

Emmanuel LAUGIER
Poetry

and I begin again:
one day one night
in my hands
by the light of the dreaming head
a single white
light traces the dark
until nothing's left
but a vertebral line – geometric
erecting like the body's first day
and the body's undecidable movements become
decidable architectures of light but so
faint that one day
one night
you slip through my hands and
slip and
it's the first night – of the dream
of the head
that dreamed itself
--air bubble
and nothing
outside

then my hands hang
in the cold
red at the edges, caught
in the cold image – in the fixed
map – red soaks
through and disappears
nothing but the memory of small
lost hands –
still two stains in the cold
where the unthinkable, ungraspable
--becomes this
bit of film
with nothing
but mauve
where we are

* * *

then among our feet
mauve is a simple circle of recognition
simple circle of the date the head dreamed
dreaming it was
its own greatest circumference

and in the hand of death
there's the same circle – sweet
arena, the only imaginable

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and in turning mauve
that
film cloaks and documents
what the color twice – mauve
in an insistent mauve –
gave
reveals
and returning – phantom
in mauve – I follow
or die
--I am where I die

* * *

and again mauve returned,
heard in the head's dream
-- telepathy – in mauve
the vanished
lives again
after mauve came twice only once
only once I crisply folded the voice
of nothing
and no one in me knows --
can certify

* * *

-- no one's there
frankly – when frankly
the progressed
specter of ourselves – in all this –
stirs a void
and – moves outside us
as granules
moved by
enveloped spaces or
a sudden phantom

Translation from the French by Christina Pugh