

The Art of Translation · *Henri Coulette*

Dawn or false dawn, I have arrived at, or departed from,
The end or very near the beginning of something,
Perhaps a life. Mine or yours or theirs, I can't say.

Money I can make out, though it looks somewhat like stone,
And I remember memory from something that you said.
But is the article always feminine? And what is the future of love?

You are, it seems, the silence at the heart of the anvil,
And I the great hammer ringing. This is the speech of kings
A-whoring, say, with the familiar lost, and the root unknown.

[Here teething moths have passed.]

This much is clear. There are those who cross borders,
And come home. There are those for whom the crossing is home.
Either way, we shall carry our shadows, we shall water them.