

PAUL ÉLUARD

**WHAT HAS BECOME
IN A NEW NIGHT
EVERY RIGHT
NECESSITY
RECITATION
FOR A MOMENT OF CLARITY**

TRANSLATED BY CARLOS LARA

What has become of you why the white hair and roses
Why the brow the eyes rent heartrending
Great misunderstanding of the wedding of radium
Loneliness haunts me out of spite.

IN A NEW NIGHT

Woman with whom I have lived
Woman with whom I live
Woman with whom I will live
Always the same
You need a red cloak
Red gloves a red mask
And black stockings
Reasons evidence
Of seeing you completely naked
Pure nudity oh adorned adornment

Breasts oh my heart

EVERY RIGHT

Simulated

The flowery shade of flowers suspended in spring

The shortest day of the year and the Eskimo night

The agony of autumnal visionaries

The smell of roses the smart sting of nettle

Stretches of transparent linen

In the clearing of your eyes

Show the ravages of fire its inspired works

And the paradise of its ashes

The abstract phenomenon struggling with the hands of the clock

The wounds of truth the unbending oaths

Show yourself

You may come out in a crystal gown

Your beauty continues

Your eyes shed tears of smiles and caresses

Your eyes are without secrets

Without limits.

NECESSITY

With little earthly ceremony
Near those who maintain their balance
Above this misery of complete repose
Very close to the right path
In the dust of all seriousness
I build relationships between man and woman
Between the fonts of the sun and the sack of bumblebees
Between the enchanted caves and the avalanche
Between the eyes of intent and seaside laughter
Between the heraldic martlet and the garlic star
Between the plumb line and the noise of the wind
Between the fountain of ants and the culture of raspberries
Between the horseshoe and the fingertips
Between the chalcedony and the pins of winter
Between the blackthorn and the clear mimeticism
Between the carotid and the specter of salt
Between the monkey-puzzle and the dwarf's head
Between the forking rails and the red dove
Between man and woman
Between my loneliness and you.

RECITATION

for René Crevel

Virtue this horn of fortune
Audaciously vocation esteem ambition
Raze the heads of the confused
Rather take up firearms
Against the leafy sycamore and the knife.

In his numb armor
In his armor that resonates with false shame
Only from the last kiss
This pirate without a feather in his hat
Who provokes the barking of crows
The pirate the boredom the enemy of waiting in the rain
The alarm clock of religious maintenance
The capacities of oil
The alarm clock that shaves down the sleeper
And leaves him only time not to get dressed.

Weeks and months and years of sowing
By paths that never even touch the cane
A brain sabotaged by germs of bad will
We do not cry and if we do not cry it is because of the fire
That ruins the plaster that keeps the eyes on their shores
That sears everything passing through animalistic doors in a panic.

Beyond the fire there is no ash
Beyond the ashes there is fire.

The ragged bleachers roar in the rain
Clamoring to the coquettes of laughter all the cobblestones of laughter
And greetings of courtesy to secure the clichés
The dust digs deeper into the pockets
But this will only happen after the mud
Celebrating this virtue that is not mine.

Beyond the fire there is no ash
Beyond the ashes there is fire.

FOR A MOMENT OF CLARITY

for René Char

Raptors
Drinking
Peaceful blood
Greedy blood
Poorly dressed in robes of flames
The devastations of charms
Smiles at the cleansing of spears
At the shields of airy heads
In the storm
All is permitted
Meet the halos
At the hopeless promenade
The countless swirls
On the uncovered breasts.

Inhumane deaths
Oblivion
Invisible deaths
Imperishable blind eyeball
Allied to what it would see
A cloud reveals
The night that was made without it.

Drinking
Day from the depths of a lock.