

Gilbert Bourson

huit poèmes

traduits par Stuart Krusee

(La porte que nous sommes est aussi)

The door that we are is also
This yellow river of the ferocious cayman
where stagnants the algae's poison
of unrealized dreams

The door that we are sometimes
Opens an island where we've
Too proudly planted the long femur
Of our credulous certitudes

The door that we are sometimes
Beats in the eye we wanted open
turning on its hinges to discover
a palisade on plaster flaking wings

The door that we are is this big board
Without hope where all clocks die
These sea cucumbers rotting in the shape
of drying stars

The door that we are opens and closes
On the uncovered wall and ancient
Shutters badly closed on the ruts of bridges
Going where we don't know

The doors that we are we make
Into chairs to move ourselves closer
Resonating with our blows to pass emotion
Across our the boundaries.

(Ce qui vient vers nous est ce qui était...)

What comes to us is what
has remained on our dream crest
that swelled and swam toward
tomorrow

Not what we missed but that
We missed in ourselves arrived
Beside our hip of being and rejoined

Our memory filled with gestures
Crawling toward this place as waves
To crystalline muzzle broken in chips

Like all faces smashed and pivots
Of our thoughts' ebb and flow
In the lineaments and ways of the world

(En bas dans la rue sont les pas....)

Down on the street the steps
and rain falling on the words
On the red robes of the roofs

The instant that passes on its plank
A stuffed schoolbag of books on the back
Urging presence now

with a wind gust that bends
the geranium becomes a citation from above
great foundations straighten up

without apotheosis ora green crown
but simply spurting shutters
even more we're leaning
on our appearance

(Alentours de suaires au dessus des toits...)

Surrounding the shrouds over the roofs
Winter snow on the machine's soul
Where things cling to words
Where the trees evoke the hunchback pencil
Of a Goya or a Bosch

The cold puts gloves on letters like an old man
To touch our inventions' hot skin
Above the knees

It's the smell of sheets that write the facades
And we redo earth as we make a bed
With the same folds as in this pending missive
We only read in writing
In the room heated white by the window
To the sex of ice floats

A thought puts on its bear skin coat
And gives suck to the defrosting teddy bear
Dripping the parquet floor's fiber pullies
stuttering a springtime

A big tissue's face weaves an image
searching in the hand under the pillow
An alternative cave of days and nights
Warmed by the striped pollen
of daily dreams knocked out

Winter touches its hump with children's joys
Covered in summer games resonating
on the ink floors in rooms and on altarpieces
where cars' honey voices
are stylized flowers of frosted curtains

that we discover allin one blow

(Celui qui rêva d'une page de sable et de sang rêve de ne pas s'éveiller)

Whoever dreamed of a page of sand and blood dreams of not
Waking

All this morning Brems seemed
A dream being of night passing.
A snag in the living net.
And scaffolds suspicious as
the sand fox and the writing hand.

In the warehouse of waves
depraved meshes pamper the fingers
fishmongers smelling odors without shores.

They go to auction peeling words
As finely beveled women open gently
their sea urchins violet as the evisceration
of an eyewatching sailors passing by.

All these sea separations fan their spray
and pare the poem's Byzantine soil
with the gooey glow of naked alga
more miraculous than any bird kelp
washed upon Hades shore.

The sky offers its obol of vain disdain
to these secret actions under the sheets
of shameless and lawless stars.

The sublime albino octopus is edible
Fished like a dream. A dream of
fish markets and akid's sex writhing
like a brilliant turbot.

Children touching sea bottom
in their pockets wetted by sirens' tails
regarding bloodied hands with joy
of women and men's reddened blades
a conger eel guts in a round eye
pivoting in the wild congress of seagulls.

This luxury to inventory: rustling
you think you hear all at once
and simultaneously in all time or space,
helmeted music on the line of leaves
where words pay for the words you spend
up to this gallop to the hedges of I that is
the sound became jump and on the wave
that breaks and further out changes course and his
path that brings you: splinters, fragments, streaks
where all is on the line, equally real
heard and dreamed on the same plane
as the wind helmets waters coat of arms
counter where words pay for the words themselves
and who lead us blindly by the hand.

As on rails trees (comme sur les rails des arbres)

(Savoir pourquoi la police fait gueuler ses sirènes)

To know why the police cry out its sirens
so early in the morning is an idiot's waking question. Yesterday
will remain the film and its meeting with things within,
carrying on the profusion that is you, disengaging
and rising on that to lean on a self as on a wall.

The instant covers all the line from tree to tree
Its board perches over the future where anonymous day shows
at the window and you must lean on it for exceptions;
therefore, to invent it. Quiet balconies
fuse nothings in earthen pots that make one think
of the planet and the summits changed into pure cogito.

Outside is under construction in its pillars of folds,
diurnal and nocturnal, its odors of sheets.

All is good nowhere and everywhere on his chariot.
And nowhere because it's morning
The marathon runner's hamstring jogging
between diesel's lapse and autumn's yoke,
and our mechanic who is this star, our Cinderella
of placing dial where the mourning has become an interminable
threshold; there, our desires beckon us
like extravagant lines to join them,
to leave for somewhere where we would be one
who knows how to turn on what looks like himself
underneath the tree. As an answer
to no question, the sirens keep silent

and the new morning in last night's film
brushes away today's dust by the hand.

(Les arbres devant ma fenêtre ne lisent jamais)

The trees in front of my window never read
coffee grounds, or the lines of my hand.
'Transport and moving company'
is written in large letters with a certain violence.
Like a cut-up of Burroughs or Brian Gysin.

Tonight I will go to this meeting of co-owners
of this world running like a stag hunt.

Too many things and this too many is our minimum
which I cover these folio pages of flesh
which in English is a chair on which I write
and always in profile like windows.

Those who are opposite are stuffed with pills in the pharmacy
walls and facades which are of course always
in front of life who is casting spells
always turning itself into new sentences.

And look at this word's reach at the window
offering a variety of informative content inside
my space sufficient enough to immerse in my story
enough to keep a small ethnographic museum
and look of panic on women's faces
who are the portraitists and the cartography
of my philosophy.