

Phillipe Denis · *France*

IN THE THICKNESS

What divides me from the unknown—not having the
thickness of a page, nor the opacity of a name—
today has the thickness of all I have forgotten. . .

. . . .

what am I
between the word “earth”
and the word “sky”
but a hinge of illusion

. . . .

the flowers are to me corolla of the gulf where my voice dwells

. . . .

Each day
replacing the one from the day before
—a morning glory.

. . . .

from one day to the next
able to pass from one to the next
only through the needle’s eye of dream

. . . .

water like an endless phrase—from wave to wave
as far as my mouth

. . . .

the privilege of the mouth which has not proffered
the perennality of the phrase which has not been proffered—

. . .

In the stone's hearing
or in the conch—
the terraced seas,
as in yourself
 the blood
which finds no issue,
spills
into sorrow. . .

. . .

Through the eye of the grass
I enter
pouring in myself

. . .

(thread
which will
compose

. . .

the murmuring weave of the water

. . .

If I continued along this road, turning my back
to the sun, I'd rejoin the sun. . .

. . .

If I wanted to speak of myself
I would have to speak
of stone and earth,
of that which does not cease
to isolate me—
and to betray me. . .

. . .

as if I were nothing
but host to that terrible intimacy
of earth and blood.

. . .

. . . beneath the thickness—the encounter
and what will come of it—a question of time
which destroys

. . .

(the sound of a beginning

. . .

In the double sorrow
like dying
I find you—deprived of a name—

. . .

sign
in the mystery of the air

. . .

other half
and other face—of a reality
which has no reality
but the trustful magic
of the dust.

. . .

The closer I come the more
I must lean to leave reality
and meet in the pool
my face
already displaced in time.

translated by Susanna Lang