

ANNE-MARIE
ALBIACH
TWO POEMS:

Flammigère
&
The line the loss

*translated from
the French by*
Peter Riley

Shearsman Books
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La ligne la perte
in je te continue ma lecture: Mélanges pour Claude Royet-Journoud
(P.O.L. éditeur, Paris, 1999)
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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

this rigid quest

whatever the resulting
equation inhered 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 impulsions 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
 innervate 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