

Four Poems

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Translated from French by Jeffrey Jullich

THESE PEOPLE, IT'S SIMPLE,

they're like creases in reality, folds found
in rocks, bulges on tree trunks, these strange
bodies wound the pupil of my eye, forcing me to look.

We do not roam on the surface of the world, we do not
fall back to earth like slag, we are
its pleats, ravines. People are seen walking,
naked as if just born, from the ends of the earth.

CAN ONE SUFFOCATE

on air, feel filled with soil, and despite everything
take a step, coming into birth, or returning
to nothingness? It is the same exile, the ordinary
transhumance. They are going, but I must,

behind the windowpane, collect myself me as well,
to recapitulate unceasingly what holds me upright,
to continue to accompany them with my gaze
which splits.

THE GAZE AGAIN CLIMBS UP

the wall of bushes. The sky is notched
by the summit's blade. Humans are there,
hoisted, outstretched, crosswalks, time stands still.
They say something, like hinges.

The sky's door beats on the earth, its eyelid stays
open thanks to them. The twilight, a hesitant light,
asks of the beings to relax their grip on the day.

I SEE THE WATER,

the earth as well, the sand which makes my windowpane glass,
the swallowed-up wind, all a drift, the overflowing
of one place onto another. The fire takes ill,

in danger of suffocation. Gestures? Candles
snuffed out, a burnt match, tiny short-lived
openings. However, one hand in the other,
two fragments of the same rock, fine tuned.

