Anne-Marie Albiach
Two Poems:
Flammigère
&
The line the loss

translated from
the French by
Peter Riley

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ANNE-MARIE ALBIACH

flammigère

*English version by Peter Riley*
the size of the sex
in the uncertainty of gender
and the singularities of the plural
remains with us
we strangers
assigned to this wound

dthis rigid quest

whatever the resulting
equation indered into
the enigma
flesh rejoins blood
and mingles there
with the heat exists
in the preciseness of absence
Space weighs upon black
slowness of caress
carnal simultaneity
point of space where our
assimilable futures confront each other
and the male joint that unites us
one with the other
in the “welcoming enigma of the language”
reverse side of reality
where
female Nettle

sterility pinches the green gut
into unmoving
into unperturbed
into clarity of the scars
and renewed death of the blades
knives inhering in their light

gets up    humbles himself
gets up    folds up    in black    as in the egg of a
beach shimmering with heat
and coiled on the sand is reborn in the sterile fibres of
the trinitarian androgyne
into cremation of the powers
the humble enslaved return
to the land
seduction: roots veins coaxed
to reintegrate the matrix
withdrawal to prism
enclosure of a catacomb
busy with wings
Heat of the illusion
into the tenderness of the muscles and of the gait

to raise the anchors
to stiffen the dreams amputations

aspiration their wounds
towards the uniform sectioning of time
game, cutting edge
where the present is flayed
and our wound with it
Dylan quest born again in the arteries of this throng
unique the breath revives again our personal eternity

you have to fear
you have to fear
the aim of the inexorable return
possesses us
and the score of all pain
birth-cry of the sound I bring you
to the shout at last —

To give the illusion
make yourself out carnal
and give it at the expense of appearances
flagellations
as quick as the sight
vanished
I have dreamt of him

Concentration extreme volition of the muscle
tide of breath
mastered and regained
the permanent threat
but to absurdity this rush
more quickly
more
and to again
the anguish a breath
or a room or a straw mat
press us
towards
A single profile and our knees
like floggings
of the impossible
desires still-born of the prism
these impulses torment us
   Cesspit of sounds
   Trihedron of the stairs
Slowness of fire
Pangs of dissolution
bruised desire for the future
the sap of a pleasure erases
the unity to be won back
Breath safeguards

He says laceration
non-existence
those carnivorous plants, our ancestors
the heat the weather
the space of a look
of a flight that falls
the bend sharpens
this dream protects us
from the fall
(in you) (in us)

a sword that runs us through
the ravaged space

and yet the fissure is in this mud
slowness of the plants
wonder of the molecules

water and speech
space you have to believe in it

the morning
ambivalence of quartz
painful
the lined fabric of his voice
Some of the scars close
stroke the ivory without fear
you like a blue stone
joy, spontaneity of the movements
high accord unexpected

I shout
reflection of the blind mirror
and in the sonorous solitude
in being, door tight shut

tears behind the look
in permanent terms
A look lies waiting
on the across the stair
bundle of branches
The hunger for white
    heat
    for the immeasurable

spirit of the plants
for millennia the earth has been returning to us
and we go to earth
in the spirit of the plants
the larvae launch their attack on the summits

earthen crystallization of words
the mind and its reptilian circumference
deep-sea eye intrinsic cyclops
arrived a fossil across the virginal ages of the earth
bearing artful tree-trunks
a habit of the sun’s

the fire potential and ridiculous
dresses a plinth for them

transparency of the unicorn
flower garnered in the rampant
roots

           BREATH
intact among the grasping for objects
our union in a movement
hardly
ANNE-MARIE ALBIACH

The line the loss

English version by Peter Riley
the account would be blind
the spasms of the oracle structure
in the working of colours
the margin constrains the circle
the evidence on the ground
in a perfect liquidity
where the language
goes back on its word
the heart in the rhythm of denial
the light rejoins weakness
in the former declaration
the facts of the case withdraw to the horizon
a term found wanting
driving accusation of the air full of gestures
dedicated to the embrace
the subject shrinks
sleep bears them into the clearing
In scarlet draperies
they presided on the theme
of an absence
Delineation of desire
Discourse, relapsed murmuring
the representation:
soundless expanse of vocabulary
space, a morning datum
the cold imprints the contours
the witness gives out the theme
facing discredit
this coolness troubling to the eye
The simulacrum opens the wound
heaviness

disavowal, bestiary
the partition
where childhood’s alphabet
watched by a stranger
the numerical parallels their connections
it transpires
of the word
a notch
an attentive duplicity
the fall of a body is lacking
genre adjustment
the random displacement
interval
: the objects
flood onto the table at low tide
the conjunction parabola
in applying the stroke a sign of mental aridity
as a hearth
Caress, acrid slowness

The trihedral suspended
far away the blood on the wrists
the meadow the territory into the distance
Prolonged into the neuter
scrupulous wake
steps counted
Vision slows towards the edges
subversive notion
A paralysis progresses and descends
into bewilderment
a concise disorder is enthralled with him who stays awake
extended towards the meeting point
A splinter in the chest: she no longer risked it
to the extreme or the custom
in the versification
a stray penny
time implodes where the neighbourhood ends
at the limit an unshakable doubt
the arithmetic of disaster
acuity of an expression immediate tenderness
drawn into ludic intent
the lining our glances
reverberation
the links laid bare
in the mutterings: starting again for a few minutes
prior to articulation  a land without moorings
The plea of origins  confusion: the drifting
Of inner mist
  a night of outbreaks
attack on sacred places
Caught out  palpable black
vague profile
reverted glances:

interjunction
consonance of vowels forbidden signs
forgotten homicide  in specifying
A veil of heat would divert the breath

  in loss
blueing of the eyelids
The stake becomes unclear  the enigma arrives
adjoining theatre
indelible actions
Statement concerning a deviation
the murderous analogies  laceration
  head turned aside during the acquittal
the opacity
absentees in the fiction
all along the river-banks
The image cast back at the lower angle
geographical accuracy
(the outcrop of hours passed under threat)
full harmonies
a ritual
the shadow the screen
the erosion
the voice releases a latent pulsion
the finale shrinks
as if at this reversal
devoted to the ashes
revives the alphabet
simulacrum
looking onto the courtyard the grip of the real
(all the earth is frozen)
in an accession of symbols
To raise the obstructing mass
latent confusion
work of felling the fences
untranslatable they shrink
conceptual localities in the background
innerve a thought
in this future extent
mute they follow the track of signs
Turning their heads they know this wound
humidity of the sheets in September evenings
multiform silence
out of bounds declension
  close to the laceration
  Double exposure in the motive
I turn the page
  they insist on the partitions
the real declares itself uncertain
in the description
  irradiates the nape
towards a vertical
prints in wild places
by this ritual she reties
Closed on the judgement cuts short
an abstract discrimination
  our steps on the paving
a rectangle of light
the chords febrile
at the border
repudiate the trail that leads to this place
Along the veins
  a contrivance
ingestion      theatrical
the tissue rips apart when we look at it
She wanted to get away
  they brought her back by force
darkness
  adherence to the forms
no
distraction on the paths that meet
leading to the sea

rebellion up against the letter
one word wipes out the censure
upheaval of the rhythms
familiar dilaceration
the sense is lost
partition ignorance runs short
into a term of coparcenary
deteriorates
we shall have to begin all over again
lead it towards its divergence
they speak from afar
multiple in the confusion
she feeds herself on that ground
A choking that they disapprove of
on the segments
Immersed in an alien logic
they act out the development

The first signs
where the name repudiates itself:
a strength harbours this gentleness
the vice
determines the distance apart
on the underside of the story

that which scatters
or determines
a thirst abridges the distances
they didn’t know the origin
this mode
the withdrawal applies to the measures
The re-offending blasphemous
a pain in the side
at the intersection
the bulk obliterates the dark
trapped in the scenery
an invertebrate curve
Another stain on the ground
it remains the song’s double-bar
osmosis elaborated in the silence
A cycle at its end
the slowness since the latitudes
intends an overture
infatuated with the motif
(they advance in the dark)
beside some water course
thorough dazzlement
what is said
in this consanguinity
hunger cold and nocturnal riots
she walked
spelling out a grammar
the equivalent reading
in abusive co-ordinates
On a platform on the edge of a river
a gaping sentence
the presence in filigree
throughout the discourse
for a deeper cut
the nul point that hurts
in the thought
the telling of an erotism
makes itself uniquely clear
Translator’s Note

All I have tried to do is to represent in English the primary experience of the original text, to identify the semantic entities performing in this tense and startling theatre. This work would never have got even that far without the invaluable help of Jean Khalfa, Andrew Rothwell, and Ian Patterson.

PR