

ASH

A room in a hotel, like all the others.
The hour without metaphor, the nap
that breaks us into pieces and annuls us.
The essential freshness of water in the throat.
The mist, yellow and faintly luminous,
that night and day surrounds the blind. The address
taken of someone who perhaps has died.
The scattering of the sleep and of all dreams.
A Rhine or Rhône invisible at our feet.
An uneasiness, already gone. Those things
too inconspicuous for a line of verse.

translated by Robert Mezey