

Debris

(Les Débris)

When the debris piles up
upon the body upon the table
of the ending days things
it is not easy to find a simple route
Awaiting that night and its silence
speak loudly and awake us
Pushing away all that impedes
leaving a place clean and smooth
like a trait in a brain
Looking at all the shadows on the wall
forming other images than those which our keen eyes
extract from intelligence
When imagining being ready to receive
a great noise explodes and shatters the dream
of a sudden revelation
Bom of nothingness
Need one err long before hearing the voice
Need one be sad our feet bloody
somewhere on Cold Mountain
and alone -
Need one all these strange things that never happened
To those who stayed tranquil
So what must I do that is still meaningful
The same questions the same time that is there
As if awaiting at the door
I open for the wind and the sea
Nothing is new nothing is living life
Collapses without anything appear disappear
Life
The pond

Nicolas Kurtovitch
Traduction Yzabelle Martineau

19/06/00