

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
went 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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