

APERITIF

In the bar of the Hotel de France
I waste time working up my hopes
My heart flutters like a leaf
Beside the fluttering of a hundred green leaves
Of the girls who forgot you
You could recollect one of them
Who was a wild apple
Hardly touched by the first frost
But the aperitif is delicate
Like a linnet on a strand of barbed wire
Like the smell of earth after watering
Like the tired light of a bicycle
In the road where the postman's lost his way
Tipsy like me in the middle of the day.

NOBODY'S DIED YET IN THIS HOUSE

Nobody's died yet in this house.
The walnut tree's omens
aren't yet deciphered
and returning footsteps
are always ones we know.

Nobody's died yet in this house.
That's what the heavy heads of roses think,
where the do-nothing dew swings
while the worm curls like a threat
in the vineyards' sterile talons.

Nobody's died yet in this house.
No hand seeks an absent hand.
The fire doesn't yet yearn for the one
 who took care to light it.
Night hasn't collected its powers.

Nobody's died but everybody has.
Unknown faces show up in the mirrors
others drive our cars to other towns.
I look at an orchard whose fruits I remember.

We hear only the usual footsteps.
Fire teaches the children its tongue
dew amuses itself swinging in the roses.
Nobody's died yet in this house.

THE KEY

Hand over the key to autumn.
Tell it of the mute river on whose bottom
lies the shadow of wooden bridges
vanished years ago.

You haven't told me any of your secrets.
But your hand is the key that opens the door
of the ruined mill where my life sleeps
between dust and more dust,
ghosts of winters,
the wind's horsemen dressed in mourning
who flee after stealing bells
in the poor villages.
But my days will be clouds
to travel through the springtime of your sky.

We'll go out in silence,
without waking up the time.

I'll tell you we could be happy.