood  
god used to

(tell me  
do you remember the triangular gaze  
with the eye in the middle  
that stayed open all week  
in the dark)

what  
is at stake words  
are a line which loops  
along  
that's all we notice  
when we look at them  
no substance

and you see  
your present and my present  
share the same view  
althought the air is not a mirror  
so with my tongue in your mouth  
we say  
YOU  
for you is the name beyond nothing

Traduction de Andrew Rothwell  
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