

ISABELLE GARRON

FROM VARIATION 1

TRANSLATED BY ELÉNA RIVERA

. before this] it had been necessary to go back to the top alone
owing to the result of an oversight .driving
ahead of schedule — against

our will .leaving you further down — standing amidst a
landslide .the shapes rare and everywhere
this setting sun

. this] my rage colored by this laughter of yours behind my back
that I lived on .harsh — moving away

under the heat — infinite : to say the feeling-frames be
cause now to embrace you or nothing .or inscribes

the body suffers or fatigue flips it
lets it out in one cry

sweaty toward the peak then
the cry came as if

torn out

torn out in advance
it had to do wi

th experiencing

radiance – going
back up much

later .this radiance

that .I would gi
-ve myself / -it?

night fallen?

the mossy night
it . made

a necklace

then a shadow
on bodies

bore

ours in count
er

form naked

in the full
moo

n black

tone
diffuse

beneath

its design
raw milk

or otherwise

formulated tint
ed white

smashed

. higher up] signage blurred and panorama
on a city .sky cleared oh !

this impossible good .seeing each other again
us .running beside the bay

because along the length of it I loved you yes .in
the life of the imagination – what was it?

same as the game of the masterpiece cut
into a puzzle a piece would be missing

. really] was I alive those radiant days proclaiming that
that year all would be contradicted : your body our

room those few days the incredible rustling
outside and the smell of mild weather

like the sea in front that breaks I stare at it
waiting for you eyes thick because

in a little less than an hour I know you're going to appear
behind my back by the front door

. it (the life imagined) between two volumes
composed of suitcases .of costs .of letters

and a few exercises – physical let's say
overlooking the city .the wave .the bay

illuminated .and like a turn of a pedal
would chant the alphabet : to translate

the love I bore you . in the momentum
blue trails of a form .she, unchanged

to translate the contours of a blue form yes
would've been in the past the object

of a poem

to see what in the past would have been needed
to write in the same manner as

the ascent

useless at the top if only for one's own
purpose .attachment without rank

the logic

that it held .beauty in the mirror of summer
glaciers .the bay .the wave in

electricity

— previously : meaning everything was ahead
equal .wide open : from the dry cleaner's
to the croissants picked up

from across the street on the return

their half mouth moon form partly given
without forgetting the receptionists
on the phone in *the large glass*

electricity in the passage mid
foreclosed on hair

between the sky's

pulleys steel gray
blue beacon

in summer

at the same time rain fell
magic beneath our feet
mist before torrents

that it dug such a
riverbed of our

steps

swamped accidentally
one day undone

under a form a

discharged patch of gold
that's how it was
that day

our electricity

now] what has to be added is : this palpable body
makes it equal to see it still .and that

to slow rhythms of seaweed trampled
by you slender as if cut

by the horizon .on coils
of troubled color

in the freshness of your advance .and
of this river getting out of the bath

moreover partial as well as an early riser you in these hours described
your loss barely read digitally

a cessation ? no its lyricism

hence the train grooves that unfolded
reminding us of those in a painting

end of century much talked about

in the course of discussions a series of
clichés from this terrace

in the red sunset .set