

**Anne-Marie
Albiach**
Two Poems:

Flammigère

&

The line the loss

*translated from
the French by
Peter Riley*

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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 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

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

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