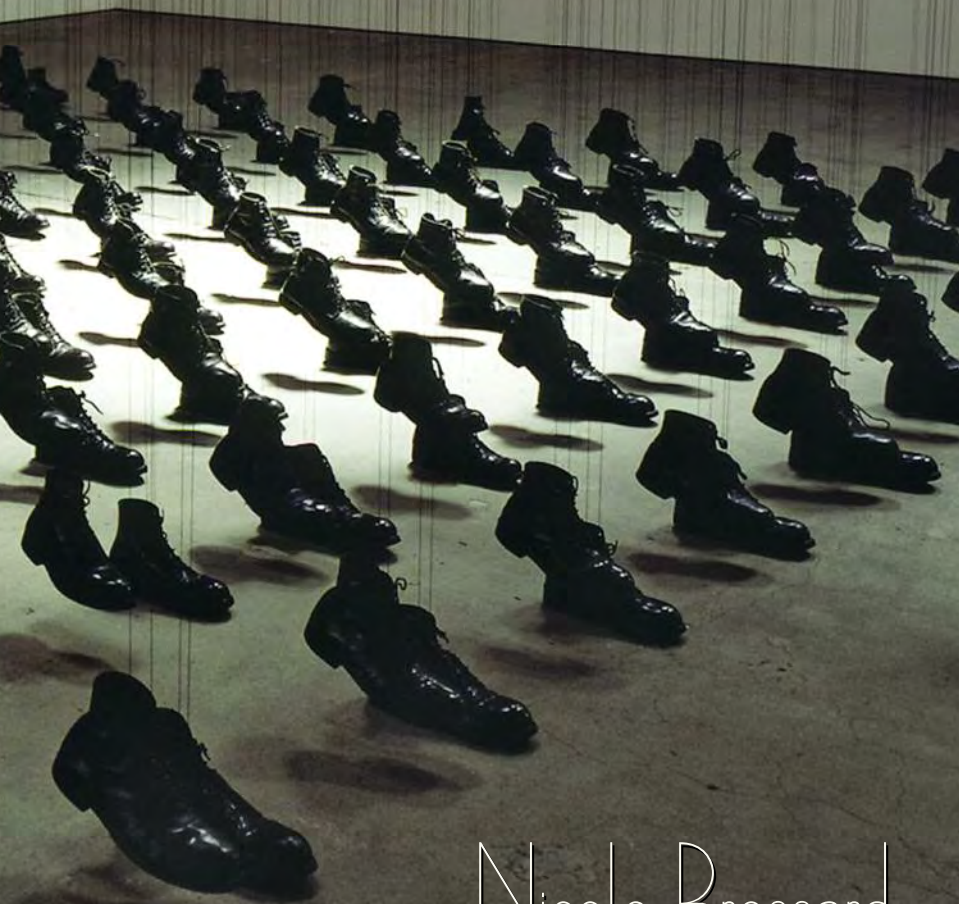


White Piano



Nicole Brossard
translated by Robert Majzels and Erin Moure

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first English edition

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We have to confront our own variation.
– Michel Serres

Quivering

1

it's a quiet Wednesday
no one clamours
light reaches the body
coils round the wrists
darkness held in custody

2

softly we talk
of slipping toward the brink
disfigured
far from humanity

3

in the morning I've a number in my feelings
an eye of second person plural
a notion with me fed by emotion
by animal kingdom and by *azul*

4

now you watch out for the commas
that erase and raise the night
now when the time comes you caress
a sheet of water and its logic of conflagration

5

I say what they say
about not telling lies
it's infinitely
risky, and we breathe

6

one hour before summer
night had a body
as in certain phrases
at the edge of the universe

7

language I'll say yes
from the top of my rib cage
language will you come
out and unearth the salt the certitude

The Use of Tiny Vertigos

whoever still insists on clinging to the real
to stammer in the repertoire
of guns and the serial loops of others
upright our body doesn't think any less
sea, hunger, the mysterious manoeuvre
of air and its fabulous leaps in the chest
at the speed of shadow
to break free of the self you have to toe the line
between centuries and galaxies celestial hopscotch

our mythology of millennial night
a few names of beasts with hearts ripped out
fruity transparency of our sexes

it all breaks free of the self alive too brief

The Inside of Someone

I say the inside of someone not knowing
out of what muscle bone or ligament
if it's a line of horizon in the brain
or knots of night in the throat
not knowing if it's tender
or vast word with a name

The Inside of Someone: version2

first an idea of darkness
then I have hands
a few syllables jettisoned
but rough tide of morning returns
and the inner world is outspread
with shores of organic silence

The Inside of Someone: other version

okay so it's thick
with images of slow skiffs and cliffs
in the midst of dead languages
okay so too much absolute crashes in the gut

The Inside: version3

even if no one's there
the essential rolls eager with innards and infancy
draws its own lines of life
anecdotes not quite cannibal
even in the absence of pronouns
the essential absorbs the heat
of the frescoes of frenzy and confession

The Inside

without lux(ury) language strains unbearable
so I move quick
if we slow down if we erase I insist
I've just got to juggle
elsewhere slowly soaking softens me

come on narration I await
your indiscreet questions your ideas of *having a blast*
it's so simple, and pain we can recount
to substitute the carnivores

The Inside Reversed

grammar of echo round constellated
of peoples in flight,
city legs knees hurry up cited

then hope of superstition
a comfort of the end of the world

out there a rich foam of intimate life
spelled sky that thunders right up to the pupils

too much love and not enough
afterward we say it's the North
and we go to bed with a woman
in the silence slow foliage
we sleep right through the night
without punctuation or sepulchre
in the machine to inundate the world

suddenly I'm where the wind begins
I'd like to understand
mammals, the humanity that runs
in the veins
the hand-to-hand combat of grief
the drowned world the images of farewell
how our lips
and the huge side of the sea

other times it's suspicious I become
a generation a vine

a cascade of shadows and of dialogues