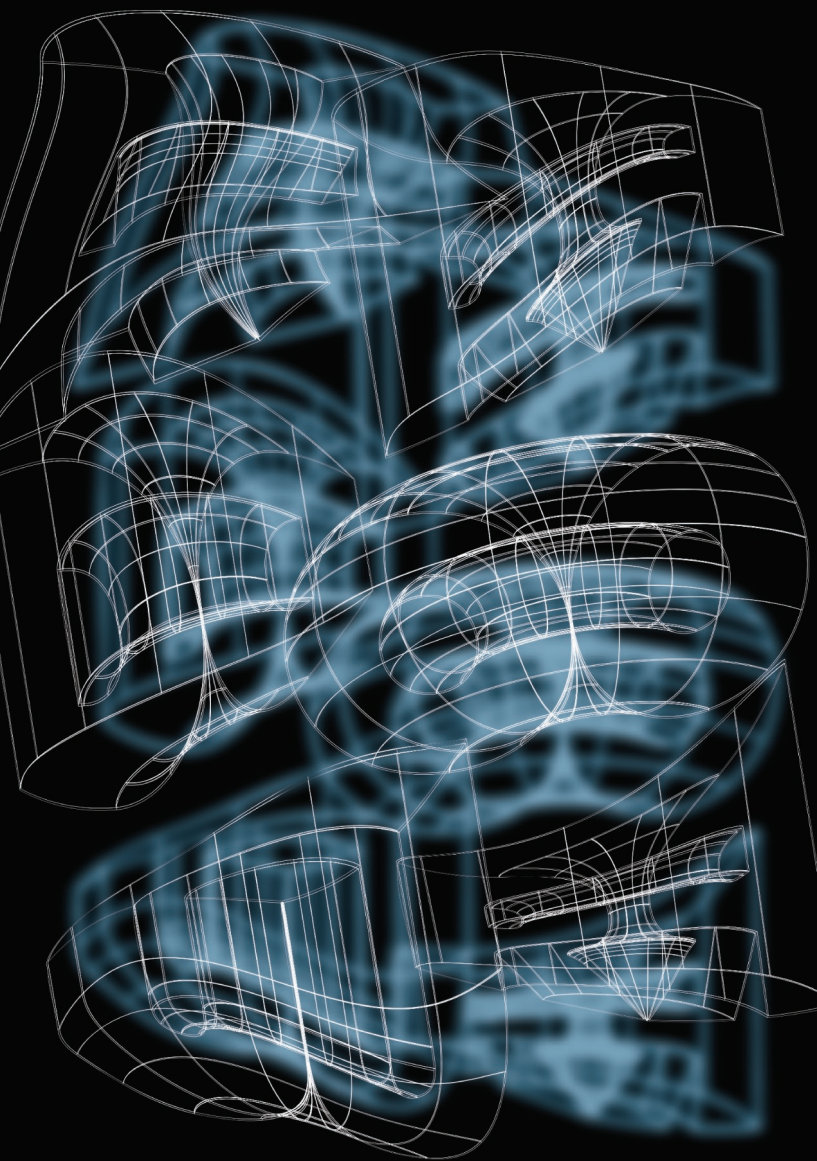


NICOLE BROSSARD ARDOUR



TRANSLATED BY ANGELA CARR

think of your life without it

– Anne Carson

what would difference be
a repeated gesture
in the shadow of the species
what would it usually be
in a moment our mouths
if we could make out
my side our side
in the hollows of living languages

who said that to burn
relieves matter or emptiness
anger or me or you
who did not say melancholy
at point-blank range
in the sounding of time

it's that life devours
characters and carapaces
the whole dream
the capacity for dialogue

now that you've said
to dream in the midst of *toujours*
uproots presence instead
today the unnameable
dispels the idea of classifying
humanity in its multitude
and salty vertigo

at the edge of the abyss the business of hope
all that i'm watching for
inwardly we say raw consolation
bush of traditions embracing the cities' youthful names
sprout of feline strength
let's stay close to our roots
proficient with knots and ardour

regarding dogs let's say
barking wanders
we are here to speak
in the multitude of wounds
mouths and clean-sweeping pronouns
in the darkness an intoxicating
slowness and immobility

ardour the question of ardour
the hand's movement
the aerial movement of intoxication
pastel soul tint
let's try to side with the sobbing
immerse our ardour
in questions and cherries