

## It Was However A Beautiful Summer That Summer

The sun did not cease. Coming, going, pacing  
back and forth before the house.

She, upstairs, looked for the antiquated,  
repeated words of the first truth thanks to which  
all is possible: crimson blood, beacons with yel-  
low eyes. The crimson blood above all for simple  
is the sand which honors it or the human mouth.

The crimson blood recalled to her certain  
silver platters which repose, shining at times  
according to mood.

She knew that one must distrust mirrors and  
windows because of the unknowns which lie in  
wait:  
the leaf of the plane tree  
the cloud-bursts in March  
the shoulders of the water-girl who leads you  
straight to the river.

Can one come down for this sun who shakes  
his hair with impatience, saying three times your  
name without having touched you, three times  
the marble, the silver chandelier placed near the  
window on purpose, precisely?

without having invoked the faithful, the white  
nettle, the linden the birch, these friends of good  
fortune?

She remembered that she had seen him place  
his limbs against the blackberry bush speaking  
to almost every one while raising their little  
black heads, then the other below who spoke of  
gold:

“I go to the woods  
to market  
to the quays of the Seine  
to hills which open up.”

One day they'll call him: king of the  
armies

Let him pull back his neck from victories,  
turn onto the street which offers leather,  
table mirrors, dancer chairs: who turn  
upon themselves on the fourth floor, she  
drinks already the first dregs of lunar  
triumph.

Claude de Burine  
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